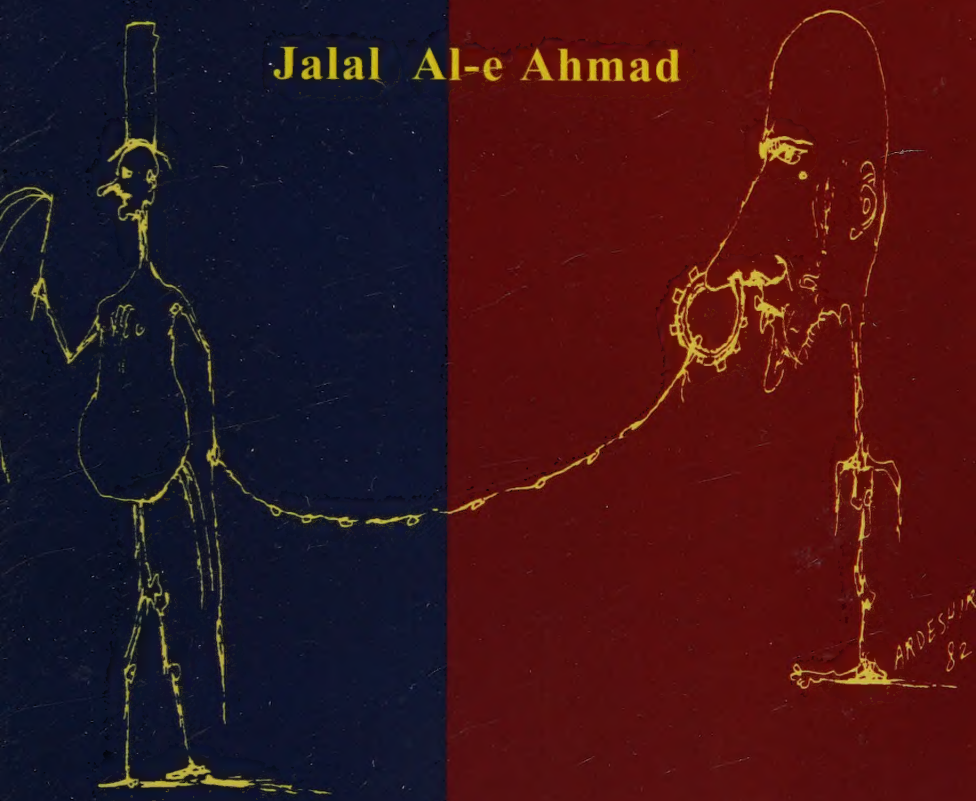
GHARBZADEGI

[Weststruckness]

غربزدگی

Jalal Al-e Ahmad



Translated from the Persian by

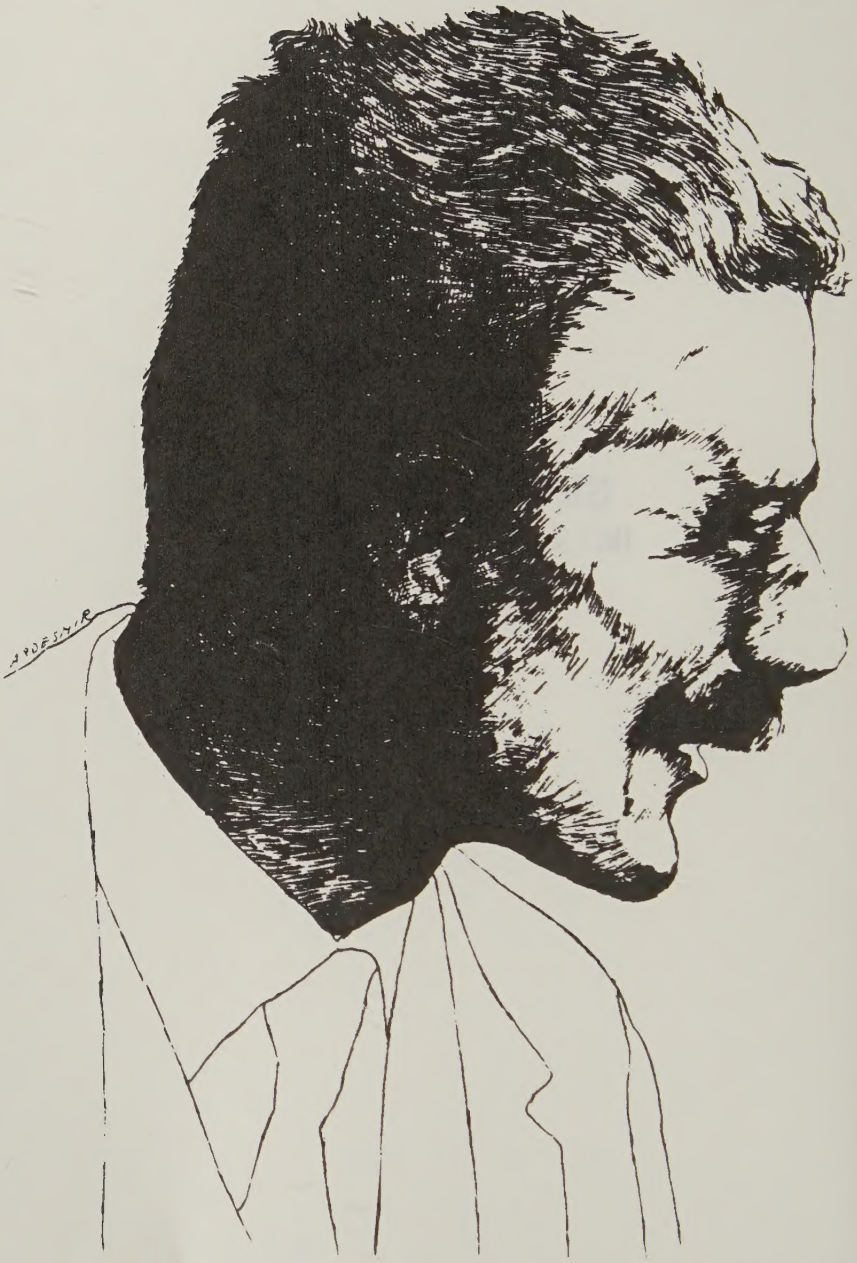
John Green and Ahmad Alizadeh

GHARBZADEGI
[WESTSTRUCKNESS]

Jalal Al-e Ahmad

Translated from the Persian by
John Green and Ahmad Alizadeh

MAZDA PUBLISHERS
Costa Mesa, California
1997



Jalal Al-e Ahmad
(1923-69)

MAZDA PUBLISHERS
Academic Publishers Since 1980
P.O. Box 2603
Costa Mesa, CA 92626 U.S.A.
http://www.mazdapub.com

Translation copyright © 1992 by J. Green and Ahmad Alizadeh.
Illustrations copyright © 1982 and 1997 by Mazda Publishers.
All rights reserved.
First published in 1982. No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means without written permission from the publisher except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles and reviews.
Library of Congress Catalog Card No.:82-61280

ISBN:0-939214-07-5, paper.

7th printing, 2018

انتشارات مزدا

CONTENTS:

Acknowledgments..... vi

Translators' Introduction..... vii

By Way of Introduction..... 3

Foreword..... 6

1. The Outline of a Disease..... 11

2. The First Roots of the Sickness..... 25

3. The Original Source of the Flood..... 41

4. The First Signs of Decay..... 57

5. Miscellaneous Conflicts..... 73

6. Breaking the Talisman's Spell..... 95

7. A Donkey in a Lion's Suit or a Lion on a Flag?..... 115

8. A Society in Disorder..... 129

9. What Are Our Schools and Universities Doing?..... 147

10. A Bit About Machinestruckness..... 163

11. The Hour of Judgment Approaches..... 183

About the Translators..... 189

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

During our sporadic collaboration on this translation over the course of the past three years, we have often benefited from the advice and encouragement of friends and teachers. Thanks are due especially to Zohre Bullock, John Lorentz, and Kazem Tehrani for running an excellent Persian program at Portland State University and for helping us with all kinds of problems, including our translation. We would also like to thank Michael Hillmann of The University of Texas at Austin, who read our preliminary edition and provided much-appreciated encouragement and advice, and Ahmad Jabbari of Mazda Publishers, who has been a most meticulous and valued critic during the final preparation and revision of the manuscript. Sharon Empy of Portland State University has reviewed the entire translation and helped us spot a good many errors and omissions, for which we are very grateful. Assistance in obtaining text-processing resources has been supplied by the Center for Near Eastern and North African Studies at the University of Michigan. We would particularly like to thank K. Allin Luther, Mary Ringia, and Kathleen Wilson for being there at the right times with what we needed. The inevitable remaining errors and shortcomings herein are, of course, solely the responsibility of the translators.

TRANSLATORS' INTRODUCTION

Jalal Al-e Ahmad (1923-69) was a shrewd and insightful Iranian intellectual with numerous interests. His published legacy spans a prolific twenty-four-year career as literary artist, translator, ethnologist, essayist, social and literary critic, ideologist, teacher, and political activist.[1] The present essay was his most popular work. It appeared in 1962, when Al-e Ahmad was the most audible and convincing voice of social conscience among his contemporaries. Gharbzadegi [Weststruckness] attained such prominence despite the fact that secret police (SAVAK) censorship kept it from being openly published and distributed until 1978, and that it had been written in an indirect and obscure style in anticipation of that censorship.

In Gharbzadegi, Al-e Ahmad urged the Shi'i clergy to reassume its traditional role as the spearhead of popular resistance to the injustices of the secular government. A year after it appeared Ayatollah Khomeini took the first of his many dramatic stands against the Pahlavi regime's policies, and established himself as a major voice of opposition to the government. Al-e Ahmad anticipated the religiously inspired uprisings of 1963 in Gharbzadegi. His analysis accurately represented the thinking of many Iranians. Gharbzadegi is thus a

document of immense significance for students of Iranian social and intellectual history.

Western influence in Iran was already widely resented when Gharbzadegi appeared. While the government was able to sustain its operations, to spend lavishly on weapons, and to forego taxes and tariffs because of petroleum revenues, it did not chose the path of economic independence. Rather, government policy favored foreign investment and domestic big business. The resulting conspicuous presence and privileged status of the outsider and the native elite inevitably gave rise to resentment and anger. Even though Iran's overall standard of living was higher than it had ever been, the increased social mobility that this produced only magnified the inequalities and poor planning that plagued Iranian life. Credit policies favored rich Iranians and foreigners in both industry and agriculture, while licensing was restricted and had to be purchased with influence at high prices by whoever wished to export, import, or do business with the government.[2] These policies resulted in a wide gap between the concentrated wealth at the top of the income scale and the incomes of the majority of the population which was either unemployed or living on subsistence wages. The employment situation, as Al-e Ahmad observes, could have been improved through the encouragement of smaller enterprises and regionally produced products, but these kinds of businesses were denied licensing and credit by government policies, and were undermined in any case by the creation of 'Weststruck' consumer demands that could only be satisfied by expensive imports.

Gharbzadegi is a protest against the disastrous consequences of Western domination for one particular developing country as well as a portrayal of the dynamics of native collaboration in that domination. It is important not only for Iran but for much of the rest of the developing world. Some of the notions advanced in Gharbzadegi are among the assumptions fundamental to contemporary thought in those countries, as much to be reckoned with today as they were twenty years ago.

Al-e Ahmad was one of the first to articulate, for example, a widespread dislike for the Western orientalist, who was and is seen by many as an agent for a ruthlessly exploitative economic system. In this view, the orientalist dehumanizes those he

'studies' by reducing them to the level of laboratory animals. The appearance of this theme in print at a time when the Iranian government was both encouraging and attempting to use orientalists on an unprecedented scale was well received by a population that felt humiliated and abused by the West. The effect was heightened by Al-e Ahmad's argument that some of the West's own popular heroes of the time, the astronauts, were themselves no more than laboratory animals for science.

Another concept treated by Al-e Ahmad, one that is still a basic truth in the minds of many Muslims, is that Christian missionaries are the agents of colonialism and neocolonial industrialization. This idea, which is found in other third world critiques of the West, is one of several that point to a striking similarity of outlook between Al-e Ahmad and Ivan D. Illich. Their temperaments and backgrounds are also comparable. Both men are antiestablishment social critics who have tried to make meaningful comparisons between Western industrial society and the non-industrial developing societies, each writing from the opposite vantage point, although Illich, with the more intimate view of Western society, has carried his analysis of industrial civilization further.[3] Illich, like Al-e Ahmad, is a devout and pious man--a non-practicing Catholic priest--who is nonetheless severely critical of many of the policies and practices of his own church. Both Illich and Al-e Ahmad maintain that machines are the harbingers of cognitive imperialism, that they invariably disrupt indigenous communities, and that this is bad because indigenous communities are the best environments for low-cost maintenance of the dignity and sanity of people who have been left behind in the rush to mechanize. Each maintains that unless a society achieves economic independence it will inevitably be enslaved by machinery. Tools must be modifiable and controllable by those who use them, they both say. Each writes of the need to demythologize science. Both men can be characterized as preindustrial conservatives who have the look of radicals (i.e., in the etymological sense, as people who look for the roots and causes of problems) and social reformers.

Like Al-e Ahmad, Illich has a special interest in education, a field in which both have worked throughout their professional lives. Each has issued a blanket condemnation of Western and Western-style educational institutions (Illich has called teaching

"the second oldest profession"), and both have been criticized for advocating the wholesale disassembly of existing structures without offering much of a replacement program. Both write from the perspective of history with a fondness for quoting medieval sources and examples to support assertions about present conditions. Both perceive Western society as its own victim, and believe it to be on a collision course with disaster. Finally, both men are temperamentally detached and aloof, unassociated with any ideological, political, or religious movements, but nonetheless constantly engaged in lively intellectual exchange with their peers.

Al-e Ahmad was raised in the Muslim religion as the son of a Shi'i clergyman in Tehran, with an older brother, two brothers-in-law, and a nephew who were also clergymen. He was also an active and prominent member of the leftist Tudeh party from 1944 to 1948. He left the party shortly after it split apart due to internal rivalries. Both as a Muslim and as a leftist he demonstrated a dislike for functioning in a collective, organized setting. It is this aspect of his character that has made him appear to some as less than wholeheartedly devout and committed to his Muslim faith.[4] It is true that he was critical of the clergy and of Islam as practiced by the Iranian public. He also tended to proselytize Islam on the basis of its utilitarian features rather than on the basis of the truth of its dogma and scripture. Yet there is strong evidence in his own account of the profound emotional experiences he had during his pilgrimage to Mecca, his belief that Islam is the only force capable of unifying Iran, the Islamic character of the identity he develops historically for himself, Iran, and the East, and finally his wife's testimony to the importance of faith in his life, that Al-e Ahmad was a sincere Muslim with no inclination whatever to neglect or belittle the faith itself as he understood it.

As a Muslim social critic with a knowledge of French and English, Al-e Ahmad belonged to an intellectual class that had appeared in Iran in the latter half of the nineteenth century. Such people have tended to function as the culture's window on the West, imparting to Iranian life an awareness, positively or negatively framed, of Western industrialized civilization. Many of them, including Al-e Ahmad, have displayed a certain disdain for both the religious and secular institutions in Iran, though

not necessarily for the ideas behind them. As domestic critics, they have made tactical use of a repertory of stock arguments running now against the clergy and now the state, seemingly in the interest of maintaining a balance of power between the two. Some of the early leaders--men like the constitutionalist newspaper pioneer Malkum Khan--are disparaged in Gharbzadegi for being the founders of a tradition of which Al-e Ahmad was himself a part, as one of the couriers of Western thought. Malkum Khan, like Al-e Ahmad, alternately attacked and encouraged the Muslim clergy for the sake of reformist ideals which had been conveyed at least partly by Western sources. Seen in this light, Al-e Ahmad can be regarded as being very like his pro-Western predecessors in some ways, despite the hotly anti-Western tone of Gharbzadegi.

Although Al-e Ahmad wrote as a Muslim Iranian social critic, the numerous interests he shared with Ivan Illich suggest that much of Gharbzadegi's essential message has been delivered in another cultural setting by Illich. In the language of his own time and place, Al-e Ahmad expressed an Iranian's nostalgia for the simplicity of bygone times in Gharbzadegi. Like Illich, he sought to retain a sense of self by attempting to live his life in accordance with familiar traditional values, supported by smaller economic units, and defined by familiar conflicts, and held the conviction that alien technology and its mass marketing are a grave threat to the possibility of doing that. His attacks against the West and its Iranian promoters were a response to the West's role as the machine broker of the age, and, as a direct consequence of that, a force threatening to overpower and destroy Irano-Islamic 'vernacular' culture.

While Al-e Ahmad was indisputably popular, it is difficult to say how much he influenced the actual behavior of his compatriots. Anyone familiar with his thinking who follows the Persian press[5] today, however, is aware that in revolutionary Iran the official line on economic development is quite compatible with the approach he was advocating. While spokesmen for the present government do not quote Al-e Ahmad directly, they do make ample use of his kinds of arguments. Village development is now a priority objective. A Reconstruction Crusade, in some ways the descendant of the Literacy, Health, and Development Corps of the Shah's day, is now reportedly ac-

tive in the labor-intensive construction of roads, power lines, factories, dams, and water distribution systems through the mobilization of unskilled rural and urban laborers. Al-e Ahmad stressed the need for self-sufficiency and diversification, and these are now primary goals which have made a virtue of backwardness and a do-it-yourself-anyway approach to problems calling for technical skill. This approach has obviously been dictated as much by the current war and Iran's continuing international isolation as by inclination, however. The war with Iraq has forced Iran to cope with the problems of repairing and maintaining the Soviet, American, British, and French war machines it has inherited from the Shah and captured from the Iraqis, without the help of the technicians and consultants who so incensed Al-e Ahmad. Economic dealings with foreign firms and governments are generally cultivated only in cases where parity or Iranian dominance is possible. They sometimes involve bartering for goods and services, and usually produce arrangements for the transfer of technology and training into Iran.[6] In other areas, especially education and political development, one finds as much evidence of repression as of constructive activity, although the emphasis that has been placed on educating students in India is again one of the things Al-e Ahmad had proposed.

Though Al-e Ahmad seemed to speak for many Iranians, his work is quite controversial and has been sharply criticized. He may fairly be classed as a popular, influential, and perceptive intellectual, but not as a scholar. By his own admission, he "wasn't cut out" for the meticulous data collection and systematization required of a first-rate ethnologist, although people do continue to find his informal studies of village communities interesting.[7] His historical assessments, again by his own admission, were hasty. They were simplistic and erroneous at times. The Iranian historian Faridun Adamiyat has justifiably castigated Al-e Ahmad for suggesting that British petroleum interests were the real motivating factor behind the Iranian Constitutional Revolution, and for generalizing vaguely about something as diverse and inconsistent as 'Eastern politics', to which, according to Gharbzadegi, the West was supposedly being driven. Adamiyat even goes a step further to state that an undertaking such as Gharbzadegi was beyond Al-e Ahmad's capabilities. For Adamiyat, Al-e Ahmad was a mediocre writer with an inadequate educational background, and Gharbzadegi "a sack of

straw with a few grains of wheat in it" and "nothing more than an exercise in ignorance and stagnant darkness".[8]

Adamiyat's attack is part of an intra-Iranian controversy which has no effect on the book's value as one representing Iranian thinking--right or wrong. We must also add that to us as translators, there certainly appears to be something more than ignorance to be found in this essay, despite its manifest deficiencies. Al-e Ahmad was a courageous activist who saw a need to reassess history and restructure the present in a time of social confusion. If he was ill-equipped for the task, he had no competition at that time from anyone with better credentials. Moreover, his concern was urgent. Surely there must be times when one is compelled to speak out knowing that others--should they be so inclined--could say what needs to be said in a better way. His ideas were sometimes bizarre, but always worth discussing. If we didn't always believe him, we always liked him.

THE TRANSLATION

The ideal translation needs to satisfy at least two requirements: it should be palatable to speakers of the target language and it should be true to the original. 'Weststruckness', the term we have chosen to represent Gharbzadegi, was first introduced in 1974 by Michael Hillmann. It leaves something to be desired on both the above counts, but every other translation of this term, of which there are many, has problems of its own. Their very abundance is testimony to the difficulty of rendering this word satisfactorily in English. A list of the published versions would include Plagued by the West, Blighted by the West, Westernization, Westmania, Westoxication, Westitis, and Westafflictedness. 'Occidation'[9] is another interesting candidate. The major difficulty is the lack of a verbal form in English with the same semantic latitude and morphological flexibility as the Persian participle zadeh, which carries the meanings of being struck, smitten, incapacitated, stupefied, sabotaged, diseased, infested, and infatuated, all at once. The English verbal form used to match the adjectival participle, assuming the term is to have morphological equivalence, must then be nominalized with either 'tion' or 'ness'. 'Westafflictedness' works in some ways

(as in the pattern of 'narrowmindedness'), but it fails to carry the feeling of a blow as directly as does 'struck'. 'Weststruckness' carries nothing of the Persian term's sense of disease and contagion and the consonant sequence -stst- is not something that would normally occur in English. 'Westoxication' is palatable and clear, but misses both the disease and contagion in the Persian and the sense of a blow. The same can be said of 'Westmania'. 'Plagued by the West' and 'Blighted by the West' are very far from the morphological structure of the Persian (not necessarily a serious problem in itself) and still miss the connotations of infatuation and being struck. There are three essential elements of meaning to be conveyed here: being smitten, being infatuated, and being diseased. No English translation we are aware of really catches more than two of them. We have therefore decided to retain the Persian term throughout the text in all but a few cases.

Although Gharbzadegi has gone through numerous editions both within and outside of Iran, we have seen only two major variants, the original 1962 edition, with deletions, and the unexpurgated revised edition of 1964, which remained largely unknown until 1978. The 1962 censored edition is the one most Iranians know,[10] and is the one which had the greatest impact under the Pahlavi regime. Interestingly, although the entire volume was suppressed by the government during the lifetime of its author, even the versions published abroad appear to have been censored. Without further evidence than the texts themselves, we can only surmise that either the government censored Gharbzadegi and then decided to ban it anyway, after which the censored version somehow got out of the country, or that the groups who undertook to publish it were themselves responsible for the censorship. Arguments can be made for either hypothesis, and both may be correct. The 1964 revised version was published in Tehran in 1978 by Ravaq publishers of Tehran. It contains both the previously censored portions and the 1964 changes made by Al-e Ahmad. It is not always possible to be certain whether the new elements in the Ravaq edition were added in 1964 or censored in 1962, but some points to bear in mind are that (1) any new text containing dated material after 1962 is obviously a later addition by the author, (2) material on certain subjects that appears throughout the new text and nowhere in the early text was probably censored out of the early edition, and (3) most of the new

parenthetical insertions were probably added later by the author as afterthoughts. We have used the following conventions to distinguish between the various categories of text: material /between slashes/ is found only in the early editions; material *in italics* is found only in the new editions; the normal font is used for text that appears in both editions; material [in brackets] has been added by the translators; the author's footnotes are followed by '(A)', and translators' footnotes are followed by '(tr)'.

The transliteration system we have used is adapted from the one proposed by Naser Sharify in his Cataloging of Persian Works (Chicago: American Library Association, 1959). All diacritics have been omitted, leaving us without a distinction in pronunciation between the long and short *a* and also ignoring a number of orthographic distinctions. The names of authors of books have been cited as they are listed by the Library of Congress, except when we have been unable to trace them, in which case they are transliterated. Our authority for place names in Iran and elsewhere is The Times Atlas of the World. Foreign terms which have come into English usage are spelled as they appear in Webster's Third New International Dictionary. Dates are given in both the Hejri and Christian Era calendars if this has been done in the Persian text or if the Persian contains only the Hejri date. For certain dates of key historical importance to Iranians (such as the fifteenth of Khordad) we have kept the month and day of the Iranian calendar in the text.

John Green
Ann Arbor, Michigan

October, 1982

INTRODUCTORY NOTES

[1]There is not much in the way of biographical information on Al-e Ahmad in English. A good synopsis of the milestones of his career and a bibliography of published works has been written by Michael Hillmann in Major Voices in Contemporary Persian Literature--Literature East and West 20(1976): 61-64. See also the preface to Iranian Society: An Anthology of Writings by Jalal Al-e Ahmad, compiled and edited by Michael C. Hillmann, (Lexington: Mazda, 1982), as well as Al-e Ahmad's own brief autobiography translated in that volume, and Encyclopaedia of Islam: New Edition, Supplement 1 (1980): 60-61.

[2]For a more detailed discussion of economic policy during this period see Nikkie R. Keddie, "Oil, Economic Policy, and Social Change in Iran," in Iran: Religion, Politics and Society, Collected Essays (London: Cass, 1980), which has been used for this introductory discussion.

[3]Illich has also lived longer. He was born in Vienna in 1926, three years after Al-e Ahmad, and is still living today. Some of his most important books are Deschooling Society (N.Y.: Harper and Row, 1971), Tools for Conviviality (N.Y.: Harper and Row, 1973), The Right to Useful Employment and its Professional Enemies (London and Melbourne: Marion Boyars, 1976), and more recently, Toward a History of Needs (N.Y.: Pantheon, 1978), and Shadow Work (Boston and London: Marion Boyars, 1981). A dated but still useful summary of his ideas and bibliography is in John Ohliger and Coleen McCarthy, Lifelong Learning or Lifelong Schooling? A Tentative View of the Ideas of Ivan Illich with a Quotational Bibliography, (Syracuse, N.Y.: Syracuse University, 1971).

[4]This assessment is made by Mangol Bayat-Phillip in "Tradition and Change in Iranian Socio-Religious Thought," Michael E. Bonine and Nikkie R. Keddie, eds., Continuity and Change in Modern Iran (Albany: State University of New York, 1981), pp. 35-56. The supporting citations from Al-e Ahmad's travel diary used there are drawn from early stages of the journey when the author was undergoing

a painful self-examination in an effort to rediscover his faith. Had the citations been selected from other pages where Jalal had resolved some of his doubts, the opposite view could have been supported. This article does give an important assessment of Al-e Ahmad's historical place among Iranian intellectuals. See also "First Day in Mecca," our translation of the section which is the emotional high point of Al-e Ahmad's Mecca pilgrimage, in Iranian Society, pp. 122-133, and also the remarks quoted from Simin Daneshvar, Al-e Ahmad's wife, on p. xi of the same volume.

[5]By "the Persian press" we mean the Tehran dailies Ettela'at, Sobh-e Azadegan, Keyhan, and Jomhuri-ye Eslami, all of which are subject to state control and must therefore be read more as forums for the expression of ideals and goals than as sources of reliable factual information.

[6]In an article published in the newspaper Keyhan in July of 1982, Mohammad Taqi-Banki, Minister of State, summed up the current official policy on planning as follows:

"In planning for the next five or ten years we must abandon mental patterns, and we certainly must not pay much attention to the standards in books from the East and West, despite all the research they have done. We must be thinking about plans that are in accordance with our needs, resources, and limitations."

[7]Three of these studies have appeared as separate volumes in Persian. They are Owrazan: Vaz'-e Mahal, Adab va Rosum, Folklowr, Lahjeh [Owrazan: the state of a community, manners and customs, folklore, dialect], Tehran, Ravaq, 1978, Jazireh-ye Kharg, Dor-e Yatim-e Khalij [Khark Island, orphan pearl of the Gulf], Tehran, Amir Kabir, 1352 (1973), and Tat Nishinha-ye Boluk-e Zahra [The Tati speakers of Boluk-e Zahra], Tehran, Amir Kabir, 1352 (1973).

[8]See Adamiyat's pamphlet, Ashoftegi dar Fekr-e Tarikhi [Confusion in historical thinking], (Tehran: Khordad, 1360 [May 22-June 21 1981]).

[9]Suggested by John Lawler of the University of Michigan Department of Linguistics.

[10]For this version of Gharbzadegi we have used

an edition published by the Muslim Students' Association in Solon, Ohio. It was printed in 1979, a year after the unexpurgated edition had already appeared in Iran.

GHARBZADEGI
[WESTSTRUCKNESS]

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

Readers of this text will note that the author's citations of individuals and figures are citations that were made sixteen years ago.

The author made his last revision of this text in 1344 [1964].

BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

Sixteen Tons

I was born one mornin' when the sun didn't shine

I picked up my shovel and went to the mine

I loaded sixteen tons of number 9 coal

The small boss said 'praise God! I like it!'

You load sixteen tons and what do you get

Another day older and up to your neck in debt until you die

Oh St. Peter! Don't call my soul

We gave our soul to the company store

When you see me comin' you'd better step aside

Many didn't do this and died

I've got one fist of iron and the other one's steel

If the right fist don't get you the left one will

Some think a human being is made out of clay

But a poor man's also a lunatic

Made of muscle and blood

With a mind that's weak and a back that's strong

You load sixteen tons and what do you get

Another day older and until you die deeper in debt

Oh St. Peter! Don't call me to die

We gave our soul to the company store

Lyrics: Merle Travis

Sung by Ernie Ford.

From a Capitol Records of America long-playing record. (Thanks to Betty Tavakolli who transcribed the lyrics for me.)[1]

NOTE

'The author has taken some liberties with the lyrics to 'Sixteen Tons' in his Farsi translation, probably because he felt it necessary to make certain additions and changes to get the idea across to Iranian readers. We have retranslated the Farsi here, since the actual lyrics to 'Sixteen Tons' are known to most English-speaking readers. (tr)

FOREWORD

The initial draft of what you will see in this booklet is a report that was submitted to the Commission on the Goals of the Iranian Ministry of Education during two of that commission's many sessions, on Wednesday the eighth of Azar 1340 [29 Nov 1961] and Wednesday the twenty-eighth of Dey 1340 [18 Jan 1962]. The assembled reports of that commission's members were published in Bahman of 1340 [21 Jan-20 Feb 1962] by the Ministry of Education. But of course this report had no place among those pages, which had no such possibility or merit. The time has not yet come when a department in the Ministry of Education can officially publish such a report, although the time had come when the respected members of that commission were able to tolerate listening to it.

This report had to remain unpublished, and typewritten copies of it fell into the hands of this friend and that benefactor, who read through it very carefully and adorned it with their comments in the margins. Among these distinguished people was Dr. Mahmud Houman, who heartily encouraged me to read the German writer Ernst Junger's work entitled Crossing the Line,[2] which is about nihilism, because according to him we had both observed just about the same phenomenon, but with two sets of eyes, and we had described the same phenomenon, but in two different languages. Since I didn't know German I relied on him personally. For three whole months, at least two days a week and three hours a day, I took advantage of his presence and became his student. The result was the translation of Crossing the Line through his oral interpretation and my writing.

It was at this juncture that *Keyhan*'s Ketab-e Mah got started, *in early 1341 [21 Mar 1962-20 Mar 1963]* containing the first chapter of Crossing the Line and the initial third of Gharbzadegi [Weststruckness]. This very initial third caused Ketab-e Mah to be banned. Ultimately they ended up spitting out the seed of Gharbzadegi and becoming Keyhan-e Mah, *which itself lasted no longer than a single issue.*

As for the text of Gharbzadegi, *I published one thousand copies of it in Mehr of 1341 [23 Sep-22 Oct 1962]... independently. And now here's the same text with additions and deletions and with a revision of the injunctions and assessments.*

Let me say here that I got the expression 'Gharbzadegi' from oral remarks made by another of my benefactors, Mr. Ahmad Fardid, who was a participant on the Commission on the Goals of the Iranian Ministry of Education. If there was give-and-take at those meetings, some of it was between him and me--and he has more things to say on the same subject that are well worth hearing--and I was hoping that this writer's audacity would provoke him to speak out.

The text of this second edition is somewhat more detailed than the first. I wrote it towards the end of 1342 [early 1964] for a second pocket edition in a large printing. This was confiscated during the press run and the publisher--Bongah-e Javid--went bankrupt, to my own humiliation. But can one simply

sit and do nothing? So once again in Farvardin [21 Mar-20 Ap 1964] of 1343 I rewrote it and sent it to Europe, intending to have it printed and distributed by the young university students living there. This didn't happen. It came back to its unfortunate owner. With all the trimming and clipping it underwent, you'll forgive me for not having the ambition to rewrite it again, for if I'd done so something different would now be before you. But during this interval the first edition was published several times clandestinely and indiscreetly in Tehran and once from a photocopy in California without the poor author's permission. And what exorbitant sums God's servants wasted buying it! And here's to the censor, who denies an author the right to publish his work and in effect gives it to others who have the nerve, find a market, and only smell the musk when the table is set. This was how there was more jeering than discussion over these inanities, and names were passed around more than the truth hit home. But there were one or two critics, from whose writing I derived counsel and took notice of the correct points, who were so late in awakening that I came to believe in the awakening [effect] of this booklet. I came to believe that these nonsensical pages, contrary to their author's expectations, still merit discussion after six or seven years. I had thought that this subject was strictly a contemporary discussion that would be dead after two years at most. But you see that the limbs still ache and the disease's ring of contagion gets wider every day. This is why I agreed again to its publication despite all the hasty judgments, assessments, and conclusions. /The complete text of Gharbzadegi is now before you./ And forgive me if the style is *still* crude *after so much filtration.* And as before, I hope you'll keep it safe from seizure by those irreligious people we have today, who are the henchmen of devils.

NOTE

[1]Frankfurt am Main, 1951 (tr).

ARDESHIR
82

1

THE OUTLINE OF A DISEASE

I say that Gharbzadegi [Weststruckness][1] is like cholera. If this seems distasteful, I could say it's like heatstroke or frostbite. But no. It's at least as bad as sawflies in the wheat fields. Have you ever seen how they infest wheat? From within. There's a healthy skin in place, but it's only a skin, just like the shell of a cicada on a tree. In any case, we're talking about a disease. A disease that comes from without, fostered in an environment made for breeding diseases. Let's look for the characteristics of this disease, its cause or causes, and if possible, a cure.

This Gharbzadegi has two heads. One is the West, the other is ourselves who are Weststruck. By ourselves, I mean a part of the East. Rather than two heads, let's say two poles, or two extremities, because we're talking about two ends of a single continuum, *at least, if not two sides of the world*. Instead of the West, let's say to a certain extent all

of Europe and *Soviet Russia* and all of North America, or let's say the advanced countries, or the developed countries, or the industrialized nations, or any country able to bring raw materials to a state of refinement with the aid of machines and put them on the market as merchandise. These raw materials are not only iron ore, petroleum, gut, cotton, or gum tragacinth. There's also mythology. There are also belief systems. There's also music. There are also celestial worlds. Instead of ourselves, who are part of the other pole, we can say Asia, Africa, or the underdeveloped countries, or developing countries, or nonindustrialized nations, or that group of countries who are consumers of products manufactured in the West, products whose raw materials--*the very ones I listed*--come from that same part of the world, *meaning from countries in the process of growing.* Petroleum from the shores of the Persian Gulf, jute and spices from India, African jazz, silk and opium from China, anthropology from the South Sea Islands, and *sociology from Africa. These last two come from South America too, from the Aztec and Inca tribes, who were totally victimized by the advent of Christianity.* Yes, everything comes from somewhere, and we're in the middle. With these latter groups our points of commonality are more numerous than our differences.

It's not within the scope of the present work to define these two poles or extremities from the point of view of economics, politics, sociology, psychology, *or civilization.* Those are exacting tasks for specialists. You will see, however, that I will be compelled from time to time to make use of all of these disciplines. *The only thing left to say here is that in my view, East and West are no longer two geographical concepts as such. To a European or an American, the West means Europe and America and the East means Soviet Russia, China, and the Eastern European countries. To me, however, West and East have neither a political nor a geographical meaning. Instead, these are two economic concepts. The West means the countries with full stomachs, and the East means the ones that are hungry. To me the Union of South Africa is a little piece of the West too, even though it's at the southernmost extreme of Africa, and most of the Latin American nations are part of the East, although they're on the other side of the globe.*

In any case it's true that to measure an

earthquake one must consult the university's seismograph, but before the seismograph records anything the villager's horse, even though he's balky and stupid, has fled and taken refuge in the desert. Yes, this writer would like to sense, with a sharper nose than a sheep dog, and with sharper eyes than a crow, those things that others have passed over deliberately, or the presentation of which has appeared to offer no advantage to livelihood or welfare in the next world.

Let me list, therefore, the collective general characteristics of the countries in the first group: high wages, low mortality rates, low birth rates, well-organized social services, adequate nutrition (at least 3,000 calories a day), annual per capita income of more than 3,000 tumans [$430] per year, and a democratic facade inherited from the French revolution.

The corresponding characteristics of the second group are these: low wages, high mortality rates, higher birth rates, no social services, or merely the pretense of social services, poor nutrition (1,000 calories a day at most), annual per capita income of less than 500 tumans [$75] per year, no concept of democracy, and a legacy of colonization since its earliest days. We're obviously in the second group, *the group of hungry nations, the first group being all the nations with full stomachs, as Josue de Castro*[2] *puts it in his* The Geography of Hunger. You see that not only is the gap between the two extremities very wide, but, as Tibor Mende said, "It is a bottomless pit that gets deeper and deeper every day." Thus wealth and poverty, power and impotence, knowledge and ignorance, prosperity and desolation, and civilization and savagery have become polarized in the world.

One pole is controlled by *the satiated*, the rich and powerful and the makers and exporters of manufactured goods, the other by *the hungry*, the poor and the weak, the consumers and importers. The heartbeat of evolution on that side of the world is progressive, while the stagnant pulse on this side is on the verge of stopping. This disparity does not simply arise because of the separation in space and time, nor is it quantifiable. It's a qualitative disparity between two widely separated and mutually repellent poles. On the other side is a world that has become frightened of its own dynamism, and on our side is a

world that has not yet found a channel of leadership for its scattered movements, which dissipate instead into nothing. Each of these two worlds is looking for something in its own way.[3]

So the time is now past when we divided the world into two 'blocs', the two blocs of East and West, or communist and noncommunist. Although the first articles of most of the constitutions of the governments of the world still contain that huge twentieth-century sham, the flirtation between the United States and Soviet Russia (the two supposedly unrivaled leaders of those blocs) over the Suez Canal and Cuba showed how the owners of two neighboring villages can sit down together comfortably at the same table, and following that the nuclear test ban treaty and other instances. Therefore our time, besides no longer being a time of confrontation between the rich and poor classes inside borders, or a time of nationalist revolutions, is also not a time of confrontation between 'isms' and ideologies. Behind the scenes at every riot, coup d'etat, or uprising in Zanzibar, Syria, or Uruguay, one must look to see what plot by what colonialist company or government backing it, lies hidden. Furthermore, regional wars of our time can no longer be called wars between differing ideas--even superficially. These days any schoolchild not only sees the expansionist aims of mechanized industry on both sides of the dispute at work behind the scenes in World War II, but also sees that the things that were happening in Cuba, the Congo, the Suez Canal, and Algeria were disputes over sugar, diamonds, and oil. The bloodshed in Cyprus, Zanzibar, Aden, and Vietnam was for achieving a bridgehead to protect trade routes, which are the first determinant of the policy of governments.

Our time is no longer a time when they scare the people with 'communism' in the 'West' and with the bourgeoisie and liberalism in the 'East'. Now even the kings of nations can be superficial revolutionaries and speak charismatically, and Khrushchev can buy wheat from America. Now all these 'isms' and ideologies have become pathways to the exalted throne of 'machinism' and machines. The most interesting development in this regard is the deviation taken by the political compasses of leftists and leftist pretenders throughout the world in their turn towards the East. They have made a ninety-degree turn from Moscow to Peking, because Russia is no longer 'the leader of the world revolution'.

Rather it is a top contender in the circle of those who possess atomic missiles. A direct telegraph line operates between the Kremlin in Moscow and the White House in Washington, showing that there is no longer even the need for British mediation in these dealings. Even those who hold the reins of power in our country have realized that the danger of Soviet Russia has diminished. The pasture Soviet Russia was grazing in was the abominable spoils of World War I. The time has come to phase out Stalin, and Radio Moscow has come out backing the referendum of the sixth of Bahman![4] *In any case Communist China has taken Soviet Russia's place. Why? Because it is calling all the world's underfed people to unite in the hope of reaching paradise tomorrow, just as Russia did in 1930. If Russia had a population of some 100 million then, China now has a population of 750 million.*

It's true, as Marx said, that we now have two worlds in dispute, but these two worlds have become somewhat more extensive since his time, and that dispute has much more complicated characteristics than a dispute between workers and management. Our world is a world of confrontation between the poor and the rich in a worldwide arena. Our time is a time of two worlds. One is on the side of manufacturing, distributing, and exporting machines; the other is on the side of using, wearing out, and dismantling them. One is a producer, the other a consumer. *And where is the arena of this conflict? The world market. And its weapons? Besides tanks, artillery, bombers, and missile-launchers, themselves the manufactures of that Western world, there is UNESCO* [United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization], *FAO* [United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization], *the United Nations, ECAFE* [United Nations Economic Commission for Asia and the Far East], *and other so-called international institutions that seem to be international and universal, but the truth of the matter is that they're Western tricksters who bring colonialism to that second world in a new suit, to South America, to Asia, to Africa.* And this is where the basis of the Gharbzadegi *of all non-Western nations* lies. This is not a discussion about rejecting or refusing machines, *as the utopians*[5] *imagined in the early nineteenth century.* Not at all. The inundation of the world by machines is a historical inevitability. It's a discussion about the nature of our encounter with machines--*as a growing nation, and we already saw the people of the nations in the second group*--and about the fact that we don't make

machines, but because of economic and political necessity--*and that international confrontation between rich and poor*--we must be docile and humble consumers of Western products, or at best must be poorly paid, contented, and submissive repairmen for whatever comes from the West.

These things, of themselves, make it necessary for us to adapt ourselves, our government, our culture, and our daily lives to the pattern of machines. Everything must conform to the specifications of machines. If those who manufacture machines, *in the wake of the gradual changes of two to three-hundred years, have gradually become accustomed to this new God and its heaven and hell, what does the Kuwaiti say, who just got his machine yesterday, or the Congolese, or what about me, the Iranian? How are we going to jump out of this three-hundred-year historical pit? Forget about other people. Let me deal with directly with us.* The basic thesis of this short essay is that we've not been able to retain our own *cultural/historical* personality during our encounter with machines and in the face of their inevitable assault. In fact, we've been destroyed.[6] The point is that we've been unable to take a calculated and well-assessed position in the face of this monster of the new century, not even to the extent that Japan has done. The point is that as long as we don't perceive the nature and philosophical basis of Western culture, and continue to behave as Westerners superficially, we'll be like the donkey who posed as a lion and ended up being eaten by one. If the one who builds machines is now screaming and suffocating, we don't even complain about having become slaves to machines. We even brag about it. For two-hundred years we've been like a crow who tries to be a partridge (if we can be sure which is the crow and which is the partridge).

An obvious principle emerges from all this. It's obvious that as long as we only use machines and don't make them, we're Weststruck. Ironically, as soon as we start building machines we'll be afflicted by them, like the West, which is now suffering from the effects of runaway technology.[7]

Never mind that we didn't even have the capability Japan has, which undertook to understand machines one-hundred years ago, made itself a competitor with the West in its affliction with machines, defeated the Tsars (1905) and America

(1941), and took their markets away from them before that. The West ended up smashing them with the atomic bomb to teach them the consequences of playing with fire, and now *too that the Western 'free world'* has opened the world's vast markets to Japanese goods, *it's because they have invested in all the Japanese industries. They also intend to recover the military costs of protecting those islands, whose leaders, having come to their senses since World War II, are now totally inept where weaponry, armies, and militarism are concerned.* And perhaps it's also because *the simple American* wants to ease the burden of conscience that made a madman of that abominable bomber' pilot who repeated the story of Ad and Thamud' at Hiroshima *and Nagasaki*.

Something else is obvious to us as well, and that is that since the time the 'West' called us--*from the Eastern shores of the Mediterranean to India*--the 'East' as it arose from its hibernation of the Dark Ages seeking the sunlight, *and spices, silk, and other goods*, they've been coming to the East, first as pilgrims to the holy shrines *(to Bethlehem, Nazareth, and so on)*, then in the armor of the Crusades, then in the guise of tradesmen, then under the protection of their treasure-laden warships, then as Christian missionaries, and finally in the name of promoting civilization. This last one was a veritable celestial mission. After all, 'colonization' draws its roots from 'development', and whoever engages in 'development' inevitably takes part in civilization.

It's interesting that among those countries who were beneath the heel of the colonialist *vanguard*, Africa was the most receptive and promising, and do you know why it was more promising? Because besides the raw materials it had *(and abundant they were: gold, diamonds, copper, ivory, and many other raw materials), its natives walked in no urban tradition or widespread religion. Every tribe had its own god, chief, customs, and language. And so scattered! And inevitably, so receptive to authority! Most important of all*, all its natives went around naked. *It was too hot to wear clothes.* They celebrated *and prayed* in Manchester when Stanley, a world traveler *in the tradition of the English humanitarian*, brought this good news back to his country from the Congo. After all, a meter of cloth every year for every man and woman of the Congo to put on, *become 'civilized', and* wear to Sunday services would equal 320 million

yards of Manchester cloth every year.[18] We know that the colonialist vanguard included Christian missionaries, and that they built churches in the vicinity of every merchant throughout the world and, by means of subtle trickery, persuaded the native people to attend them. *And now, with the removal of the feast of colonialism from those areas, for every commercial outlet that closes, a church door closes too.*

Africa was also more promising and receptive *for those gentlemen* because the African natives were raw material themselves for the use of all kinds of Western laboratories in the development of the fields of anthropology, sociology, ethnology, linguistics, and a thousand other kinds of 'ologies' based on the background of African *and Australian* experience, *enabling the professors of Cambridge, the Sorbonne, and Leiden to become established in their chairs using these same 'ologies', and to see the other side of their own urban civilization in African primitivity.*

We *Middle Easterners* were neither so receptive nor so promising. *Why? Because if we want to speak more personally, that is, to speak of ourselves, we must ask why weren't we Muslim Easterners more receptive? You can see that the answer is embedded in the very question,* for within our Islamic totality we apparently weren't worth studying.

It was for this reason that the West, in its encounter with us, not only came into conflict with our Islamic totality (in the instances of the bloody encouragement of Shi'ism at the beginning of the Safavid dynasty, *the sowing of* conflict *between us and* the Ottomans, the encouragement of the Bahai movement in the middle of the Qajar dynasty, *the parceling of the Ottoman Empire after World War I, and finally in confrontation with the Shi'i clergy in the disturbances of the Constitutional Revolution and afterwards*), but it also tried to disrupt that fragmented totality, which was only a totality in appearance, from within as quickly as possible. They also tried to make us into raw material like the African natives, and then to take us to their laboratories. *This is why the* Encyclopedia of Islam *is at the top of the list of Western encyclopedias. We ourselves are still asleep, but the Westerner has taken us to his laboratory in this encyclopedia.*

India, after all, was a place something like

Africa, with that 'Babel' of tongues and the dispersion of races and sects. And South America had instantly turned Christian at the points of the Spaniards' swords. And the Pacific was itself an archipelago of islands, which is to say the ideal setting for sowing discord. Thus, in appearance and in the reality of the Islamic totality, we were the only barrier to the spread (colonialism = Christianity) of European civilization, meaning to Western industry's search for markets.

The Ottoman artillery that stopped at the gates of Vienna was the end of a process that had begun in 732 A.D. in Andalusia.[11] *What do we call this twelve-century period of conflict and rivalry between East and West if we don't call it a conflict between Islam and Christianity? In any case, now--in this age we're living in--I as an Asian descendant of that Islamic totality, and that African or Australian descendant of savagery and primitivity--both equally and to the same extent--are perfectly welcome from the standpoint of the civilized nations(!) of the West and the machine builders to content ourselves with being museum exhibits, to remain simply something worth studying in a museum or a laboratory and nothing more. Don't you dare tamper with this raw material!*

Now it's no longer a matter of them wanting the petroleum from Khuzestan or Qatar in unrefined form, the diamonds from Katanga in the rough, or the chromite from Kerman unsmelted. What matters now is that I, as an Asian or an African, must even preserve my literature, my culture, my music, my religion, and everything else I have in perfect condition just like an artifact right out of the ground, so that these gentlemen can come and gawk, and take it to their museums and say, "Oh yes, here's another form of primitivity!"[12]

Now, after this introduction, allow me, an Easterner with his feet planted firmly in tradition, eager to make a two- or three-hundred-year leap and obliged to make up for so much anxiety and straggling, and *sitting in the middle of that fragmented Islamic totality*, to offer the following definition of Gharbzadegi:

[It is] all the symptoms that have been created in the life, culture, civilization, and manner of thinking of the peoples on this side of the world

without any historical background or support from tradition, *and with no thread of continuity through the changes.* They are merely the by-products of machines, or, better yet, they are their preliminary substitutes. Having said this, it is clear that *if it be said that we are one of those peoples, since the discussion in this booklet in a primary way pertains to the regional environment, language, tradition, and religion of its author, it is also even clearer that* if we have machines, that is to say if we build machines, there is no further need for their by-products to serve as preliminaries and substitutes.

Gharbzadegi is therefore a characteristic of an era in which we haven't yet obtained machines and don't understand the mysteries of their structure and construction.

Gharbzadegi is a characteristic of a period of time when we have not become familiar with the prerequisites for machines--meaning the new sciences and technology.

Gharbzadegi is a characteristic of a time in our history when we're compelled to use machines because of the market and economic constraints on us to use machines *and because of the incoming and outgoing petroleum.*

What brought on this era? What happened that other people, ignoring us completely while they changed and developed their machines, built, carried out plans, and moved in and out of our midst *and we awoke to find every oil derrick a spike impaling the land?* Why did we end up Weststruck?

Let's go back to history.

NOTES

[1]I borrowed this term from Mr. Ahmad Fardid. He's written several other things and given some talks under the same title which are most readable. It is the hope of this writer that he will be encouraged to continue discussing this matter. (A)

[2]Josue de Castro, The Geography of Hunger (Boston: 1952). (tr)

[3]*Freely translated from* Jahani Miyan-e Tars va Omid [A world in the midst of fear and hope], by Tibor Mende, translated by Khalil Maleki, Tehran, 1339 [21 Mar 1960-20 Mar 1961] (A) [Translators' note: Mende, Tibor, Reflexions sur l'histoire d'aujourd'hui, entre la peur et l'espoir (Paris: 1967)]

[4]The referendum took place on January 26, 1963. Its purpose was to produce a show of popular support for the Shah's land reform bill, which was designed to break up big estates and distribute land to peasants, and also for a law giving Iranian workers a twenty percent share of the net profits of their factories. The election, called by the Shah to bypass the National Assembly, which normally approved his decrees, marked the first time women were permitted to vote in Iranian history. It was vigorously opposed by the Muslim clergy, the National Front, the communists, and the major landowners, all of whom boycotted the polls. (tr)

[5]Referring to the spate of utopian movements that flourished in the United States in the early nineteenth century--the Rappites, the Oneida Community, the Shakers, New Harmony Indiana, and Brook Farm--to name some of the most prominent, all of whom were threatened by the disruptions of industrialization and hoped to form ideal, self-contained communities. (tr)

[6]I gave a perfect example of this in Jazireh-ye Khark, Dor-e Yatim-e Khalij [Khark Island, orphan pearl of the Persian Gulf] (Tehran: Entesharat-e Danesh). (A)

[7]See La France contre les robots (Paris: 1955), by Georges Bernanos, a contemporary French writer. (A)

[8]*This pilot's name was Claude Eatherly. See the book below, which is his correspondence with an Austrian writer with an introduction by Bertrand Russell. This book was translated in Ferdawsi magazine in a series of issues in 1342* [21 Mar 1963-20 Mar 1964] *by Iraj Qarib under the title "The Demolition of Hiroshima." Avoir detruit Hiroshima, ed., Robert Laffont, Paris. (A)* [Translators' note: As a point of fact, Claude Eatherly was not the pilot of the aircraft that was used to drop an atomic bomb on Hiroshima. Major Eatherly piloted a plane called the Straight Flush, which overflew Hiroshima prior to the actual bombing on the same day. The Enola Gay, which actually was used to bomb the city, was piloted by Colonel Paul Tibbets. See Claude Eatherly, Burning Conscience; the Case of the Hiroshima Pilot, Claude Eatherly, Told in His Letters to Gunther Anders (New York: 1962).]

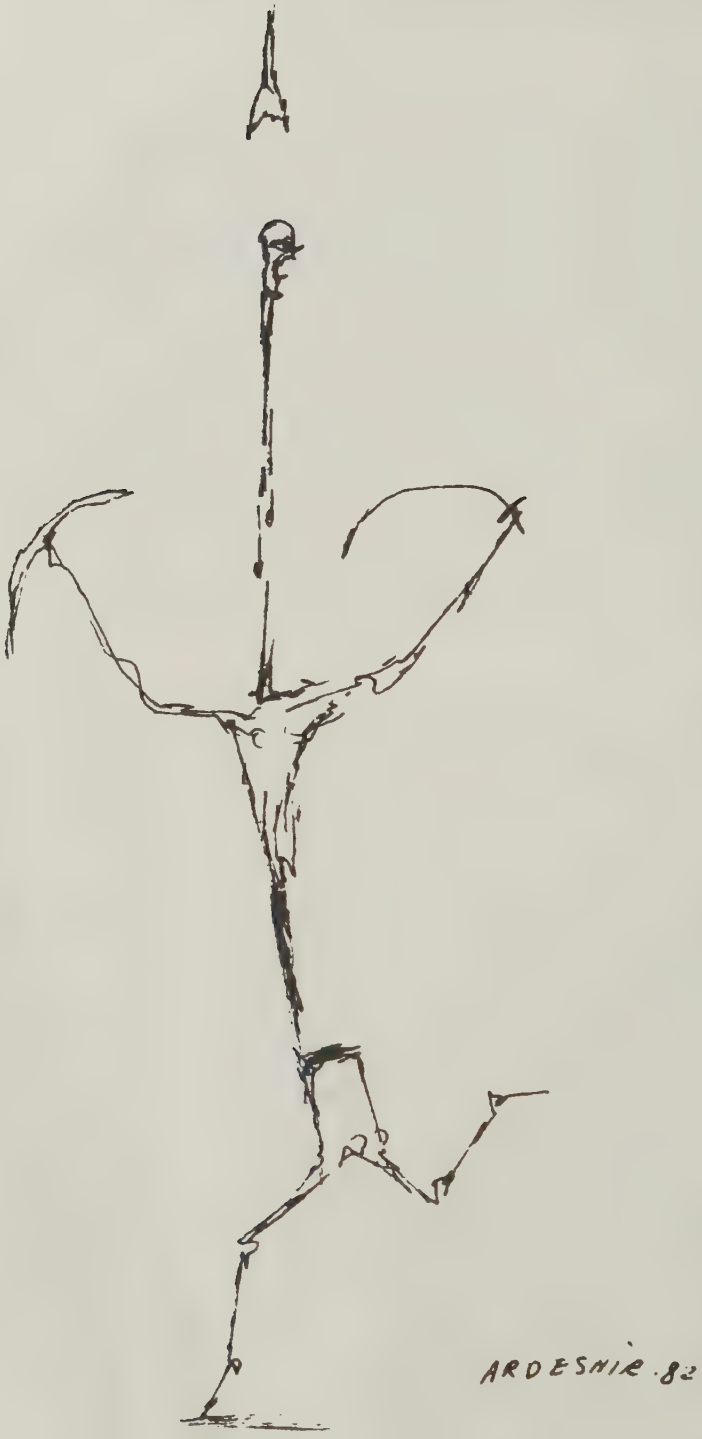
[9]Ad and Thamud were two ancient tribes said to have been among the first peoples to inhabit the Arabian peninsula. They were destroyed en masse by God (according to accounts given in the Qur'an) for disobeying their prophets. See R.A. Nicholson, A Literary History of the Arabs (Cambridge: 1956), pp. 1-3. (tr)

[10]Du Zambese au Tanganika, 1858-1972, by Livingston and Stanley (Paris: 1958). (A)

[11]*I'm referring to the defeat of 'Abdol Rahman Amavi (one of the Andalusian Islamic caliphs) by the French General Charles Martel at Poitiers and the stopping of the expansion of the Western Islamic caliphate in the beginning of the eighth century A.D. And you'll remember that this 'Martel' is today the name of a famous cognac!* (A) [Translators' note: This Andalusian caliph is known in Western literature as 'Abd al-Rahman B. 'Abd Allah al-Ghafiki, governor of Spain, who was killed along with most of his army by Charles Martel between the cities of Tours and Poitiers at a battleground known to Arabs as Balat al-Shuhada' (Pavement of the Martyrs).]

[12]*Mr. Semin Baghchehban, a musician friend of mine, has some notes (unpublished) concerning the Music Congress of Farvardin of 1340* [21 Mar-20 Ap

1961] *in Tehran. There he writes: "For* [Alain] *Danielou (the French representative) nothing is more interesting than the fact that we lived during the age of the Sassanian kings and are available for him, who arrived in the heart of the twentieth century, to study, so that he, with his precise instruments and the latest tape-recording systems, can find his way to the Sassanian court, record a concert by Barbad and Nakisa, and then return to Paris on an Air France jet from an airstrip near the Sassanian capital built especially for orientalists and experts on poetry, painting, and music."* (A) [Translators' note: Barbad was a famous vocalist and lutist, Nakisa a harp player. Both were prominent entertainers in the Sassanian court of Khosraw II at the turn of the sixth century A.D.]


ARDESHIR .82

2

THE FIRST ROOTS OF THE SICKNESS

As history shows, we have always looked to the West. We even introduced the term 'Western' before the Europeans called us 'Eastern' with the name Ibn Batutah the Maghrebi [The Moroccan],[1] or before that in the name of Gibraltar, which we knew as the farthest extremity of the *Islamic* West.

From the dawn of Islamic civilization to the collapse of every value orientation in the face of technology, on this side of the world we've always interpreted and branded the rest of the world according to our system of values, in our position as a microcosm of a larger culture, even before other people did the same thing to us. *Aren't there two sides to every coin?* If we go back one or two millenia to take a more complete look around--it was right here in this area--*in the Middle East(!)*--where the Chaldeans, the Assyrians, Elam, Egypt, the Jews, Buddha, and Zoroaster arose, on the flat expanse between the Sind and Nile valleys, *and became the*

founders of that thing, the exception of which there's nothing at all to be found in the satchel of Western civilization. Except for boastfulness and conceit, of course.

This 'us', with its several dimensions, throughout all these ages, before looking at the Far East *(China, Indochina, and India), where it got chinaware, printing, the* korsi,[2] *Sufism, painting, self-mortification (Jhoki practices), meditation (Zen practices), saffron, spices,* samanu,[3] *and so on,* was already looking at the West, at the shores of the Mediterranean, at Greece, at the Nile Valley, at Lydia *(the center of present-day Turkey),* at northwest Africa, and at the amber-laden North Sea. As residents of the Iranian plateau, we were also part of this entirety, and we were similar to it. Why? Let's try to find an answer by hypothesizing. *You can see that I have tightened the circle. Now we're talking about us Iranians.*

It could have been our flight from Mother India--the first cause of our looking to the West. *A flight from the center? I don't know. The ethnologists, Aryanists, and Indo-European linguists will have to answer that. I'm guessing. In any case,* there's no doubt about what a warm embrace this very mother *had ready for us* in our time of need. This same India at one time gave shelter to the remnants of the Zoroastrians, who were too mule-headed even to pay the Islamic jaziyeh,[4] *and uprooted themselves lock, stock, and barrel to take refuge in India.* Today we have the Parsis of India, their descendants, who contributed in a nasty way to British oppression during the years of colonization, *and who now have India's industrial aristocracy in their clutches the same way.* She gave shelter again in the time of the Mongol *invasion,* and most recently, at the point of the prejudice-drawn swords of the Safavid Sufi pretenders. These last two times, great treasures of thought remained untouched in India, as she protected many intellectual resources from the ravages of time. Although this warm embrace was always a place of refuge for us as homeless children, no child has ever gotten anywhere under the indulgent protection of his mother. "A spoiled child can't make friends," as they say. By the same token, Islam got nowhere in Mecca and Medina. It was in Baghdad, Cairo, Seville, and Andalusia that it laid down a glorious foundation worthy of an empire, and Christianity, which promised of 'The Great One' *and of*

Nazareth, raised its banner right in the heart of the pagan world in Rome. Manichaeism, which arose in Ctesiphon [southern Babylon], disappeared in Turfan [Chinese Turkistan]. Buddhism, which was planted in India, sprouted in the land of the Rising Sun [Japan]. We also, when we fled from India (*if that's what we did*), or turned our backs on it, looked to the West. And although we had maintained friendly relations with this *probable* mother [India], through the comings and goings of Bozorgmehr,[5] the wanderings of the Sufis, our pilgrimages to Ceylon, our encounters with enemies in the wars waged by the accursed Sultan Mahmud [Ghaznavi], and the violent encounters through the raids of Nadir Shah the Hide-Wearer, in all this commerce with India it was never our objective to be close. We've never acknowledged the bonds of relationship. I think that in all probability one of the major causes of this thing I call Gharbzadegi was our very flight from the center, *which was also a flight from hot weather*. /It was as if we'd disobeyed our parents, been cursed by them, and had cut the ties of blood relationship and tradition./

Perhaps we also always looked to the West because the desert nomads of the East always drove us in that direction, even as the Aryans drove the demons of the Shahnameh[6] out of Mazandaran to the shores of the Persian Gulf when they came. From the *Turanians of the Shahnameh* and the Hurrians on, every few decades a tribe, *whether Turkish or Persian-speaking*, would migrate in search of pasture. They swarmed in this direction, seeking an alternative to chronic drought conditions that had suddenly overtaken them again in those vast and distant desert lands. Cyrus [the Great] also died in those distant deserts in search of the Massagetae. The Ghaznavids, the Seljuqs, and the Mongols also came *riding through from the same deserts, and Siyavash's blood was spilled in those deserts by Afrasiyab.*[7] There's no century in our history that wasn't marked once or twice by the hoofprints of the Eastern tribes. All the dynasties of the Islamic period, with one or two exceptions, were established by these very tribal barbarians, *and even before Islam. Who do you think the Parthians are?* Those who unrolled the scroll of our history were certainly tribes, not dynasties. Whenever we built a house, just as we were about to apply the finishing touches to the roof, a hungry, marauding tribe came from the East. Not only did they pull the ladder out from under our feet, they

also demolished everything from the foundation up. On this wide racetrack which is the Iranian plateau, our cities were always pieces on a broad chessboard, like polo balls before the famine-starved desert nomad horsemen, which they picked up in one place and put down in another.[9]

The Soltaniyeh[9] domes, with all their architectural splendor and monstrous dimensions, have smiled hundreds of times with hundreds of cracks on this kaleidoscopic land. On this flat plain, only a limited number of our cities have had an opportunity to achieve greatness in their youth, to reach maturity, to stop growing in their old age, to begin to decay, and like Baghdad, which arose out of the ruins of Ctesiphon, to throw themselves like the phoenix into the fire, the source of rebirth and beauty. *This is how we've entered into a 'this too will pass' state of mind, the stone of 'each one has his allotted few days to live' has sunk to the core of our being, and 'whoever came built a new building' has become our slogan.*

Perhaps it may be said then that we've had little experience as an urban civilization *and have not yet arrived at urbanization and urban (bourgeois) civilization in the true sense. And if you look at the situation today*--when the stress of machine pressure is forcing us to adapt to urban civilization *and its requirements*--since this is a rapid process in itself but very late in beginning, it necessarily takes on a cancerous appearance. Our cities are now burgeoning everywhere like tumors, and if the roots of these tumors reach the villages and devour them, woe unto us....

With regard to the continuity of our urban civilization, you can't judge only by the historical exceptions you may find, such as Susa in the desert of Khuzestan, or Esfahan, Kashan, and Ray in the central deserts. The edifice of our history is not supported by foundations, pillars, walls, houses, and bazaars, *because every dynasty that spread out and set up camp here first uprooted the previous dynasty's settlements. From the Sassanians, who wiped out what was left of the Parthians, to the Qajars,[10] who plastered over everything the Safavids had built, and until today, when they've built the National Bank over the Takiyeh-ye Dowlat,[11] put the Ministry of Finance where Karim Khan [Zand]'s sleeping quarters were, and put up schools in every corner, displacing*

the mosques and emamzadehs.[12]

It surprises me that we're so shortsighted with all these open horizons. Only during the Achamenid and Safavid periods do you find father and son working to put up the same building. In the other periods 'whoever came built a new building'. And how? With materials from the buildings of the vanquished. To the point that even yesterday they brought the marble stones from Muslim graves in Abarqu to the Imperial Palaces of Tehran. Dig into any corner of the country and you'll find that every building's foundations are the gravestones of vanquished people, and the materials in every little bridge are stones from some ancient nearby fortress.

Therefore the edifice of our semiurbanized civilization is not one laid out by any one person, built up by a second, decorated by a third, expanded by a fourth, and so on. The edifice of our so-called urban civilization, designed to accommodate the centralization of governments, is a building that hangs over tent posts and travels on horseback. *The Achamenids had separate headquarters for summer and winter, and so did the Sassanians. This is how Susa got there, and Ectabana* [Hamadan], *both of them capitals. There's also Ctesiphon and Firuzabad. Specialists in ancient history have even found a great many similarities to tents in the roofs of the buildings of many of our historical periods.* If I assert that this is one of the reasons the West advanced and we remained behind, I'm not too far off the track.

You will remember that throughout our history on this broad plain we always spent the summer nights on the rooftops, beneath the stars. It's true that the climate and environment surrounding us is harsh and arid, *but this harshness is due to the dryness,* and coping with it--*barring floods, which are a feature of such a climate*--is not so difficult except during the very short winter. *None of our large cities has more than three months of snow, rain, and ice during the year.* So isn't Tibor Mende[13] right when he says that the great civilizations that have developed urban technology are only found in the colder regions of the world between the Tropic of Cancer and the Arctic Circle?

Of course, it's not as if we were always attacked from the northeastern deserts. There was also

Alexander, who came from the provinces of the northwestern Iranian plateau, and there was also Islam, which came from the southwestern deserts. The encounter with Alexander and his soldiers--in spite of a short or a long interval of Iranianness during the time of the rule of his [Alexander's] successors and the first manifestation of Gharbzadegi in our recorded history (the Hellenization of the Parthians)--was not an encounter with nomadic horsemen. It was an encounter with adventurers *and mercenaries from Mediterranean cities*, who, having been aroused by Xenophon's Anabasis, came riding this way with huge leather sacks, drooling with greed for the mysterious wealth of the Iranian kings, the treasures of Ectabana [Hamadan], Susa, and Persepolis.

Those first colonialists of history *since the Phoenicians*! We know that all these people have a fixation for building cities. If they destroyed Tyre and Persepolis, they scattered the seeds of several Alexandrias in the form of temporary army camps from the Nile Delta to the mouth of the Indus River, two of which still stand today *spread out over the land* watching the comings and goings of parvenu nations over the blue surface of the Mediterranean. In encounters with these mercenary soldiers, if any plundering went on, we were the first ones to do it.[14] For every slap in the face we received from the northeastern desert nomads, we passed one on to *the Mediterranean coastal peoples* in the West. The burning of Persepolis was done in retaliation for the burning of Athens.

As for Islam, it bacame Islam when it reached the populous region between the Tigris and Euphrates rivers. Before that it was Arab primitivity and ignorance. It had never set out to shed blood. *True, we've heard a lot of talk about the sword of Islam, but don't you think this sword, if it was used, was used mostly in the West? And against the Christian world? In any case, I think this reputation is mainly due to the conflicts between the Islamic holy wars and the early Christian martyrs. And we know what this Christianity did as soon as it got a foothold somewhere! During the Spanish Inquisition, in the brutal abuse of South and Central America, in the subjugation of Africa, or in Southeast Asia or in the destruction of the Khmer civilization.*[15] *In any case*, the Islamic 'salaam' was the most peaceful symbol ever adopted by a world religion. Aside from the fact that we ourselves invited Islam before it ever

came to us, though Rostam Farokhzad fought to defend the clever Sassanians and the petrified traditions of the Zoroastrians, when the Arabs came to Ctesiphon on their way to plunder the royal palace *and the Baharistan carpet*,[16] the people stood waiting for them in the streets with bread and dates. Years before Yazdgird [III] fled to Marv[17] Salman Farsi[18] had fled from the village of Jay near Esfahan and found asylum with the Islamic authorities. His role in the formation of Islam was one of a magnitude of importance never equalled by the [Zoroastrian] astrologer Magis in the formation of Christianity. Islam can never be considered a world conquerer in the same sense as, for example, Alexander. None of that Macedonian's mercenaries *and thugs, every one of them an exile from his own city and homeland who had come in this direction looking for treasure*, had the kind of inner faith *that the primitive Arabs took to the Jaxartes and Oxus rivers.*

Despite what has been said up until now by certain bearded scholars, who are no better than the upstart Shu'ubis,[19] and also despite 'Umar's book-burning *in Rey and Alexandria*,[20] the call of Islam was a ready answer to a call that had been silenced by melted lead three centuries before *Islam arose on this barren plain of monarchies* in the mouths of Mani and Mazdak.[21] If we look at this carefully we will see that Islam itself was a fresh call meeting the demands of the urban peoples between the Euphrates River and Damascus, all of whom were weary of the long wars between Iran and Rome. Seasoned by hardship and experience, they were ripe for recruitment by any movement that would bring lasting peace to the area. We know that the Prophet of Islam had had commercial dealings in Damascus as a youth, *and that he had had talks with some monk in the Damascus monastery, and so on....* Is it possible to propagate a religion any more simply than by saying "say there is no god but God and prosper"? In the last analysis, wasn't this turning to Islam also a turning to the West? This question can be answered without hesitation when we understand the oppression that permeated the rigid practices of the Sassanids.

Perhaps our attention to the West also arose from the fact that on this flat, dry plain, we were always waiting for the clouds of the Mediterranean. Although the light came up in the East, for us on the Iranian plateau the *rain* clouds have always come from the West. We also fled the southern and northeastern

deserts because of our preoccupation with the source of our clouds, our water, and our livelihood. This was quite the opposite of what drew the northern Europeans away from the cold, the humidity, and the frost of their lands toward the south and the warm seas, in search of sexually invigorating herbs, and hoping to open up trade routes to Africa, India, and America so that what took the form of *acute* colonialism might follow them. *This two-sided tension is a perpetual element throughout the history of human civilization. The Aryan entry into Iran was itself one of those very conflicts from the North and the frozen lands of Jamshid and the Aryans.*

Although it may be *somewhat* audacious of me to say so, it is my belief that if the Russians had had a warm-water port and had ultimately been able to realize Peter the Great's dream, and if they had been able, at the price of colonial plundering, to raise salaries and provide insurance and retirement pay for the workers of St. Petersburg and Badkubeh at the levels of the workers in Manchester and Lyon, and if they had not been forced to endure the ice and snow of Siberia *or Turkey and its smooth sands*, extending as far as the eye can see, a revolution such as the one in 1917 would not have been laid at humanity's feet. The export of *Russian* revolutionary *traditions* to Africa and Southeast Asia, the most recent political development of our time, *prior to the Chinese movements*, has within it a hope that has been gestating under suppression for years, *now stepping onto the field in a new uniform.*

If we look again more carefully, we will find abundant evidence of this attention to the West. It is true that the fountain of youth was in the dark regions of the East, but Alexander, who went looking for it, was a Westerner, and Nizami Ganjavi, who called him a prophet *and confused him with Dhu'l Qarneen,*[22] was one of us. The Garden of Eden is also in the West, and amber has always come from the Northwestern seas. Baghdad, the Mecca of the heretic Manicheans, was at the Western extremity of the Iranian plateau. You've certainly heard of the black African and Roman armies, and how they're respectively associated with night and day.[23] It may have been for this very reason that no Eastern harem was ever without its Roman maids, who were harbingers of light and bearers of purity and good fortune. Even in Sufism, with all its Eaststruckness (if this expression may also be used), the West made an apostate and

a zonnar-wearer[24] of the desert-dwelling Shaikh San'an[25] through his love for a Roman maid. Even Nargis Khatum, mother of the Shi'ites' promised Mahdi,[26] was a maid of Roman extraction. *In any case, many examples of this nature may be found.*

What is clear is that for us, a nation never bound by prejudice and inexperience, the road to the West has always been open. It was open when, like Sa'di,[27] we went to Mecca by way of [Syrian] Tripoli, where they put us to work digging ditches. It was open when we went to Karbala and Najaf[28] to purify ourselves, and it's open now as we flee to Europe to live the good life.

All this hypothesizing aside, trafficking with the West is a natural thing in the life of a nation that has sought to live and learn more effectively day by day, and to die more peacefully. There's nothing abnormal about it. *It is commerce and trafficking with near and distant neighbors, a more extensive searching and striving among humanity's other realms of existence.* It is strange, however, that this attention to the West, until about three-hundred years ago, was always one-sided, one-dimensional, and due to one cause. It arose out of spite, envy, jealousy, *and competition.* In this past three-hundred years it's taken on other causes, dimensions, and faces, the faces of sorrow, regret, and subservience. Before these last three centuries we were always jealous of the West, or we were vengeful, or we tried to compete because of their flourishing lands, their busy ports, their peaceful cities, and their continuous rains. Throughout all the ages that had passed we had considered ourselves entitled to such blessings! We considered our customs and beliefs to be right. We called the West infidels and we considered them deluded. Although we gave their learned men shelter even in the midst of Sassanian Zoroastrian prejudice, it is clear that we judged them according to our own values. We even went so far at times as to give ourselves license to kill them and steal from them. We stole whatever we could from them on that basis.

In any case, all this competition, jealously, and spite was acceptable for us as a means of neutralizing the harsh and notorious policies of the Assyrians, and of exerting our own influence on them wherever we could. We wanted to bring cedars from Lebanon, gold from Lydia, to bring Aristotle out of

the dark Middle Ages, and to translate and propagate him. We wanted to adopt the military system of the Roman legionnaires, and to learn their system of city construction. All that this two-thousand-year commerce with the West entails--with its failures and successes and the destructiveness on both sides, which is itself one of the mysteries of life--has been advantageous to both sides on the whole. No one has lost anything. If we haven't had a friendly relationship, we've certainly had the rivalry of two opponents. We've given a great deal and we've plundered even more. We gave silk and oil. We were an access road to India and we harbored Zoroastrianism and Mithraism. The conquest of Islam took us all the way to Andalusia. We wore the Indian *and Khorasanian* turban on the heads of our Islamic leaders, and we made the splendor of God into a halo and placed it around the faces of the Christian *and Muslim* saints. During the last two or three centuries, however, the situation has turned around completely.

Yes, I'm talking about sorrow and regret. Now the spirit of competition is forgotten. It's now been replaced by a feeling of helplessness and dependence. Not only do we no longer consider ourselves deserving or right *(they take away the oil as if it belonged to them, as if we had nothing to say about it, they run our political affairs as if we ourselves were helpless, they've taken away our freedom as if we didn't deserve to have it)* but if we try to explain something about ourselves in this life or in the hereafter, we judge it by their standards, *and on the orders of their advisors and consultants. We study the same way.* We gather statistics the same way. We do research the same way, *but research is another matter, because scholarly work has developed international procedures, and scholarly procedures bear the mark of no nationality. But it is interesting that we take wives just like Westerners, we claim to be free just like them, we assess the good and bad in the world just like them, and even our days and nights become days and nights when they affirm it, as if our own standards had been abolished.* We quote their sources, and we're even proud of ourselves for being their blind progeny. Yes. Of the two old rivals, one ultimately got the job of sweeping the floor, while the other became the owner of the circus. And what a circus! *A contemptuous circus of boasting and conceit for the riffraff so they'll load the oil!* What's happened during these last two or

three centuries? What has taken place to turn things around this way? Let's go back to history again.

NOTES

[1]Al-Maghreb, the Arabic term for Morocco, literally means 'the place in the West.' The name Maghrebi literally means 'the one from the place in the West', or 'Westerner'. (tr)

[2]The korsi is the Iranian communal heater. It consists of a low platform with a charcoal brazier beneath, covered by a blanket. Users gather around the platform and slide their legs beneath the blanket. (tr)

[3]Samanu is a dish made with the juice of germinating wheat or malt mixed with flour. (tr)

[4]Head tax on free non-Muslims under Muslim rule. (tr)

[5]Sixth century vizier under Anushirvan the Just (Khosraw Parviz). (tr)

[6]Epic Iranian poem by Firdawsi (941? - 1020 A.D.). (tr)

[7]Siyavash and Afrasiyab are both figures from the Shahnameh. Siyavash was a heroic figure who excelled both in bravery and purity. Afrasiyab was the evil Turanian [Turkish] king who killed him after giving the young hero refuge from his father. (tr)

[8]*It's an unacknowledged historical reality that though they've been continually trying to scare us with communism for the forty-some years since the October revolution, our urban civilization only found relief from the evils of chronic invasions by that area's desert nomads after the establishment of Soviet Russia and its republics such as Turkestan, Kergiziya, and Tajikestan. The establishment of new Soviet-style governments in these areas I've enumerated since 1917 has quieted down the bedoins and the desert nomads, and made the deserts relatively prosperous and the cities vast, with factories, farms, schools, and other urban institutions. There are no longer any tribal organizations to invade us, and if there are they no longer need to saddle up and ride 1,000 farsakhs* [farsakh = 6.24 kilometers] *to*

Khorasan. They stay right there and work in the nearest towns, villages, and farms. In this way the concept of tribal assaults--invasions from foreign desert nomads from the Northeast--has lost its meaning. Since the beginning of the twentieth century it has been replaced by the industrial assault (because of oil) and the invasion of the 'civilized' foreigners! And that comes from the West and the Southwest. (A)

[9]The fourteenth century Mausoleum of Oljeitu, considered one of Iran's architectural masterpieces, located in Azarbaijan near Zanjan. (tr)

[10]One incident of the type referred to here was the Qajar governor of Esfahan Mas'ud Mirza Zel os-Soltan's decision to plaster over the mural-decorated walls of a palace built by the Safavid Shah 'Abbas, out of jealousy. (tr)

[11]Takiyeh-ye Dowlat was a theatrical structure incorporated into the Tehran Bazaar. Built in the nineteenth century by Nasir od-Din Shah, it was modeled after London's Albert Hall and was used as a place for public congregation, especially for religious gatherings and the performance of passion plays. (tr)

[12]Emamzadehs are burial shrines containing the remains of descendants of the Shi'i Imams. They are highly revered in Iran and are frequently the goal of pilgrimages. The term can also apply to the descendants themselves. (tr)

[13]See the same translated book by Tibor Mende mentioned previously. (A)

[14]*See the article, "Eskandar-e Gojasteh ya Bozorg"* [Alexander the Accursed or the Great] *by Parviz Daryush in the first issue of* Keyhan's Keyhan-e Mah, *Khordad, 1341* [22 May-21 June 1962]. (A)

[15]*Regarding the Inquisition, refer to any available history of European civilization. Concerning South America, refer to the history of the conquistadors, who wiped out the Inca and Aztec civilizations as missionaries of Christian love and peace. Concerning Africa and Southeast Asia, the latest documentation is in Andre Gide's* Return from Chad *and Andre Malraux's* The Royal Road. *Most important of all is the little booklet called* A discussion of Im-

perialism, by Ameh Sezar, translated by Hezar Khani, published by Nil. (A) [Translators' note: Andre Paul Guillame Gide, 1869-1951, Le retour du Tchad, suite du voyage au Congo, carnets de route (Paris: 1928), and Andre Malraux, La voie royale (Paris: 1968)]

[16]A 30 X 30-yard carpet kept in the royal palace at Ctesiphon woven from golden threads and depicting elaborate springtime landscapes. (tr)

[17]Yazdgird III was the last of the Sassanian monarchs. He fled to the city of Marv in 638 A.D. to escape the advancing Arab armies bringing Islamic rule to Iran. (tr)

[18]A legendary companion of the Prophet, Salman Farsi (or al-Farsi) was reputed to have been a slave before his conversion to Islam and to have obtained his freedom with the Prophet's help. This took place in Medina after he had spent years migrating from place to place and experimenting with various religions, including Christianity. (tr)

[19]The Shu'ubis (or Shu'ubites) were a largely Persian ninth century movement that initially proclaimed the equality of all Muslims, attacking Arab claims of racial superiority, and at times even argued later that Arabs were racially inferior to other peoples. (tr)

[20]Many Shi'i Muslims believe that 'Umar ibn al-Khattab, the second caliph, ordered his military commander, Sa'd ibn Waqqas, to burn the Zoroastrian libraries in Iran during his campaigns there. This allegation is generally disputed by Sunni Muslims, but no one has accounted for the missing books. (tr)

[21]Mani was the third century founder of Manichaeism. Mazdak was the 5th century founder of Mazdakism. Both were killed by Zoroastrian priests. (tr)

[22]Nizami Ganjavi, 1140 or 41-1202 or 3, renowned court poet, wrote one of several Persian adaptations of the Iskandar Nameh, a romance of Alexander the Great, ultimately derived from the pseudo-Callisthenes original in Greek, which had been translated into into Pahlavi. Dhu'l Qarneen (the one with two horns) is an individual mentioned in the Qur'an.

There is a controversy over whether the actual historical figure was Alexander the Great or the South Arabian King Tubba' al-Akran. (tr)

[23]The two Persian words used here, Rumi and Zangi, refer both to Romans and Ethiopians and to the archetypal opposites of black and white in some proverbs, such as "you can't wash a Zangi white," etc. (tr)

[24]Christians of the Levant were required to wear a girdle or belt called a zonnar to distinguish them from Muslims during Attar's time. (tr)

[25]See The Conference of the Birds, by Farid al-din Attar, 13th cent. (New York: 1969) for the full story of Shaikh San'an. (tr)

[26]The Mahdi is the Twelfth or 'Hidden' Imam for the Ithna'ashari (Twelver) Shi'is, who believe he will reappear at the end of the Greater Occultation to establish the true faith throughout the world and establish a brief reign of justice before the coming of the apocalypse. (tr)

[27]The celebrated thirteenth century Persian poet Sa'di was captured and enslaved in Syrian Tripoli during one of his many extensive journeys. (tr)

[28]The Iraqi cities of Karbala and Najaf contain the two principal shrines of Shi'i Islam. Karbala, some sixty miles south-southwest of Baghdad, is celebrated because of the fact that the Prophet Mohammad's grandson, Husayn ibn 'Ali, was killed and his decapitated body buried there. Najaf is about fifty miles south-southeast of Karbala. It is revered because it contains the tomb of the Prophet's cousin and son-in-law 'Ali, the fourth Caliph of Islam and the first Shi'i Imam. Both cities have long been centers of opposition to the government in Baghdad, and until recently Najaf was the world center of Shi'i religious authority. (tr)

ARDESNIR · 82

3

THE ORIGINAL SOURCE OF THE FLOOD

During the last three centuries the Western world, on the one hand, has simmered in the cauldron of the Industrial Revolution, and feudalism has given way to urbanism. On the other hand, we in this corner of the East have taken refuge in the cocoon of our unified nation built on the basis of Shi'ism. We've woven a tighter web around ourselves every day, and if we've had any uprisings, they came in the form of the Batenis, the Noqtavis, the Horufis,[1] *and the Bahais*. For every school and laboratory that was built in the West, we formed more secret societies and took refuge in the Seven Mysteries,[2] *and the name of the Almighty*. It was during these three centuries that the West ultimately, with the help of machines, underwent a monstrous transformation and found itself in need of a *chaotic* world market, both for the purpose of obtaining *cheap* raw materials and for selling industrial products.

During these three centuries, we were so busy

fighting off the Ottoman Empire that we didn't notice what was happening. The West not only devoured the Ottoman Empire and made its bones into cudgels for its own protection in the event of any uprising by the people of Iraq, Egypt, Syria, or Lebanon, but it also came straight away after us. This is where I see the primary sources of Gharbzadegi. It is to be found on the one hand in the aggressiveness of Western industry, and on the other hand in the impotence of our traditional national government, which has come into power through the use of force.

Since the time our clerical establishment forgot that it had become an instrument of government oppression, since the time Mir Damad and Majlesi[3]--at least in their tacit approval of the Shi'i revival--put themselves in the service of the Safavid court *by producing made-to-order precedents in religious legal traditions*, we, mounted on the steed of Islam, were reduced to keeping graves and feeding on the tidbits left to us by Shi'i martyrs. From the very day we abandoned the possibility of becoming martyrs ourselves and contented ourselves with honoring martyrs of the past, we became gatekeepers at the graveyard. It's a situation I've described in Nun va al-Qalam.[4,5]

Again we see that the situation has two aspects. Although this summary is in no way intended to be a search for the philosophy of history, I have no choice but to discuss these two aspects, but it is not my task to identify the causes of the West's Industrial Revolution. The Westerners themselves have spoken about this matter, and we, who are severely 'Weststruck', have blared this nonsense repeatedly for years in our schools, our academies, and our radio programs and publications: the Renaissance, the invention of the compass, the discovery of America, the rounding of the Cape of Good Hope, the invention of steam power, the opening of India, the invention of electricity, and so on. One may even encounter these inanities in our fifth-grade elementary school geography textbooks. *Regarding this there's one point I must refer to before going on.*

That point is that the West--the Christian world of the Middle Ages--when it found itself encircled to the maximum extent possible by the Islamic world, that is, when it was faced with the threat of obliteration by the power of the Islamic nations from two or three directions (from the East, the South,

and the Southwest) and was obliged to marshall its resources right there in those few Northern Mediterranean states, it had a rude awakening and was pushed into a hopeless aggressive campaign against the Islamic threat, like a cat trapped in a room. When did this happen? Towards the end of the sixth century A.H. (twelfth century A.D.)--when the University of Cordoba was at one end of the Islamic world in Andalusia, the Balkh and Bokhara schools were at the other end, and all of Jerusalem, the eastern, southern, and western shores of the Mediterranean, and even the island of Cicily were under Muslim control. It was immediately after this that the peace-loving Christians, who had been derisive of the Islamic holy wars were transformed into holy-war-waging Crusaders and laid down a foundation during the long Crusades borrowed from Islamic arts and knowledge which transformed the Christian world after five or six centuries into the lords of capital, the arts, and knowledge, and after seven or eight centuries into the lords of industry, machines, and technology. So if the Christian West suddenly awoke with the fear of obliteration and overthrow in the face of the Islamic danger, fortified itself, went on the offensive, and inevitably saved itself, hasn't the time come now for us to sense danger and obliteration in the face of Western power and rise up, fortify ourselves, and go on the offensive? In the matter of our helplessness, however, there are one or two points about which you have heard and read less. I will discuss these points. As for the other points, refer to the histories of civilization.

The first point is that the Iranian plateau, until prior to the discovery of sea routes, though not the only route, was at least a passageway for the major routes from the Far East to the Far West (from China and India to the shores of the Mediterranean). It was a trade route for silk, spices, paper, and goods from China, India, and Iran /to Trebizond, Tripoli, and Damascus/ for the Western world. It was along the routes of these same richly laden caravans that our major cities were built and fortified. They were secure havens where caravans from both ends of the world stopped to take shelter beneath those shady arches, and in so doing breathed life into our cities and villages. It was a road that passed through Kandahar, Herat, Tus, Neyshapur (Sad Darvazeh), Ray, Qazvin, Tabriz, Khvoy, and Erzurum to Trebizond or Mesopotamia or Syrian Tripoli. This was the northern silk route. There was another route that went from

the banks of *the Indus River by sea to Hormoz, Qeshm, and then* to Kerman, Yazd, Esfahan, Varamin, Saveh, Hamadan, Kermanshah, and Mowsel until it again reached the same set of *eastern Mediterranean* ports.

With the exceptions of the fringes of Mazandaran and the plain of Khuzestan, each of which has its own separate status and story, the oldest civilizations on our plateau are in these same cities I have listed or else buried in the bellies of the huge mounds alongside them.

From the time the sea routes were opened and the seafaring community summoned the courage to penetrate to the heart of the ocean with no prospect of finding a *nearby* secure port, from then on, *besides the fact that the West acquired the new American continent, which was itself a foothold for them on that side of the world, on this end* our cities, our partially developed urban culture, and our civilization remained but an empty husk, like the empty skin shed by a snake. Only a skin. The skins of caravanserais, the skins of cities, the skins of ceremonies and culture, the skins of religion and beliefs, and the skins of our economic base. From that time on, poverty in its true sense has been with us and we've been a forgotten people in the world of the living, a graveyard of memories, keepsakes, and monuments to open roads and wealthy caravans. We were forgotten from the very time they took the shadow of their wealth out of our cities and took India and China directly to the West by sea, and we descended into the cocoon of Safavid Sufism *and the cocoon of a unified nation built on a Shi'i foundation.* The world withdrew from us and we withdrew from the world *and considered the West a defiled place.* We've discussed this deplorable matter.[6] When the two ends of the world joined hands without any need for the hospitality of our caravanserais, we became merely a nonaligned country somewhere near India--an area that was supposed to stay calm *and not rock the boat*, required only to refrain from making trouble for India or becoming the source of a threat *to the East India company. Things stayed this way and stayed and stayed and stayed until the oil monster reared its head in Khuzestan. And we again came into our own as the center of attention in the manifest world and as the basis for the struggle between East and West and the United States and England.*

In any case the study of the reasons for Middle Eastern backwardness during these last three centuries and the advancement of Westerners during the same period has not been undertaken by anyone I know of. It is now a worthy subject for investigation and study.

The second point is that the *dukes of* the Venetian Republic (the reconnaissance people for the merchant Christians or the Christian merchants) were not the first people to attach themselves to the pagan tribal peoples of northeastern Iran in their search for an ally to ward off the evil of the *Muslims*--their enemies in the crusades. The caliphs of Baghdad played this tune before them. They spread their conspiracies all the way to Qaraqorum[7] like snakes in the grass in order to quell the uprisings in Khorasan and Iraq.[8,9]

In order to provide assistance to the various Ghuzz, Seljuq, and Mongol tribal groups and desert nomads they gave them authorization to pass through, graze their herds, and settle throughout the Eastern Islamic world. Things progressed to the point that by the end of the Samanid period all the military commanders of Khorasan, Balkh, and Iraq were all tribal chieftains, the Atabeks, the Arslans, and the Sabok-tagins.[10] *In any case, if this wasn't intentional it's clear that this search for allies during the critical confrontation with the Islamic totality had begun several years earlier with the building of the walls and towers of the merchant houses of Genoa and Venice.*[11] *A European writer has this to say concerning this matter:*

> *The historical importance of Turkish Christianity is very great. We know that the state of Sogdiana* [Transoxania], *which the Western Turks have inhabited since 565 A.D., was one of the largest centers of activity for the Nestorian church. It was from here and also from the state of Balkh that the Nestorian Mongols set out to convert Asia to Christianity... It appears that by around 1000 A.D. Nestorian missionaries had completed the task of converting the rear guard of the Turkish tribes in Central Asia. These tribes were the Ognigut of Inner Mongolia, the Kerait of Central Mongolia, and the Naimans of Western Mongolia. This is apart from the Uighurs who had adopted*

> *Christianity some time before in the Gobi desert. In any case, the semi-Christian face of Genghis Khan's empire can only be explained by taking into account the Nestorian faith of all these Western [sic] Turks who rode with him bearing their swords.*[12]

It is *neither surprising* nor what I would call an accident if we see that at this point the Islamic world was suddenly threatened from two directions in the seventh and eighth centuries A.H. (thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, A.D.), by the Mongols *with a 'semi-Christian face'* from the East and the *fully Christian* Crusaders from the West. It was at this point that Marco Polo and his train of litter-bearers entered the arena.

> The Europeans of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries A.D., who fought the Ottoman Turks, explored the West African coast, rounded the Cape of Good Hope, fought the Muslims in the Indian Ocean, and mistakenly believed that they would find their old anti-Muslim allies on that side of the ocean--meaning the Mongol chiefs--were all grandchildren of the warriors of the first crusade.[13]

/You can see that the matter is very clear./

A third point is that the Crusaders who had saddled up to come here and take over the Islamic world were from all over Europe--from Sweden to Rome--and they all had an order from the Great Pope in hand along with money, rations, horses, and fodder from the merchant houses of Genoa and Venice on their backs. And which 'Islamic world' did they fight? Not all the Islamic nations, but only the Egyptian Mamlukes--the hand-picked distant agents of a caliphate that was on the verge of disintegrating. I don't think even Sa'di was volunteering to fight the infidels when they enslaved him to dig that moat in [Syrian] Tripoli. In those days in this part of the Islamic world no one was disturbed enough by the danger to stop bickering over petty territorial claims, or to stop talking about the revelation of the Qur'an and its precedence long enough to strike down the opponent.[14]

Apart from the fact that the Mongol invasion brought such complete waste and devastation to the

Islamic world that nothing man-made was left standing, it was then that Marco Polo, actually representing the Pope but pretending to be on a trade mission, traversed this entire decimated landscape talking about the inherent ambiguities of ownership, and went to congratulate the tribesmen who had done such a good job of opening the way for the Venetian merchants. The most immediate result of the coming and going of these Venetian traders was the revival of the silk and spice routes that consequently made a Romeo and Juliet setting of the Venetian palaces. /The late ['Abbas] Iqbal writes,/

> As a result of the efforts of the Mongol tribal chiefs and the Venetian traders, two great routes were opened. One was the Greater Armenian Route (Tabriz, Khvoy, Malazgirt, Erzurum, and Trebizond), the other the Lesser Armenian Route (Tabriz, Erzurum, Sivas, and Alexandretta).[15]

With the Ottoman Muslim conquest of Constantinople, however, and the decline of the Eastern Roman Empire of Byzantium in 857 A.H. (1453 A.D.), these newly secured routes were closed again, and Christian Europe, accustomed to Eastern luxuries, scrambled to find another route. As a result of this search, first America was discovered and then the Cape of Good Hope was rounded. *Exactly fifty-three years after the fall of Constantine and fourteen years after the establishment of the Safavid government (891 A.H./1487 A.D.)* Bartolomeu Dias passed the Cape of Good Hope. *Five years later Vasco da Gama reached the warm seas by the same route and disembarked at the Indian port of Calicut. Eight years later* /the Portuguese/[Alfonso de] Albuquerque *conquered the government of the Emirs of Hormoz with his cannons and positioned himself at the mouth of the Persian Gulf,*[16] *so that later he could* drive the first spike of colonialism into Goa in India, the same one that five-hundred years later--just recently--was pulled out of the ground.

These things are all historical realities, each one true in its own right. Before all this, however, the West was already contemplating other plans. *The last point I want to mention is this: If one of the reasons for the Mongol invasion of the Islamic world wasn't prior preparations made by Christianity in the deep and distant deserts,* at least we will find plenty of evidence of instigation by Europeans frustrated

in the Crusades *and in need of the bounty of the Eastern bazaars* /in Tamerlane's invasion of this part of the world. Lest I become an example of Gharbzadegi/ I won't use European sources, *because they're careful about how they portray themselves.* Let's thumb through our own literature. We'll see their tricks and ambiguities more clearly. Ibn Khaldun, who *towards the end of his life* saw Tamerlane himself and had some discussions with him, wrote:

> While I was still in Morocco I had heard many predictions of the rise of Tamerlane. Astrologers were awaiting his appearance around the year 766 A.H./1384 A. D. One day in the Qarawiyin Mosque in Fez, I met the Constantine preacher 'Abu 'Ali b. Badis, whose opinions are reliable. I asked him about the expected [celestial] conjunction. He said, "It indicates the appearance of a powerful person from the northeastern desert peoples who will be victorious over these kings and who will take over the biggest part of the inhabited quarter of the world." Apart from him, Ibn Zarzar, the Jewish physician of the son of Alphonso, king of the "Franks," has also written the same thing.[17,18]

Notice that of the bearers of this news, one was a preacher from Constantine, which had recently been conquered by the Ottoman Muslims, and the other was a Jewish physician from the royal Frankish court. Don't you think we're right to read from this clear historical evidence that the Mongol ransacking hadn't done enough damage to Islam to suit them? And didn't they always dream in the West of the advent of another savage conquerer who would ultimately come *and drive these heroic Muslims into the ground*? If you still have doubts, note that not a spark ever landed on the Christian world, either from the withering fire of the Mongols, or from Tamerlane's massacres. And even Russia, which was chastised a little, was being punished for the sin of being 'orthodox' and yet not bowing down to the Great Pope of Rome. And if you still have doubts, note again that exactly fifty years after the Muslims conquered Constantinople, the Safavid government was established in Ardebil,[19] right behind the Ottoman Empire, the best place to stab them in the back. Don't you know that at Chaldiran,[20,21] the blood of about 500,000 Muslims was shed on both sides in domestic mass mur-

ders?

Don't think I'm defending the Ottoman Turks. No. I want to say that it's because of this indiscriminate regional bloodletting and the anemia it caused that the people of the Middle East are in their present predicament. I want to know whether our bearded historians have the right or not to defend that policy of stirring up religious discord. Perhaps it's true that if the Ottomans had been victorious, or if the Safavids hadn't played a separatist tune under the banner of Shi'ism, we'd be a province in the Ottoman Caliphate now. Isn't it true, however, that we're now a puppet state of the West? Isn't it also true that for the first six or seven centuries of the Islamic movement we were in the same position, and while we were outwardly a state under the Baghdad Caliphate--posing as a part of the Islamic totality--we carried the lion's share of the Islamic world on our shoulders? Isn't it true that even during the darkest years of Umayyad power, again it was we who, bolstered by nationalism and our own original Iranian contributions to Islam, carried the *black* Abbasid banner from Khorasan to Baghdad? So clearly did we mark Islamic culture with Iranian colorations and trademarks that these dilettante orientalists are still at a loss, when they talk about Islamic culture, *to determine what percentage of Islamic civilization ought to be considered non-Iranian*, [and] /to find a way to specify how any non-Iranian elements had a hand in the building and development of this culture/.

The point is that we must be open-minded, and look to see what calamities have come to the East, or to all of us the Westerners call the Middle East, as a result of such *divisive* policies and the bloody, *interminable, and halfhearted* disputes that were stirred up with the secret help of the clergy and with encouragement from the Christian European ambassadors who fomented discord between the Shi'is and the Sunnis, and at the chronic anemia we've inherited from that period. *And see how the European writer talks of that policy of dividing and weakening the East with such arrogance and with what barely concealed viciousness! Yes, this very Rene Grousset says:*

> *This is how Iran finds its place among the world's large autonomous countries. The first reason is the court of Esfahan's relations on*

the one hand with the Mongol chieftains and on the other with the Western powers. These relations with the West have great importance, especially from the point of view of world history, because unlike the Ottoman Empire Iran has turned out to be a natural ally with the Christian world. This historic mission is what led prominent nineteenth-century European travelers to the Esfahan court--first the Shirley brothers--those remarkable English adventurers who were personal friends of Shah Abbas--and then Tavernier and Chardin....[22,23]

With your permission I will again quote Ibn Khaldun *so as to avoid complaining about foreigners and all that*. He says of Tamerlane, "Some consider him a natural scholar, and others consider him a heretic because they have seen that he regards the family of 'Ali with preference."[24,25] You see that this kind of talk started long before the Safavids appeared. What did this 'heretic' Tamerlane do? Once more the Islamic world was so trampled that no trace remained of either the vine or the grower. If Hulagu,[26] fearing the trembling of the earth and sky and the wrath of God, wrapped the Baghdad Caliph[27] in a carpet and smothered him to death in 657 A.H. [1218 A.D.], this second ruffian put Bayazid [I] Yildirim (the Thunderbolt) who was the last of the Seljuq Turks, on display in a cage[28] like a tiger just to please the non-Muslim Christians.[29] In any case, the eighth century A.H. [fifteenth century] feudal world was so rife with terror, destruction, and helplessness that the Safavids didn't even have to kill people to obtain their allegiance.

The point of all this hair splitting is not to go back in time to complain and moan or to suggest that it reflects on me if Rostam was or was not a hero in Sistan. The point is that I want to understand how the worm found its way into the tree itself so that Sa'di could say just a year before the murder of the Baghdad Caliph and in the height of that Mongol plundering:

At that hour when times were happy for us

When six-hundred and fifty-six years had passed

since the Hegira.

Or Ibn Khaldun, a man who walked over the entire

Western Islamic world as a judge, a minister, and a counselor to princes and wrote such a great book on the philosophy of history--how did he give in to the situation and despair so much out of weariness caused by the internal bickering of the Muslim princes in Andalusia that he was waiting for any savage conquerer to come and cut off the hand of Islam, even at the price of annihilation?

NOTES

[1]Three early Shi'i 'heretic' groups. (tr)

[2]Referring to the seven stages of initiation, or 'valleys' in Sufism. See Attar, op. cit. (tr)

[3]Prominent clergymen who were politically powerful within the early eighteenth-century Safavid Shi'i government. (tr)

[4]Nun va al-Qalam [The letter 'N' and the pen] (Tehran: Amir Kabir, Aban [Oct 23 - Nov 22], 1967). (A)

[5]See also Shahrough Akhavi, Religion and Politics in Contemporary Iran (Albany, N. Y.: 1980), pp. 13-16, for elaboration of this point. (tr)

[6]We still have many of these cities. We have Bushahr, Kerman, to a certain extent Yazd, and especially Abarqu. Farrokh Ghaffari writes, in his manuscript Rahnama-ye Iran [Guide to Iran], "In the year 340 A.H.(950 A.D.) Istakhri found Abarqu to be a thriving city. Twenty-five years after him, ibn Hawqal found the bazaars of the same city flourishing. This city was located in the path of one of the trade routes of Mongol times. It went from Hormuz to Kerman, Yazd, Kashan, Soltaniyeh, and Tabriz, and from there to the Mediterranean Sea and Europe. Well-known for its spices and silk, this road connected China and India to the West. Abarqu profited by the passing of caravans. The important markets along this route were Kerman, Yazd, and Shiraz for fabrics, and Shiraz, Hormuz, and Soltaniyeh for jewelry. Hamd Allah Mustawfi saw the place in 740/1340. At the end of the fifteenth century A.D. the Portugese discovery of a sea route to India completely cut off the famous silk route. The caravanserais, homes, and mosques of Abarqu fell into total disuse, and the Afghani invasion of 1135/1735 laid such waste to the city that today Abarqu is among the most forlorn cities of this country." (A) [Translators' note: al-Istakhri, 10th cent., and Ibn Hawqal, Abu al-Qasim Muhammad, fl. 943-977, were both Arab geographers. Hamd Allah Mustawfi Qazvini, fl. 1330-1340, was a Persian his-

torian.]

[7]Now a Mongolian city in ruins, Qaraqorum was the thirteenth century capital of the Mongol empire. (tr)

[8]/How well Dr. Mahmud Houman has shown this in his manuscript Hamle-ye Ordu-ye Moghul beh Iran [The Mongol horde's invasion of Iran]./ (A)

[9]At this point the Muslim Students' Association edition contains these lines, which are deleted in the Ravaq edition: /Aside from the fact that the destruction [the Venetians] caused in the Islamic world was definitely not the work of the chivalrous knights of the feudalist Crusades. It was [the result of] the mathematical foresight of the merchants of Venice and Genoa./ (tr)

[10]These are all well-known Turkish proper names not necessarily intended to suggest particular individuals. A number of individuals with these names have played important roles in Iranian history. (tr)

[11]*When the Isma'ili Shah Hassan II, Jalal od-Din Hassan, realized that the Mongols were coming... in his fear he sent an envoy to France to solicit help from another People with a Book in overthrowing the infidels. But these People with a Book weren't eager to help. When the envoy gave up on France he put to sea and went to England with the same message. The envoy reached the English court in 636 A.H.* [1197 A.D.]. *The English historian Matthew Paris gives an account of the envoy's unfortunate meeting with the English king in his history. The Bishop of Winchester, who was present at the gathering, relates the king's vehement answer: "Let those dogs fight and devour one another and when we go to fight the enemies of Christianity we'll kill the survivors...." From the article Mah va Aftab [Moon and sun] by Mehrdad Samadi, pp. 65,66 of Ketab-e Hafteh, 14 Mehr 1342 [6 Sep 1963].* (A) [Translators' note: See Matthew Paris, 1200-1259, English History from the Year 1235 to 1273, translated from the Latin by J.A. Giles (New York: 1968).]

[12]*Rene Grousset, La face de l'Asie Ed. Payot (Paris, 1962).* (A) [Translators' note: The word 'Western' in the quotation taken from Grousset is a significant mistranslation. The French text contains the term 'Orientaux', or 'Oriental'.]

[13] Tarikh-e Tamadon-e Gharb va Mabani-ye An dar Sharq [The history of Western civilization and its foundations in the East], tr. Parviz Daryush (Tehran: Ibn-e Sina [publisher], 1338/1951), p. 133. (A)

[14] At this point the Muslim Students' Association edition contains these lines which are deleted in the Ravaq edition: /It was during such a time that Marco Polo aroused that other non-Muslim nation with the help of the non-Muslim Christians, or if not, he at least reopened the trade routes that had recently been closed by the Egyptian Mamlukes./ (tr)

[15] *Motale'ati dar Bab-e Bahrein va Jazayer va Savahel-e Khalij-e Fars [Studies on Bahrain and the islands and coasts of* the Persian Gulf], by 'Abbas Iqbal [1896 or 7-1955] (Tehran: 1328 [1957]), p. 50. (A)

[16] *Jazireh-ye Khark [Khark Island] by this writer. (Tehran: Danesh, Khordad 1339 [22 May-21 June 1960]), p. 50.* (A)

[17] Ibn Khaldun va Timurlang [Ibn Khaldun and Tamerlane], tr. Sa'id-i Nafisi, p. 57. (A)

[18] See also Walter J. Fischel, Ibn Khaldun in Egypt (Berkeley and L.A.: U. of Cal. Press, 1967), p. 56. (tr)

[19] The coronation of Shah Isma'il in Ardebil was in 907/1503, the conquering of Constantinople was in 857/1453. Notice also that "'Ozun Hassan's wife was the daughter of Kalo-Joannes, and sister of David, the last Trebizond emperor, whose name was Despina Catherine.... This woman bore 'Ozun Hassan one son and three daughters. One of these daughters, who was engaged to Sultan Haydar, named Marta... was the mother of the Safavid Shah Isma'il and the daughter of the Greek Orthodox Christian Despina Catherine.'" (from the article "'Ozun Hassan", by Dr. 'Abd al-Hoseyn Nava'i, p. 43, Mahnamah-ye Farhang, no. 4, 1341/1962, p. 43.) (A)

[20] *"The revival of Iranian nationalism on the basis of Shi'ism was not only strengthened from within but also aided by the harshness of the Ottomans from without. They called Shi'ism heresy, and Sultan Salim I carried matters to the point of announcing that the killing of one Shi'i was the pious equivalent of killing seventy Christians. Based on*

that very fatva forty thousand Shi'is were massacred in the Ottoman Empire in a few days" (From p. 112 of the book The Face of Asia by Rene Grousset). He gives three more pages of details, and let's not forget that twice that number of Sunnis were killed in Iran. The pity is that I heard that the Mazare'-e Shohada' [Martyr's Graveyard] *in Ardebil, which was a public graveyard for the heroes of the Iranian army at Chaldiran, was destroyed awhile back, and, as usual, they put up a 'New Foundation School' in its place.* (A)

[21]Chaldiran is the name of a plain in northwest Azarbaijan, and the site of a decisive Ottoman victory over the Safavids in August, 1514. (tr)

[22]*La face de l'Asie, pp. 116-117.* (A)

[23]Anthony and Robert Shirley were military advisors to Shah 'Abbas at the turn of the sixteenth century during Iran's war with Turkey. See also Sir John Chardin, 1664-1677, Travels in Persia (London: 1927) and Jean Baptiste Tavernier, 1605-1689, The Six Voyages of Jean Baptiste Tavernier (London: 1678). (tr)

[24]A clear indication of Shi'i leanings. (tr)

[25]Ibn Khaldun va Timurlang [Ibn Khaldun and Tamerlane]. (A)

[26]Hulagu, 1217-1265, the Mongol conquerer who sacked Baghdad in 1218 and put the Caliph al-Mo'tasem to death. (tr)

[27]/And only a year before that Sa'di had said, "In that time when we were happy, in 656 A.H."/ (A)

[28]Bayazid I 'Yildirim' was captured by Tamerlane in 1402 near Angora. Some say Bayazid was not put in a cage, but rather on a cart surrounded by an iron grille. (tr)

[29]This Bayazid Yildirim wrote to Shah Mansur (brother of Shah Shuja' and the last of the Muzafar Dynasty) that the Ottoman clergy considered war with Tamerlane necessary and obligatory in the war with the Christian infidels--from vol. 1 of Monsha'at-e Faridun Bayk [The published works of Faridun Bayk]. (A)

ARDESHIR. 82

4

THE FIRST SIGNS OF DECAY

It is true that the medieval demon of intellectual bondage had the run of the Middle East while the Renaissance was emerging in the West, *and the furnaces of religious dispute and war were burning brightly. As we saw in previous pages*, this part of the world was being emptied of its rich caravans and, for this reason, was obliged to creep along in poverty-stricken and Sufi-affected isolation. So, *as Mr. Fardid has said*, we began right when the West finished. When the West got up, we sat down. When the West awoke with its Industrial Revolution, we fell into the sleep of the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus.[1] We experienced the seesaw effect of the age of intellectualism begun by the West at the end of the eighteenth century and by us in the beginning of the twentieth century (with the advent of the Constitutional Revolution) while Europe was moving towards socialism and orderly procedures in economics, politics, and culture.

Flip through the pages of the travelogues of all the people who came this way throughout the Safavid period as tourists, merchants, diplomats, or military advisors, and mostly Jesuits,[2] and see what encouraging and patronizing observations they made for those colonizers. How they supported the murderous acts of the Safavid Shah Abbas, and Sultan Husayn's[3] utter uselessness! From then on we began to value the approval of the Europeans observing us, who were, in reality, the original trainers of the commanders and political leaders we've had these last three hundred years. All these accolades were like a spell in the ears of a tired old caravan master, to make him sleep peacefully and motionlessly while others came to plunder the caravan.

These things are the basic sources of this dangerous flood of Gharbzadegi. Unfortunately, our ears are still attuned to these self-serving words of praise from the agents of foreign ministries who come this way every few years as orientalists, ambassadors, or advisors, and who write up hideous scrolls when they've finished their assignments that say "Yes, you have the head of a lion and the tail of an elephant." I mean that since the time of Khosraw Anushirvan, we've been suckers for praise, sadly trying to be great. It was after this new kind of coming and going that the Europeans became familiar with our ways and tendencies, learned how to astonish us, and how to give us stocks and then manipulate our system of import duties.[4] They learned how to break the silk monopoly belonging to the shah of that time *(during the Safavid period)* by competing against him on the market, and after getting a firm foothold they learned to use the Afghani Ghilzais,[5] to take care of that Safavid tyrant for them by gradually reducing him to a harmless scarecrow. Then there was Nadir Shah (1736-1747), who so foolishly assaulted India right when the East India Company, meaning Western colonialism, was setting up camp in south India, diverting the attention of Muhammad Shah's government in North India. Later came the overthrow of Nadir Shah. There's also [the treaty of] Turkoman Chay (1243 A.H./1828 A.D.), which was this foolish would-be lion's last ploy. Then came the Herat War (1273 A.H./1857 A.D.) when they completely shaved off Iran's beard and threw the corpse onto the ground.

It has been during these last fifty or sixty years *as the spectre of petroleum has emerged* that we've again found something in the way of a raison

d'etre due to these very preparatory maneuvers and precedents. Now we have become so totally impotent that our political, economic, and cultural fate has fallen squarely into the hands of /foreign/ companies and *Western* governments *supporting them*. Since the time of the Constitutional Revolution, the clerical establishment, the last bastion of defense against the West, has withdrawn so far into its shell in the face of the preliminary assaults of machines, so tightly closed all doors to the outside world, and woven such a taut cocoon around itself that it won't emerge again until Resurrection Day. Why? Because it lost ground step by step. That spiritual leader who advocated a religious government based on the Islamic shari'a and was hung at the beginning of the Constitutional movement was a symbol of what had been lost.[8]

I agree with Dr. Tandar Kiya, who has written that the martyred Shaykh [Fazlollah] Nuri was not hung because of his opposition to the Constitution, which he had initially supported himself, but rather because of his advocacy of a government based on the Islamic shari'a[9]--and, I might add, because of his advocacy of the whole idea of Shi'i Islam. For the same reason, when this man was martyred, everyone expected a fatva[10] from Najaf, just when our pioneer Weststruck intellectuals were in their heyday, Malkum Khan[11] the Christian and Talibuff *the Social Democrat* of Qafqaz! In any case, since that day they've stamped the seal of Gharbzadegi on our brows like a fever. To me, the corpse of that great man hanging on the gallows is like a flag they raised over this country after two-hundred years to symbolize the ascendancy of Gharbzadegi.

Now, in the shadow of that flag, we're like a nation alienated from itself, in our clothing and our homes, our food and our literature, our publications, and, most dangerously of all, our education. We affect Western training, we affect Western thinking, and we follow Western procedures to solve every problem.[12]

If the danger was breathing down our necks at the beginning of the Constitutional Revolution, now it's worked its way inside us--from the villager who's fled to the city and won't ever go back because the door-to-door barber in the village doesn't have brilliantine in his bag, there is no cinema there and one cannot buy a sandwich, to the fussy minister in

the national government who has trouble with his allergie(!) whenever he's around dust, and therefore wanders the four corners of the earth the year around. Why did this happen?

It happened because the last two or three generations since the Constitutional Revolution in this land have distinguished themselves and become teachers, writers, ministers, parliamentary representatives, and general managers. *Not a one of them became a specialist in any art or profession.* If they weren't reminiscing about the frivolities of their youths in Paris, London, and Berlin, in any case their minds were only receptive to Aqa Khan Kermani's 'Seh Maktub' ['Three letters'] addressed to Jalal od-Dowleh, and to other Gharbzadegis of the first days of the Constitutional Revolution, written in the language and style of Malkum Khan, /Sayyed Jamal [od-Din] Afghani/, Talibuff, and others.[11]

As far as this writer can see, each of these domestic 'Montesquieus' has a different idea. Though they may be in agreement insofar as they all vaguely feel that the foundation of our old society and traditions cannot stand up to the inevitable assault of machines and technology, and they've all bought the erroneous concept that "taking European culture without Iranian influence"[12] should be in vogue, apart from this totally untried prescription, every one of them has taken a different path to find a cure for the disease. One supported foreign influence. Another, imitating the West, tried to emulate Luther by giving a new life to religion through 'reform'. Another called for Islamic unity, even as mass murders of Armenians and Kurds disgraced the Ottoman Empire throughout the world. You must excuse me for speaking in veiled terms, because I can't be explicit here.

What I can say is that at the beginning of the Consititutional Revolution, *the basic reason for*[13] the activities of this nation's leaders was that both opponents and allies believed that "Islam/government based on Islamic law/religion" still had the necessary social scope to be effective protection or a barrier against the influence of machines *and the West*. One set out to defend it, another to attack it. As a result, a constitutional form of government and a government based on the Islamic shari'a came to be known as two contradictory concepts, one secular, the other religious.

All those gentlemen were blowing on the flared end of the trumpet. Yet, they were nearer than we are chronologically to the day when the great Mirza of Shiraz[14] destroyed the tobacco concession *to the English Regis Company* with a simple fatva, *and demonstrated what a solid rock the clergy is, and what a threat!* Perhaps, if we had been living then ourselves, we would have made the same errors those two groups made and would not now be here to write such harsh criticism. In any case, all those honest people were unaware at the beginning of the Constitutional Revolution that the god of technology, which had been beating the gong for private property for several years in Europe itself from the lofty vantage point of its stocks and banks, could no longer tolerate any other god, and was scornful of all traditions and 'ideologies'.

Yes, the Constitutional Revolution, as the advance guard of machines, subjugated the clerical establishment. After that, *within a period of twenty0 years* the religious schools were confined to one or two cities. Their influence was curtailed in the courts and official record-keeping, and the wearing of their style of clothing was forbidden. In reaction to all this pressure, the religious establishment *not only failed to do anything, but it continued to concern itself with the details of prayer ritual, or with the ritual purity and uncleanness of things, or what to do when in doubt about whether one is on the second or the third prayer prostration!*[15] And they took great pains to declare radio and television, which had now become so prevalent *and beyond the power of a superhero to stop*, to be un-Islamic, when they could have very rightfully and appropriately fought the enemy with his own weapons by resisting the Gharbzadegi of official and semiofficial stations from special stations of their own in Qom or Mashhad, as they do in the Vatican.

Let me say confidentially: If the clerical establishment had realized--with the belief that it isn't necessary to obey leaders--what a precious jewel lay hidden in the hearts of the people, like a seed for any uprising against a government of oppressors and the corrupt, and if it could have shown the people the fundamental essence of these leaders by means of the media (newspapers, radio, television, films, and so on) and illustrated these general principles by means of specifics, and if it could have created a movement for its activities by making room

for the international clerical establishment, it would never have had such an obsession with trivia, which produces a life wasted as an ignorant spectator.[16] As an example to illustrate what I mean, let me just discuss the schemes the National Iranian Oil Company [formerly, Anglo-Iranian Oil Company] has hatched during the past sixty years in our politics and our society, and then I'll put aside all this talk about history.

The oil concession was granted in the very first year of the twentieth century *(1901)* by the Qajar Shah to the British /priest/ *William Knox* D'Arcy[17] who sold his rights to the famous oil company. And from 1906 on we have this uproar about the Constitutional Revolution. Where was the geographical area of the agreement? In the southwestern foothills of the Bakhtiari [Zagros] Mountains. The remnants of the first oil well still remain in Masjed Solayman. Therefore the southwestern foothills of the Zagros Mountains had to be declared off-limits to the Bakhtiari tribes as a winter camping ground, so the first oil exploration parties could conveniently explore the mountains and plains around Masjed Solayman. This is why the Bakhtiari tribes[18] took to the road and conquered Tehran with the help of the Mojahedin of Tabriz and Rasht. If our Constitutional Revolution was a half-baked affair, it was because the tribal chiefs gave their support to a movement that in principle rejected tribalism. Yes. This is why we were so preoccupied with the Constitution and despotism until the beginning of the First World War. The oil companies found oil, however, and the British Admiralty, *which had officially obtained the southern oil concession*, got its *assured supply of* fuel.

You can see that I'm not writing history. I'm making inferences, and very quickly at that. Look for reasons and actual events yourselves in history.

By the year 1300 on our calendar (1920 A.D.) the war had ended, the oil companies were now victorious, the fires of the war had died down, foreign oil consumption had decreased, and oil customers had to be found in internal markets. A strong central government, therefore, had to be installed to secure all roads and remove all roadblocks so that oil tankers could easily come to Quchan, Khvoy, and Makran. It was necessary to install gas pumps in every village to compensate for the decline in foreign oil consumption. *Most important of all, since the concession-*

holder was now the British Admiralty, it no longer had the patience to deal with internal riots, bartering with tribal khans, the Majlis [Parliament], and the press. It just wanted to deal with one person. This is what led to the coup d'etat of 1299 A.H. (1919 A.D.), followed by the suppression of the Kurds,[19] the defeat of Simitqu,[20] and the elimination of Sheikh Khazal,[21] who could have founded an emirate like Bahrain in Khuzestan if he had been a bit smarter.

In our year 1311 (1932), the term of the D'Arcy oil concession was about to expire. It was inevitable that the *principal owner of the concession--the British Admiralty, i.e., the British government--* would have to use such centralized power as there was, with all its talk about a Majlis and ministries to enable one person to control the army and public security, to renew the concession while the iron was hot. [Hassan] Taqi-Zadeh[22] became the 'instrument for action'. A puppet assembly first voted to cancel *D'Arcy's* concession, and then they renewed it with so much propaganda that even the nation's elders didn't guess the implications of that renewal, *or if they knew they didn't say anything.* Why was there not a whimper from any of them after this episode to absolve them of history's condemnation? It was only afterwards, when things began to fall apart for us, that they began to try to head them off, years after Shahrivar 1320 [September of 1941].[23]

Of course, such an ugly reality had to be dressed up to suit the mood of the day. They compelled all the people to dress alike, took the men's felt hats away from them, unveiled the women *as the latest thing in progressive developments(!),* and built a network of railroads--*not with oil money but with taxes on sugar cubes and sugar*--whose primary purpose happened to be to help provide access to the Stalingrad front during World War II.

In 1320 (1941) there was war again in Europe, the threat of Rashid 'Ali Gilani,[24] and a courtship between the government of the day in Iran and the Rome-Berlin axis *as an indication of maturity, but in old age. After all, cows living in the same stable will smell the same even if they can't get along with each other. It's no laughing matter, of course, and we all saw what happened. All those high and mighty powers, army, military police, military secret police, and municipal police disintegrated in one*

day. If Napoleon, the French commander in chief, was satisfied to be sent to St. Helens, it was only reasonable that the Iranian commander in chief would put up with Mauritius Island.[15] Then it was the United States of America which was looking ahead long before World War II, and wanting the capability of refueling its warships in the Persian Gulf. If you'd been in their place, would you have been willing to pay out dollars to refuel ships circling the world to fight fascism--*that is, to save Russia and England*? To an English oil company yet? Yes, United States interference in Iranian politics started here, particularly in the Azarbaijan affair, where it was only United States pressure that prompted the United Nations to act *and the Soviet Union to evacuate Azarbaijan.* Once again it was instability, liberation, and talk of concessions for northern oil, held up as a scarecrow by the British, who were unwilling to surrender their harvest to the Americans.[16] There was a brief period of freedom until 1329 (1951), when oil was nationalized, America called 'check', and the pawns were changed one after the other. One was taken off the board and another was mated until American capitalists were able to take over forty percent of the stock in the oil consortium, the exact amount that had been controlled by the British Admiralty. *And this is the story of the national uprising of 28 Mordad 1332* [August 19, 1953].

This is what I call tagging along, /socially,/ politically, and economically, tagging along behind the West, behind the oil companies, and behind Western governments. This was the ultimate manifestation of Gharbzadegi in our time. This is how Western industry controlled us, plundered us, and managed our fate. It's obvious that when you've turned over your country's economic and political options to foreign corporations, they know what to sell to you and, at the very least, they know what not to sell to you. Of course, for the one who wishes to continue selling his manufactured goods, it's better that you never get over your need for him. *And God preserve the oil wells. They take the oil and give you anything you want in return, from chicken milk to human souls, even wheat.* This compulsory commerce even goes on in our educational system, even in literature and speech. Flip through the handful of *so-called* substantive literary publications. What information do they contain about this part of the world? Or of the East generally? Of India, Japan, or China? It all has to do with the Nobel Prize, *the*

changing of the pope, Francoise Sagan, the Cannes [Film Festival] prizes, or the latest Broadway play or Hollywood film. Popular photo magazines are even worse. *If we don't call them Weststruck then what is Weststruck?*

NOTES

[1]The fifth century legend of seven Christian soldiers who miraculously slept some three-hundred years in a cave near Ephesus. The story appears as a parable (The Companions of the Cave) in the Holy Qur'an, Surah XVIII, v. 9-26. (tr)

[2]The list of their names is very long, from Pietro della Valle to Eugene Flanden and Comte de Gobineau at the time of Nasr od-Din Shah. Fortunately, most of their writings have been translated. The best source of all for these expressions of delight is Zendegani-ye Shah Abbas [The life of Shah Abbas] by Nasr Allah Falsafi, recently published in three volumes. (A) [Translators' note: See Joseph Arthur Gobineau, Compte de, 1816-1882, Trois ans en Asie (de 1855 a 1858), (Paris: 1923), Eugene Napoleon Flanden, 1809-76, Voyage en Perse, (Paris: 1851-54), and Pietro della Valle, 1586-1652, Voyages dans la Turquie, l'Egypte, la Palestine, la Perse, les Indes Orientales et autres lieux, 3 vols, (Rouen: 1745). The Falsafi biography of Shah Abbas is now 5 volumes.]

[3]Sultan Husayn Bayqara, Timurid dynasty, who reigned from 1468 to 1506. (tr)

[4]A reference to the practice of granting trade concessions to Europeans followed by the Qajar shahs in nineteenth century Iran. (tr)

[5]The Ghilzais, a tribal group from Kandahar, revolted against the Safavid Shah Sultan Husayn I (1694-1722), and on March 8, 1722, routed the shah's forces and attained independence in the battle of Gulnabad. The Afghans effectively ended the Safavid dynasty later the same year by taking Isfahan. (tr)

[6]Shaykh Fazollah Nuri. See Richard W. Cottam, Nationalism in Iran (Pittsburgh: 1979), pp. 142-45, for more on Shaykh Nuri's activities and demise. (tr)

[7]This idea is taken from Sharh-e Hal-e Shahid Shaykh Nuri [Biography of the martyred Shaykh Nuri], by Dr. Tandar Kiya in the introduction of the most

recent Shahin (Tehran: 1335/1955), pp. 210-319. (A)

[9]A fatva is a legal ruling, or an expression of opinion by one of the 'Ulama on a point of religious law or a legal case. (tr)

[9]Brief biographies are to be found of Mirza Malkum Khan and 'Abdul-Rahim Talibuff in H. Kamshad, Modern Persian Prose Literature (New York/London/Cambridge: 1966), pp. 14-16. (tr)

[10]See Taskhir-e Tamadun-e Farangi [The subjugation of European culture], by Sayyed Fakhr od-Din Shadman, 1326/1947, which was undertaken before these pages were written in search of a cure for the acute pain of 'dandyism', and which proposed serious training in the mother tongue and the translation of Arabic philosophical, literary, and scientific works. Although he understood the sickness very well, he didn't have a reliable prescription, because from 1326/1947 until today, although thousands of European books have been translated, *and we've all got a head full of European knowledge*, day by day we lean more towards 'dandyism', and because this 'dandyism', *or as I like to put it, effeminacy*, itself is one of the simple symptoms of a deeper ailment, which is 'Gharbzadegi'. *Dr. Mohammad Baqer may have gotten closer to the root of this problem than anyone else. Although reputed to be a Bahai, he wrote this in 1327* [21 Mar 1948-20 Mar 1949]: *"You have looked through the keyhole and seen that the Europeans are all literate, but you haven't seen the stability in their traditions and customs and you don't know that their institutions of learning from kindergarten to the university are all built on a church foundation, but you've been destroying this foundation in your own country for some time with Western earth-bound intellectualism, like someone serving cold soup in a hot bowl!"* (A)

[11]In the treatises 'Islam, Akhund, va Hatef al-Ghaib' [Islam, the clergy, and the voice of the unseen], 'Haftad ow Dow Millat' [Seventy-two nations], 'Resaleh-ye Yak Kalemeh' [One-word treatise], 'Siyasat-e Talebi' [The politics of Talebi], 'Siyahat Nameh-ye Ebrahim Bek' [The itinerary of Ebrahim Bek], etc... *Most of* these works are propaganda for Gharbzadegi, and they amount to superstition posing as religion. *It is my belief that* these things paved the way for Gharbzadegi. (A)

[12]These are the words of Malkum Khan the Christian. See Majmu'eh-ye Asar-e Malkum Khan [The collected works of Malkum Khan], published by Mohit-e Tabataba'i (Tehran: 1328), and also Fekr-e Azad [Free thought], by Fereydoun Adamiyat (Tehran: 1340/1951), which very cleverly indicts one group of Freemasons and exonerates another, *although Freemasons are all alike in my opinion.* (A) [Translators' note: See also Hamid Algar, Mirza Malkum Khan: A Study in the History of Iranian Modernism (Berkeley: 1973), for more about this man's activities and those of other early Iranian proponents of Westernization.]

[13]The earlier edition used the Persian word for 'defect' ('eyb) instead of 'reason'('elat) here. (tr)

[14]Mirza Hassan Shirazi--see Nikkie R. Keddie, Religion and Rebellion in Iran: The Tobacco Protest of 1891-92 (London: 1966). (tr)

[15]A dilemma arises for a Muslim performing daily prayers if he or she happens to forget which prostration in the prescribed sequence comes next, since it is forbidden to break the ritual and begin anew. In Iran a considerable amount of clerical attention has been devoted to determining the proper steps to take in such cases, and this is what the author is belittling here. (tr)

[16]*In the interval between the first and second printings of this booklet a book was published called Marja'iyyat va Rowhaniyyat* [Marja'iyyat and the clergy], *Dey 1341* [22 Dec-20 Jan 1963], *(Tehran: Sherkat-e Enteshar) full of clerical language, but calling for relative intelligence and awareness concerning these issues and responsibilities, and with solutions, especially in the articles by Engineer [Mehdi] Bazargan, a university professor, and Sayyed Mahmud Taleqani, Emam of the Hedayat Mosque. They suggested a kind of council for issuing fatvas instead of one marja'-e taqlid* [model for imitation]. *If we agree that this booklet, with all its defects, was prophetic in a way of the events of 15 Khordad 1342* [June 5, 1963], *now that a year has passed since those events I will be presumptuous and address these remarks to the clerical officials. If the clergy is going to:*

A - Ignore its own principles, one of which I mentioned, and

B - Continue to amuse itself with trivia and pronouncing this and that to be un-Islamic and unbelieving and

C - Forget that by relying on the principle of ejtehad and the fatva the way is more open for the Shi'is than the Sunnis for accepting the changes of time (when the fatva on women's freedom was given by Shaykh Mahmud Shaltut, Regent of Al Azhar University and not the Shi'i clergy), in any case if the clergy can't break open that cocoon of the dawn of the Constitutional Revolution, we have no choice but to accept the fact that this last bastion of defense against Gharbzadegi has lost its vitality and spirit and become a petrified fossil fit only for a museum, or at best it has become the last refuge for all the reactionary powers. (A) [Translators' notes: On June 5, 1963, massive demonstrations took place in Tehran, Shiraz, Varamin, Kashan, and Mashhad protesting Ayatollah Khomeini's arrest. A recapitulation of these events and their background, as well as a contemporary perspective on the Iranian clergy at the time Al-e Ahmad wrote Gharbzadegi is in Hamid Algar, "The Oppositional Role of the 'Ulama in Twentieth-Century Iran," published in Scholars, Saints, and Sufis, Muslim Religious Institutions Since 1500, Nikkie R. Keddie, ed., (Berkeley, Los Angeles: 1972), pp. 231-235. Taleqani and Bazargan, both of whom were prominent figures in the Revolution of 1978-79, were involved at the time Gharbzadegi was written in a movement to modernize Shi'i Islam. The movement's concerns and issues are discussed in detail in Nikkie R. Keddie, "A Reconsideration of the Position of Marja'-e Taqlid and the Religious Institution," Studia Islamica 20 (1964): 115-135. Ejtehad is the competence to exercise independent judgment on matters related to religious law. In Iran this capability is generally thought to be possessed only by the clergy. The Emam of a mosque is its congregational prayer leader. Marja'-e taqlid is the title of a Shi'i clergyman with a following that has voluntarily chosen to accept the religious obligation of adhering to his judgments on matters of religious law. Marja'iyyat is the name for the authority exercised by such a clergyman.]

[17]William Knox D'Arcy--see Cottam, op. cit., p 200. (tr)

[18]*You'll remember that one of the British Petroleum stockholders was Commander As'ad Bakhtiyari, like Moshir od-Dowleh (Nasrollah Khan).*

If they had destroyed this commander As'ad during Reza Shah's time don't you think that he also, like Shaykh Khaz'al, who had land claims in Khuzestan, would have had land claims in the Bakhtiyari tribe's Winter quarters and been a problem for the government of the time? And again just like the Hayat Davudis, who had claims on Khark Island and were shot as a result...? For more on these matters see Tala-ye Siyah ya Bala-ye Iran [Black gold or disaster for Iran] *by Abol Fazl Lesani.* (A)

[19]See Cottam, op. cit., pp. 67-68. (tr)

[20]Aqa Isma'il Simitqu--see ibid., p. 70. (tr)

[21]Known also as the Sheikh of Mohammarah--see ibid., pp. 111-14. (tr)

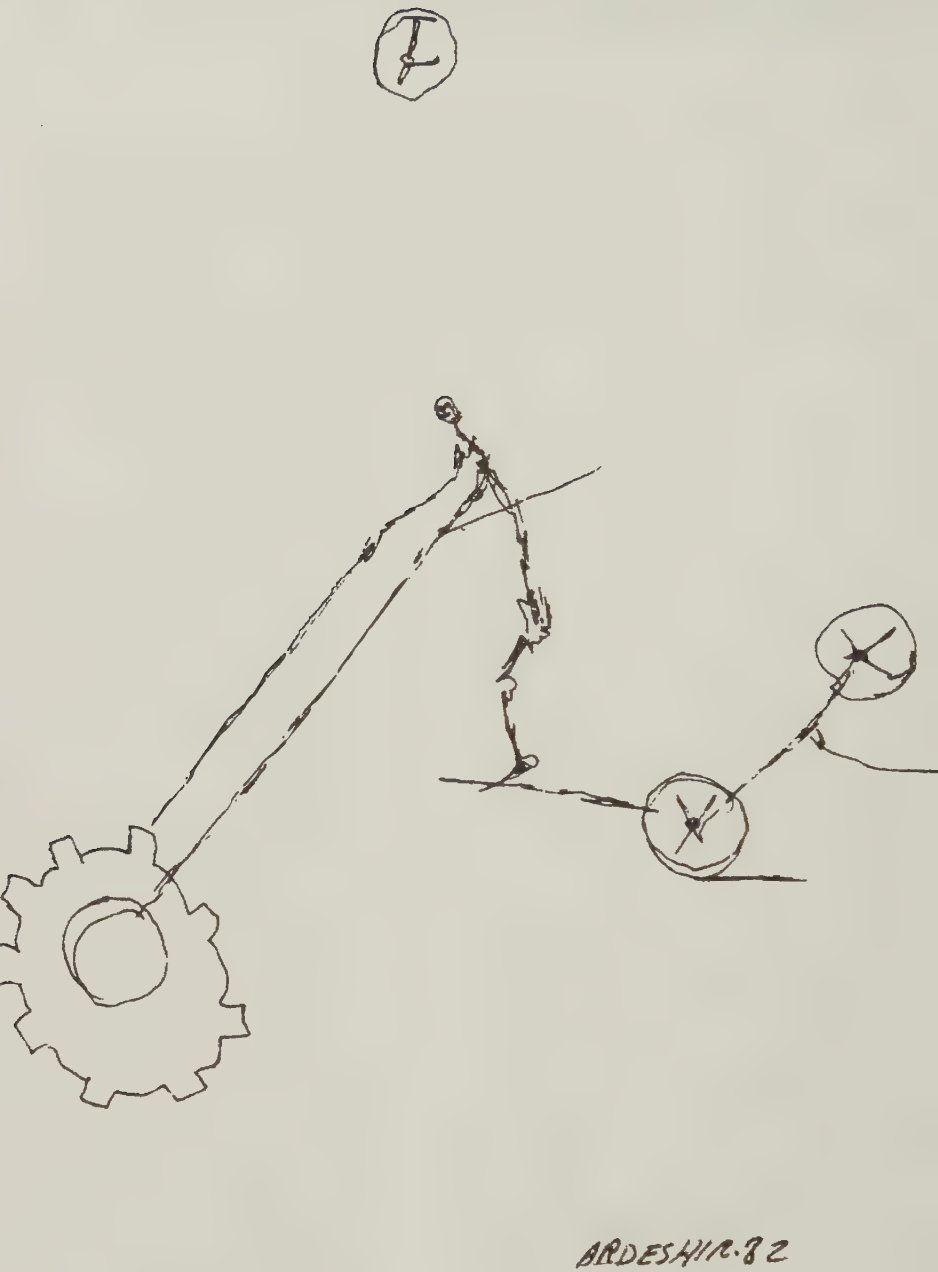
[22]Sayyed Hassan Taqi-Zadeh, liberal minority leader of Tabriz. See Peter Avery, Modern Iran (New York: 1967), pp. 270-71. (tr)

[23]The month of Shahrivar, 1320 A.H., when Reza Shah abdicated in favor of his son, Mohammad Reza Pahlavi (September 16, 1941). (tr)

[24]See Cottam, op. cit., pp. 72-73. (tr)

[25]Reza Shah went to Mauritius after abdicating. (tr)

[26]See Cottam, op. cit., pp. 198-221. (tr)


ARDESHIR.82

5

MISCELLANEOUS CONFLICTS

We now resemble a strange nation with an unknown tradition and a culture that neither has its roots in our land nor flourishes the way it did originally. In our daily life, in our politics, and in our culture, everything we have is inadequate. /I don't know anymore to whom the promise of Islam, "We have given thee abundance,"[1] was made. /And who is this 'thee', anyway? Something consisting of nineteen- to twenty-million human beings. Seventy-five percent of them live in villages, tents, *or huts* with customs from the dawn of creation, ignorant of new values, condemned to a master-servant lifestyle, unfamiliar with machines, with tools made for primitive tasks, and with food, fuel, clothing, and homes all belonging to a primitive life: *plows, barley bread, steer manure, canvas [clothing], and shacks.* The only Western influences that have reached these villages are military conscription and transistor radios. Both of them are more destructive than dynamite.

Machines bring changes, and the first step is the replacement of [charcoal-burning] korsis with [oil-burning] space heaters, but in these villages of ours they don't even know about charcoal, let alone oil. /They use steer manure for fuel./

We, who are a petroleum-rich nation, and *expend*

a lot of effort promoting increased oil consumption at that, consume only 250 liters of gasoline and kerosene per person per year.[2] Furthermore, with all these four-wheeled wrecks we have in our cities *burning gasoline and running into each other*, and all this kerosene, most of us can't even cook a pot of eshkaneh[3] once a day. On top of that, our Gharbzadegi demands that we inundate these very villages with the various kinds of tractors we have to buy, directly proportionate to our oil exports, with credit from our oil sales. What do these tractors do? They plow under all our ancestral structures and boundaries!

And look at the murderous violence that erupts when one of these twentieth-century blind plows strays a few inches from Kal Madd Vali's land onto Kal 'Abbas 'Ali's land.[4] I've assembled an archive full of these bloody clashes, *and accounts of heads being split open with shovels, for a story*. Yet, in such circumstances, they've decided that dividing land among the peasants[5] is the last word in village transformation, and in extending the class of petty landowners! And extending the class of petty landowners means that all arable land must be converted to a huge spider web of individual plots that will snare every machine that comes by *and destroy its capacity to operate*.

Look what a graveyard our nation's farmlands have become for the corroding wrecks of these machines and tractors, which have no convenient repair facilities to maintain them, *where there's no open horizon or extensive mass of land where they can be put to good use, and no road to take them to the city for repairs*. With all this, the villagers are completely idle at least three months out of the year! They're plagued by cold weather, freezing, dryness, drought, and locusts. *When are we going to solve these problems, anyway?*

If the food in an advanced, industrialized country is produced by nine to fifteen percent of the population, we delegate sixty percent of the people in this country to the task of providing for our stomachs. In spite of this, every year we import wheat from the United States and sugar from Formosa. We who are supposedly living in an agricultural country! And what do those zealous villagers do during the nine months out of the year when they work? They chop grass, *dry manure in the sun, drive*

their sheep to the water's edge, observe the ritual prayers, or pray for rain. "This isn't work, after all! The transistor radios say people in the cities are making money by the shovelful. *Every Wednesday.*' So let's go!" They leave the villages group by group, headed for the cities, where able-bodied young men have already been taken to join the army, work as domestic servants, or engage in busywork or idleness. They go to the cities where the remaining twenty-five percent of the zealous population is protected from the ravages of time under mud roofs behind high, thick walls. /To the cities where able-bodied young men march about in ranks on the army posts and in the streets./ To cities that are mostly overblown villages or, in the words of my friend Hoseyn Malek, just tangles straddling the secondary roadways.

These cities are just flea markets hawking European manufactured goods. In Yazd alone one can see fifty years' worth of the Raleigh bicycle factory's production. A month's worth of the Mitsubishi factory's output is in Torbat-e Heydariyeh, and there are ten years' worth of Fords, Chevrolets, and Fiats in Tehran. And then you can't buy butter in Kerman and you have to eat Australian canned goods in Tabriz. *I've had all these experiences.* Yes. We flee those villages to these cities. To the crowded city jungles. To do what? *To watch automobiles for tips and sell lottery tickets*, or if we're really capable we get to mix mud and straw. What's the pay? Lunch, and if there's a market for construction, seven *to ten* tumans [$1-$1.45] a day, *which is the hourly wage of a common laborer in the industrial countries.*

It's true that this sort of urbanization is inexorably expanding. In what age, however, have you ever heard of a city that could survive without villages? The way we are, in no time at all instead of cities and villages we'll have heaps of dilapidated machines all over the country, all of them exactly like American junkyards, and as big as Tehran. /Yes, this is how we are becoming urbanized./ These machines, after all, unlike a mountain cannon, can't be mounted on mule-back and transported with a migrating tribe from this mountain to that hill for protection and security.

Even if you buy a Peugeot, you have to hustle to find a shelter for it at night, because if you don't the cold will crack the radiator, and then how will

you keep up the payments? This is why we have a lot of cab drivers in our cities who sleep in dingy flophouses for two tumans [thirty cents] a night with their taxis parked in a parking lot that costs one tuman [fifteen cents] a night. And in this climate of ours at that!

Yes. The constraints of machine consumption /and technology/ are bringing urbanization, and this urbanization is the sequel to being uprooted from the land.

In order to migrate to the city you must flee your father's land, or flee a feudal village, or grow weary of the roaming of tribal life *and escape*. This is the first conflict that has produced our Gharbzadegi. In order to respond to the machine's call for urbanization, you uproot the people lock, stock, and barrel from the villages and send them to the cities, which have neither work nor shelter for newcomers, while the machines themselves, meanwhile, have also worked their way into the villages. *And even though a machine does the work of ten men and their overseers, even in the village* a machine is not without the need for service. *And technical service. And where do you get this? You can see how terribly chaotic things have become!*

We have other conflicts arising out of this same Gharbzadegi. Let's enumerate them.

The first priorities of urban life are food for the stomach and sex for what's below the stomach, and in order to obtain these things, we concern ourselves with attire (appearances),' because we couldn't get these things in the village. The enterprises of the new bourgeoisie, therefore, are food industries, (sugarcube-making, *cookies, vegetable oil, compote, and pasteurized milk,*) construction industries (concrete mixing, *fancy brick-making, mosaics, and so on...*), and garment industries (*textiles, tricot, General Mode,*' *and so on...*). Moreover, with our *centuries-old* chronic poverty and poor nutrition, this in itself was a step forward. Such a chronically starved individual, *who's eaten bread and dugh' all his life in the village*, once he's filled his stomach *with a sandwich in the city*, will go to the barber and the tailor, then for a shoeshine, and then to a whorehouse.

Political parties and organizations are forbid-

den. *I don't know what to say about your clubs and this sort of thing.* Mosques and altars have been forgotten, *and if they aren't forgotten, they are only attended during the months of Moharram and Ramazan.* In place of all these things there are cinemas,[10] television, and publications that imprint the mannerisms and dress of movie stars on thousands of eager urbanites every day. Where will they get food for all these people? From the villages. Villages that have been emptied, with all the cattle slaughtered, the ganats [underground canals][11] dried up, where the #5 screw for the deep-well pump has been broken, tractor plows are rusted and corroded, and even if the company orders them it takes at least a year to get spare parts. After all, an entire city cannot be fed on donated American powdered milk or Australian wheat!

Another conflict. Urban life requires security, whether in a city or in a village. We saw, furthermore, that the villages are being emptied out and that most of them and many of our cities are still in the path of tribal migrations, migrations that trample *and devour* the crops, destroy the creeks, throw dead dogs into the ganats, steal chickens, and bring insecurity. As a result, we don't even have security in our small cities, let alone in the villages. For this reason, the people of this country don't trust each other. Two-faced and conditioned to using the principle of taqiyeh [dissimulation][12], they hide from the evil of the calamities of the day behind high adobe or cement walls.

If the high walls around the cities once reduced the need for a wall around every house, today, when we've destroyed the walls *and gates* encircling the cities to make way for streets--passageways for bulldozers, tractors, *trucks*, /and automobiles/--we must have a wall around every house. And such high walls! Our land is a land of salt deserts and high walls. Clay walls in the villages and brick *and concrete* walls in the cities. This is not confined to the external world. Similar walls have been built up to the sky around every person's inner world as well. Everyone is withdrawn behind an individual wall of pessimism, superstition, mistrust, and individualism.

On the other hand, I mentioned that the villager or town-dweller living in a community has either fled his masters in the village or his tribe, or he has gotten himself out of the way of the annual tribal

migration, which brings an invasion and sneaky plundering along with it, in order to find a secure place for himself in the city or in such-and-such a community. But what they don't realize is that when the same tribal chief gets into the government ten years later and sets up such-and-such a dynasty *(tribal rather than royal)*, he'll either turn over the very same city in which they [the villagers or town-dwellers] have taken refuge to some khan's feifdom, or else he'll give the feifdom some village with its newly dug ganat, and they'll be right back where they started. The last partitioning of feifdoms we had was during the Constitutional Revolution, and with this brand of feudalism[13] *and tribal migration that we still have*, God knows how long we'll be suffering from the side effects of control by khans, migration, insecurity, uncertainty, pessimism, *and despair of tomorrow*. In what age is all this taking place? In an era when machines themselves are not only the most powerful feudal lord of all, sitting in the seat of the Lord of lords, but when they are also demanding security, open borders, no walls, simplicity, *or better yet, credulity*, faith in the other person, *and faith in tomorrow*.

There is another conflict. When the machines arrived and became established in the cities and villages--whether they were motorized mills or textile factories--they put the workers in the local industries out of work. They retired the village mill. They rendered the spinning wheel useless, and retired the carpet weavers and felt makers. Because of these local handicrafts--because of carpets, tiles, handprinted textiles, and givehs [cloth shoes][14]--our markets thrived to some extent. We're at a loss now to explain why our markets are inactive or our carpet trade in foreign markets is endangered, and we're unprepared to deal with the fact that this is only the beginning, and that when machines get a foothold in the villages and become widespread, we are in for more disruptions. I have personally observed that all the windmills between Qa'in and Gunabad are inactive, like slain demons out of legends or old village and hamlet guards gone to sleep. In Dizful alone, with its beautiful brickwork and classic city design, I saw almost one-hundred inactive windmills. When machines get a foothold in the villages they'll destroy all supplementary pastoral and village economic activity, meaning all local industries and handicrafts. And what could be better, than that all these young people's eyes, chests, and hands not be

ruined in front of a carpet loom just to beautify the homes of the aristocracy /(may it perish)/? The saving grace of the mechanization of agriculture and village life is *not merely* that it will disrupt master-servant relationships and destroy the practices of migration, nomadic life, and feudalism, *but there is also the fact that the regional industries and handicrafts will either disappear, or, if there's a plan with a program to preserve them, it can give them more money and prestige, because in the event of the existence of preservation programs it would be possible to raise salaries because new buyers for handicrafts could be found, because the market for cloth shoes could be expanded, and so on....*

Another conflict. The implements of primitive life, from plowshares, korsis, givehs, and kerosene lamps to sickles, spinning wheels, and carpet looms, bring primitive thinking along with them or vice versa. Belief in superstition--banging washtubs during eclipses of the sun and moon, certain kinds of prayer, talismans, conjuring to avoid sickness and misfortune, *advice from Kolsum Naneh, the fortune-teller*--all are examples of this kind of thinking.[15] *Of course this kind of thinking has to go when machines come, but don't think it will happen this fast.* These same superstitious *and fortune-telling* people are the ones who *now* swarm into the cities and become the slaves of machines, or become bulldozer and tractor operators in their own villages. People don't just materialize out of thin air, *and we don't import them along with the machines. At least one school cycle will be required to give these people modern--machine--training.* I saw a nazar-e gorbani[16] hanging from the steering wheel of a bulldozer operator's huge machine as he was clearing Khark Island! Our taxis are full of these same magic charms, our shops full of prayers, curses, and verses that say "Let it be," or "Live for today."

It is under these conditions that a man will suddenly become a gangster and rob a bank. The primitive man who comes to the city and girds himself for machine service must keep pace with machines, even with all his mental dullness, his physical laziness, and all his beliefs in predestination, and he must react at the same pace as them. This man, who believes in predestination, tells fortunes by opening books at random or consulting a rosary, makes holiday sacrifices, and accepts soup offered as devotional charity as his due, is now involved with machines,

which have no notion of the fate of a thing. His brakes will engage no more quickly nor will his motor run more slowly because of his monthly sacrifices. *So, when his monthly sacrifice has no effect and he keeps having accidents, he suddenly gets fed up, knuckles under, and either turns out completely apathetic and a criminal or just drifts with the wind.*

Another conflict. One of the responsibilities of Gharbzadegi, or one of its requirements, is granting freedom to women. Apparently we had a need for this fifty percent of our nation's power, so we ordered society to make way for the arrival of the women's caravan! But how have we done this? Are women and men equal in all respects? We've been satisfied to forcibly remove their veils, with much fanfare, and to open some of the schools for them. Beyond that, nothing. That's enough for them.

Women are incapable of judging. They cannot serve as witnesses.[17] Voting and serving as a representative in the Majlis [Parliament] has been a joke for a long time.[18] Even men have no real rights in this, and there are no real elections. Divorce is the man's prerogative, and how well we have used and expounded on the phrase, "Men are in charge of women"![19] What have we really done? We have simply given women permission to display themselves in society. Just a display. *That is, exhibitionism.* We have placed women, who are the protectors of tradition, the family, bloodlines, and the generations, in a position of irresponsibility. We've brought them into the streets, to exhibit themselves, to be without duties, to make up their faces, to wear new styles every day and to hang around. But come now, work, duties, responsibility, either personal or social? Never! *That is, women of this sort are still very few. As long as the value of the social services of men and women and the value of their work (their salaries) are unequal, and as long as the woman doesn't take on the responsibility of managing some corner of society (other than the home, which is an internal and shared matter between husband and wife) shoulder to shoulder with the man, and as long as there is no material and spiritual equality between these two, there will be no point in this feigned liberation of women for years and years to come* except to create additions to the pool of consumers who use face powder and rouge produced by Western industry. This is the other side of

Gharbzadegi. Of course, we're talking about the cities. We're talking about our national leadership, which is inaccessible to women, while in the tribes and villages, for centuries women have carried the primary burden of life on their shoulders.[20]

There is another conflict that is very complicated *and no one even notices it*: Ninety percent of the people in this country live by religious values and criteria. *I'm talking about that ninety percent of all the villagers, in addition to the urban merchant and bazaari classes, menial service workers, and all of what makes up the country's third and fourth classes. These classes, in their poverty,* can only tolerate this /dog's/ life of theirs by falling back on religious beliefs. *Inevitably they look for today's unrealized happiness in the sky, in religion, and in the hereafter.* /At least they have the good fortune to be believers, in a religion, in a sky, in another world, in good and evil,/ and so much the better for them! They even drink alchoholic beverages sometimes, but then they cleanse their mouths with water and stand to prayer. They perform their prayers and repent during the month of Ramazan,[21] and they even make sacrifices to Emamzadeh Davud,[22] /to say nothing of God/, at the Kaaba[23] or during the Feast of Sacrifice.[24] Our villager, as soon as he gets a ten-seed return on the seven seeds he planted, will take his wife and children by the hand and make a pilgrimage to Mashhad, or at least to Qom, and if our relations with our neighbors are good he will go to Karbala--and Mecca *if he can*. And everyone is waiting for the Imam of the Age. I mean all of us are waiting, and rightfully so, because no secular government has come through on the least of its promises, and because oppression is everywhere, rights are everywhere usurped, and there is suffocation and discrimination!

It is for all these reasons that our huge celebration of the fifteenth of Sha'ban[25] puts Nowruz [the Iranian New Year] to shame. These beliefs lead ninety percent of the population to consider the (secular) government *an oppressor and* the usurper of the rightful place of the Imam of the Age (His Holiness the Crown Prince of the Age, may God hasten His joyful advent). Therefore they're justified in not paying their taxes, duping government agents, avoiding conscription on a thousand pretexts, and never giving accurate information to the census takers. Even if the newspapers are full of stories about how

the people of Mazlaqan Chay have welcomed the personnel in the newly installed government Bureau of Vital Statistics, in reality, the zealous inhabitants of that village are not the least bit aware of any government organization, save the gendarmes and the transistor radios.

A proverb is still current in Bushahr and Bandar Abbas that goes "It is unwise to take a nap in the shade of an 'ajam's[28] wall."[29] This 'ajam is the government, and the idea is that one should not become a slave to the government, nor put one's faith in its *agents and* institutions. Under such circumstances, all the religious establishments, from the drinking barrel under the awning and the mosque down the street to the shrine outside the village, are full of different demonstrations of nonconfidence in the government and its activities. They are covered with various signs anticipating the relief the promised Mahdi, His Holiness the Crown Prince of the Age, will bring (May God hasten His joyful advent!), expressed in the language of the people, in the calligraphy at the tops of the walls, in the language of the preachers, in our prayers, in the call to prayers, in litanies, in the poetry of the poets, in the elaborate demonstrations on the fifteenth of Sha'ban and at the tops of wedding invitations.... *Every place lives "in the shadow of expectation of the Crown Prince."* All this is true!

Meanwhile, *it is for these people that* the government, with its organizations, schools, military installations, administrative offices, *prisons, and the trumpets and horns of its radios*, promotes nationalism, plays a different tune of its own, pleads for taxes from these same people, conscripts soldiers from them by force, fosters corruption everywhere, and has the most degenerate embassies in the world, *missionaries for the other 'His Excellency'*. The fanfare and propaganda of its radio stations have deafened the ears of heaven with *thousands and thousands of never-ending* claims to glory; it continually points its cannons and rifles into the people's faces and /has its twenty-five-hundred-year exhibition in Shiraz and stages a seven-thousand-year exposition in Paris/!

Because of this conflict, every elementary school child forgets his prayers when he memorizes the Imperial Anthem as his national anthem. By the time he reaches the sixth grade he's stopped going to

the mosque. He relegates his religion to oblivion the first time he goes to a movie. This is why ninety percent of our high school graduates are agnostics. No, they aren't even agnostics. They just don't think about these things at all. They're in a vacuum. They have no firm footing anywhere. No certainty, no faith. This is because they see that the government, with all its puffing and blowing, its organization, its budget, its foreign aid, cannot solve the slightest social problem, *which might be unemployment among high school graduates.* And at the same time you can see what a wonderful refuge an ancient belief is for swarms of distressed and poverty-stricken people. *And how they rejoice, and how happy they are on the fifteenth of Sha'ban.* This is what disturbs them. The radio has them under its spell constantly, the cinema brings them visions of more sophisticated lifestyles, while that other reality is still there, unnoticed, *a reality of religious faith.* But how much can one think, contain one's anger, or seek to discover the truth? Why not just give that up too, /say "whatever will be will be",/ and be like everyone else *and blend in with society?* Let's just all float with the tide, *with no sign of our religion, nor any sign of our irreligion, no sign of our life, nor of our future, saying "Live for today".*[28]

Everyone in the Ministry of Education knows that our schools are training white-collar workers--or unemployed high school graduates. There's no disputing that. What's even clearer *and remains unsaid* is that our schools are fostering Gharbzadegi. They're turning out failures, *people prepared to accept Gharbzadegi.* This is the greatest danger in our schools and our educational system. I'll give a full description of this person who comes out of our westernizing factories in another chapter.

What I must say now is that, contrary to the opinion of our bearded and mustachioed historians, our Shu'ubi[29] political and religious movements have never gotten us anywhere--*I'm talking about the movements that carry their rhetoric on nationalism and religion to extremes.* And if they did, the foundations they laid were built up to a completed edifice in the time of the Safavids, because at that time the church and the state--*the authorities and the clergy*--put on the same robe, and both of their hands came out the same sleeve. *In the first parts of the booklet I explained what these strange bedfellows*

produced together, historically and generally. And confidentially, you will remember that we also had such a situation in the Sassanid period, which resulted in the Mani and Mazdak uprisings, and ultimately in the emergence of Islam. But today, when that common robe has been torn to shreds and church and state each have their own separate organizations, customs, and regulations, things are even worse for us *than they were during those two periods.* As disunity has come between the religious establishment and the present government, things have deteriorated to the point that our government, leaning towards Gharbzadegi and encouraging the imitation of foreigners, leads the country day by day *down a road that will only end in ruin, decadence, and bankruptcy.*

The religious establishment, on the other hand, *with all its institutions and customs,* leans on superstition as much as it can. It seeks refuge in times long past and old outdated ceremonies, is satisfied to be the gatekeeper at the graveyard, and *in the twentieth century* thinks according to the criteria of the Middle Ages. These days, as the secular government hangs on to the coat tails of Europe and the West in an effort to stabilize itself, the *domestic* religious /shadow/ government stands in the ranks of the opposition, and regresses more and more as it tries to hold its ground.[30]

When the government and the ruling class see that ninety percent of the people pay no attention to their bewitchery, that they joyously congratulate each other on the birth of His Holiness the Crown Prince of the Age [Mahdi], when the state sees that the people have appropriated its official titles for their own purposes, that they don't accept the government, and when it sees the ground giving way beneath its feet, it has no choice but to cling ever more tightly to the coat tails of the West, to the coat tails of Europe-affectedness, and to rely on their military aid--*on donated American artillery and tanks, on the Western press,* on their products, their newspapers, their journalists, and their politicians--just to hang on for a few more days. Our government is such that it secretly oppresses the religious shadow government,[31] while promoting a national government. In order to confuse the people, the state announces the reclamation of Bahrein,[32] while contention over the Helmand and Shatt al-Arab rivers remains unresolved after two-hundred years. When is this happening? At a time when machines are

demanding open borders and deregulation, the removal of all barriers to the internationalization of all places, and common markets and duty-free importation. With a United Nations flag in hand, they go everywhere they can with their machines as long as the *companies'* gasoline lasts.

Yet in this age we've withdrawn into our nation-state *again*. Our common borders with our neighbors are longer, thicker, /and more impenetrable/ than the Great Wall of China. We're perpetually cut off from the Iraqis, Afghanis, Pakistanis, and Russians. We're in complete ignorance of one another, while in the heart of Katanga a huge diamond-exporting corporate organization shoots Dag Hammarskjold out of the sky. In these times--with these schools, this national anthem, this security organization [SAVAK], this military aid, *this twenty-five-hundred-year celebration*, with these cardboard people--we want to promote our nation-state!

These days, frontiers everywhere in the world are drawn solely along lines that define the domains of various companies. One such line stakes out the domain of General Motors, one that of Socony-Vacuum, one that of Shell and British Petroleum, and one the territory of Pan American or A.G.I.P. [Direzion] Mineraria.

These days, nations, languages, and races are the playthings of orientalists(!), of whom I shall have more to say later. *They're at least the subjects of laboratory experimentation for scientists, scholars, and researchers.*[33] *And because of these things no one bullies anyone in the twentieth century.* If I'm cut off from my Afghani brother *of the same religion, tongue, and race*, and if it's harder to come and go between Iraq and India than it is to penetrate an iron wall, it's because we're in the domain of one company and Afghanistan is a vital area for another one. Under the conditions of these times, the more tightly a nation's borders are sealed, *the more racial traditions proliferate, the more serious is the shah's raw pride and howling, and the more influential the religious rulings on what is allowable and unallowable*, the darker the blackness of that national dungeon. Otherwise, what system or boundary do you know of that would be impervious to Pepsi Cola or to the import and export of petroleum? Which of them would be inaccessible to a Brigitte Bardot film, to heroin *smugglers*, or to those suspi-

cious orientalists, the official brokers of colonialism? *The best example of these staked-out domains--that is the most naked and blatant-and-subtle-at-the-same-time of them--must be sought today in Africa. There was a time when France had control of Cameroun, Chad, and the central Sahara in three parts of Africa. And the English had another state next to each of these states. Today, when France and England have left and them would be inaccessible to a Brige?tte Bardot film, function, each one has drawn its borders exactly where the colonialist boundaries of such-and-such a foreign government were--and what a lot of African tribes, races, and religions have been chopped up this way among Africa's contemporary independent self-determinant governments...but let me continue.*

Perhaps we all remember how they--*the nation's elders*--used the religious establishment, meaning the religious shadow government, to attain their objectives in the fight to nationalize petroleum. Confidentially, in those days the leaders of the people had the intelligence to depict the struggle in such a way that, *with the help of the religious leaders*, every uneducated person would view the ruling class as the instrument of oppression, which gave oil to the companies and drew its sabres on the people. *This is the biggest lesson the intellectuals and leaders ought to have learned from those events.*[14]

As for the last conflict arising out of Gharbzadegi, and the most dangerous of them all, I must again say very confidentially that we're located in a part of the world where great events are taking place right under our noses, of which we are kept in compulsory ignorance. These things are not permitted to influence us, irrespective of whether we want them to or not. *And if we do receive influences from them, it's only in a superficial way for the purpose of putting the matter aside.* Yet Cuba, 130 kilometers from the United States itself, receives influences from these events and not a thing happens! It may be because the walls surrounding us are so thick already and our government pays no attention to the hidden religious government (itself a wall inside the other wall and a government within a government) that day by day the thickness of this wall, with a leaning toward Gharbzadegi and an insistence on obedience to the West, increases!

Maybe they imagine that, confronted with such

neighborhood danger, our only way out is to take refuge in the cocoon of prejudice, rigidity, ignorance, and medieval rancor, while *nowadays* the fate of /small/ states and the *flags and* borderlines of the world are decided among the big powers at the conference table. Our governments in this part of the world are satisfied to police borders for the companies. It is for this reason as well that our government, while suppressing religion and sheltering agnostics and Europophiles--since it has a need to dupe the people--usually displays an indifferent attitude towards religion and the spiritual community while carrying on a political charade with those in religious circles and their leaders.

In any case, all these things are merely the flopping and thrashing of a butchered animal. If, in close proximity to these great events, we don't make a move ourselves to stop these qualitative disputes in their tracks, even if the boundaries of the state become one-thousand times stronger, even if we thwart the religious establishment one-thousand times by deluding its leaders to prevent them from penetrating and weakening the foundation of that wall from within, ultimately, because of the very elementary law that water always seeks its own level, this swamp will rise and all our flimsy thatch castles will be inundated. *I'm not talking about threats and intimidation. I explained where the center of these threats and intimidation has been moved to at the beginning of the booklet. I'm talking about compatibility with the progressive societies of humanity.* Excuse me for not being more explicit.

NOTES

[1]The Holy Qur'an, Surah CVIII, v. 1. (tr)

[2]Total consumption of petroleum products in Iran (not including tar and medicines derived from petroleum) was 3,900,000 metric tons in 1960. Say four million. Divide by twenty million people and you get two-hundred liters per year. (A)

[3]Eshkaneh is an egg-drop soup made from water, eggs, onion, butter, salt, and turmeric. It is very inexpensive to make. The reference to it here adds further emphasis to the author's image of the deprived, fuel-poor condition of the common Iranian living in a land awash with oil. (tr)

[4]The two names are fictitious inventions. They suggest two characters who have known all their lives how to live together side-by-side according to a well-understood set of rules. But no rules come with the tractors. Kal is slang for Karbala'i, the title given to someone who has made a religious pilgrimage to Karbala, Iraq. (tr)

[5]A reference to the Shah's White Revolution. (tr)

[6]Wednesdays were the days the Bongah-e Bakht-e Azma'i [Lottery Foundation] held drawings and announced the week's winners, who were allowed to shovel money from a pile of small change for fifteen minutes. What was left was supposedly given tc charitable causes. (tr)

[7]*"Precise statistics show that Iran ranks sixteenth among the nations of the world in beauty parlors and barber shops... In Tehran there are 22,000 licensed barber shops and beauty parlors and 25,000 unlicensed ones in operation. By comparing this with London, which has 42,000 barber shops and beauty parlors, and Moscow which has 39,000, one can see the extent to which the people of Tehran have emphasized their physical appearance in the last few years." From Ferdowsi (weekly) magazine, Wednesday, 21 Khordad, 1342 [June 11, 1963], p. 2.* (A)

[9]General Mode was the name of a large Tehran department store. (tr)

[9]Dugh is yogurt diluted with water. (tr)

[10]"*The cinema, along with narcotics and cigarettes, has become a haven for those seeking to escape their anxieties, their homes, their families, and for those fleeing the schools and sexual and other deprivations. In Tehran alone people go to the cinema thirty-three million times a year and spend fifteen million rials [$215,000].*" From *Majalleh-ye Masa'el-e Iran* Azar, 1342 [22 Nov-21 Dec 1963] from the article "*Sinema va Mardom az Yakdegar Cheh Mikhwahand?*" [What do the cinema and the people want from each other?]. The same article quoted several lines on this same cinema issue from *Ketab-e Iran* [Book on Iran] which is a report on Iran by sixteen American specialists (1958): "*In the film, the Iranian who leans towards the West finds that new civilization which he has been promised in his new teaching and training and of which he or she is deprived in life. For him or her the cinema is an escape from a society full of disappointment, and a refuge in a utopian world in which his or her Western values are realized....*" (A)

[11]Qanats are subterranean passages connecting a village or a city to an alluvial fan for a permanent water supply. They commonly extend great distances and require years of work to construct. (tr)

[12]Taqiyeh in Shi'i Islam is the theologically sanctioned practice of lying about one's intention or belief in order to avoid persecution. It was introduced when Sunni caliphs ruled the Islamic world and the Shi'is and their Imams faced a real threat of persecution. (tr)

[13]"Until the mid-nineteenth century, Iran had a social system which might be termed 'tribal feudalism', although a phrase encompassing both tribal and upper-class urban dominance of the countryside would be better. Beginning in the eleventh century A.D., a large proportion of landholdings were under essentially feudal land grants, based on governmental, religious, or military service. The conduct of war was largely in the hands of tribal leaders, who held some of these grants, and feudal dues and services were demanded of the peasantry, the main productive class. Iranian

feudalism differed from Western feudalism in the following respects: the lack of feudal contracts and of serfdom; the residence of Iranian ruling classes in the cities rather than on manors; the prevalence of nomadic tribes, leading to frequent wars and destructive raids; and the importance of water control and irrigation." From Nikkie R. Keddie, Iran: Religion, Politics, and Society, (London, Totowa, N.J.: Cass Publications, 1980), p. 159. (tr)

[14]See Hans E. Wulff, The Traditional Crafts of Persia (Cambridge, Mass.: M.I.T. Press, 1966), for a technical description of the manufacture of the giveh (cloth shoe) in Iran and a discussion of the impact of Western influence on this and other Iranian handicrafts. (tr)

[15]My brother-in-law, Manuchehr Daneshvar, saw people praying for rain during the New Year holidays this year in Aqa Jari, *one of the oil-exporting centers!* Each of the women was holding up a kid or a sheep saying "Oh God, even if we are sinners unworthy of mercy, what have these dumb animals done?" (A)

[16]Here, a nazar-e qorbani is a windshield ornament of some kind intended to ward off misfortune caused by envious or 'evil' eyes. It is used in the belief that envious glances from others cause bad luck. Animal sacrifices, known by the same name, are used to protect young children from the eyes of envious women. (tr)

[17]The author is here referring to the status of women in the courts according to Islamic law. He is correct in that women have been effectively excluded from serving as judges throughout Islamic history, although there are exceptions to this. It is by no means true that women are not allowed to testify in a court as witnesses, although their rights in this are limited, and they are forbidden to testify in certain types of cases. These restrictions are based on interpretations that have become established in Islamic jurisprudence derived from a Qur'anic verse equating two women witnesses with a single male witness, and a sometimes-disputed tradition in which the prophet Mohammad states that women are deficient in reason. We cannot do justice to the Islamic view of sexual specialization in a footnote, but we caution non-Muslim readers who have yet to consider this facet of Islamic civilization not to form opinions--especially opinions based on Al-e Ahmad's remark as

translated here--without first getting the views of Muslim women on the subject. Many of them find that their place in society as defined by Islamic tradition is not only acceptable, but much to be preferred over the politically equal, but unprotected, status of Western women. (tr)

[18]The Iranian Majlis of 1962 was a strictly secular body with very little resemblance to the Majlis that was formed after the revolution under Khomeini. The religious restrictions on the rights of women listed here were not officially the law of the land at that time. Theoretically at least, their observance or nonobservance was optional and a matter of religious belief. Yet even in 1962 a large part of the population considered Islamic law binding in their lives. (tr)

[19]The Holy Qur'an, Surah IV, v. 34. This verse has also been translated, "Men are the protectors and maintainers of women." (tr)

[20]*In the interval between the first and second printings of this booklet certain things have happened in these provinces, among them the in-name-only liberation of the ladies. There are even women taking part in the puppet shows in the Senate and the Majlis. But this liberation of women makes about as much sense as plastering over the walls and doors of a royal tomb. All without substance, empty talk, empty gestures, and for the purpose of faking foreign policy at that. Yet with all that don't you think a dam has been broken?* (A)

[21]Ramazan is the ninth month of the Islamic lunar calendar. It is incumbent upon all Muslims to observe a daylight fast during this time. (tr)

[22]The tomb and shrine of a descendant of one of the Twelve Imams. (tr)

[23]The most important shrine in Islam, called the Kaaba or House of God (Bayt Allah), located almost in the center of the Grand Mosque in Mecca. Muslims throughout the world direct their prayers in its direction, and it is the goal of the Hajj, or pilgrimage to Mecca. (tr)

[24]This day is set aside in Muslim ritual on the tenth day of the month of Dhu al-Hijja in the Islamic lunar calendar for sacrificial offerings to God. The

term (*'Eyd-e Qorban*) also refers to a four-day feast taking place on this and the following three days, the last four days of the calendar period set aside for the *Hajj*. (tr)

[28] The day of the birth of Mahdi, the Twelfth Imam of the Ithna'ashari (Ja'fari) Shi'is, in the Islamic lunar calendar. (tr)

[29] *'Ajam* is an Arabic term used by both Arabs and Iranians to refer to an Iranian or a barbarian, or often someone who is both, as in this situation. (tr)

[30] *I'm quoting the oral version I heard from Isma'il Ra'in, my dear friend who lives in that area.* (A)

[31] *Khalil Maleki noticed this 'facelessness' in our young people sooner than any of the rest of us. See the weekly publication Mehregan for the years 32,33,34 [1964-66], and later on in the magazine 'Elm ow Zendegi [Knowledge and Life] for the years 38-39 [1966-69] in repeated articles on the same subject.* (A)

[32] As used here, the term Shu'ubi refers not only to the Shu'ubites but to any political or religious campaign in which the central issue is the supremacy of the Persians over the Arabs. (tr)

[33] *The Shah's radio disputes with the religious leaders (Esfand '41-Farvardin '42 [late Jan-early April 1963]) made the truth of this prediction's claims apparent. And then the merciless massacre of the fifteenth of Khordad 1342 [June 5, 1963], which even Radio Moscow denounced as a reactionary uprising! And rejoiced!* (A)

[34] *And from the above date on it has overtly oppressed it, when both the monarchy and religion are centuries-old holdovers from the past. And in any case there are no two institutions that need each other so much. The important thing is that this confrontation between the two rivals after three hundred years of suppressing differences is again coming out into the open. This is clearly the beginning of a new phase, the beginning of a phase in which the spread of education and the expansion of intellectualism will surround these two rivals. This confrontation led to the Shah's assassination in Mirza*

Shirazi's time, and it led to the ouster of Mohammad 'Ali Shah and a change of regime in the time of the Constitutional Revolution. What will it lead to today? Well, this is a problem for the intellectuals. (A)

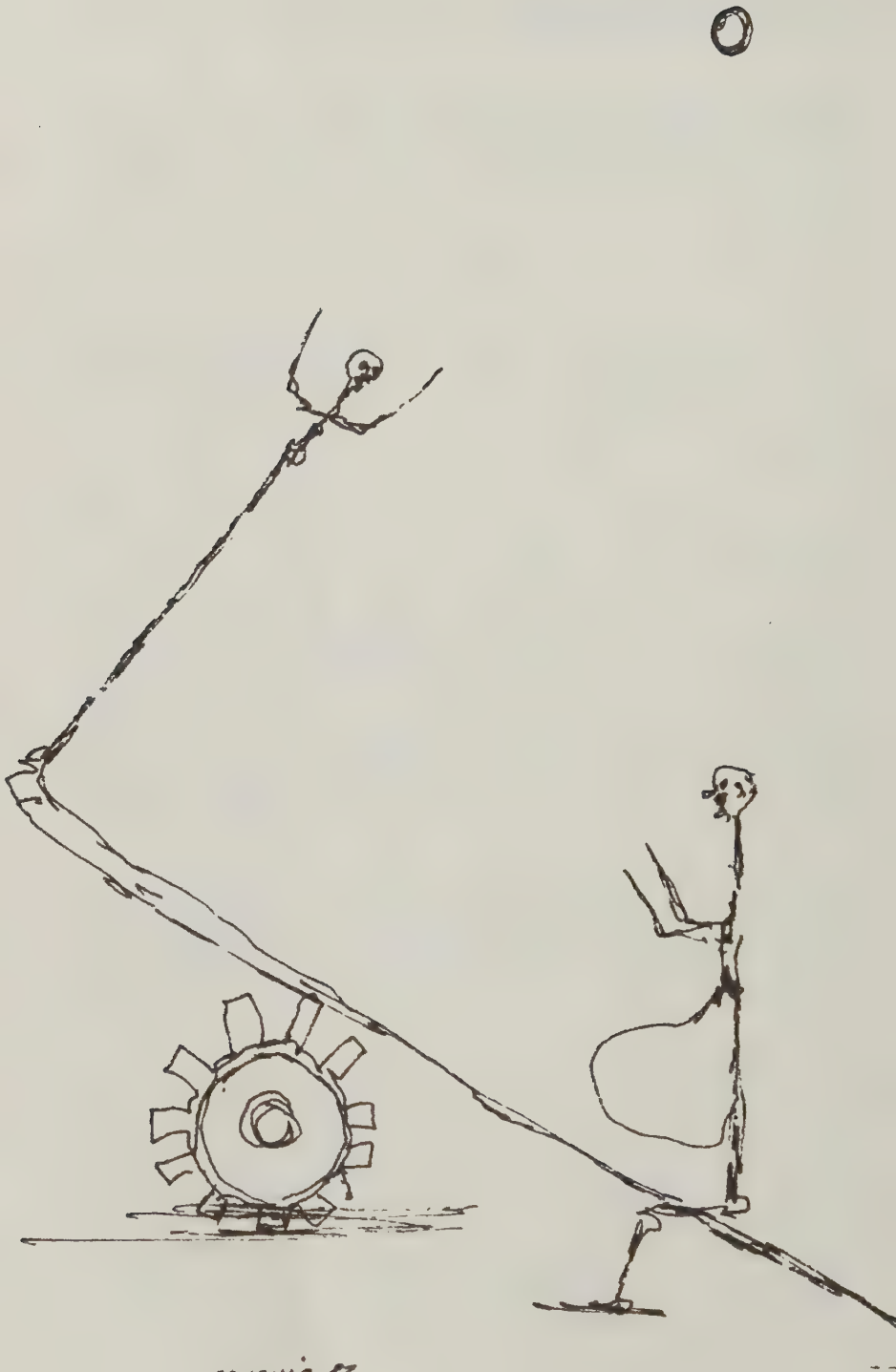
[32]This reclamation never actually took place. (tr)

[33]*Two or three Swedish academics are preparing linguistic atlases of Iran and Afghanistan. Good news? Or bad news? In any case the one for Afghanistan has been completed but the one for Iran is still unfinished--for reasons not appropriate for discussion here.* (A)

[34]*I want to draw assistance once again from the French researcher Rene Grousset from that same book* The Face of Asia, *p. 132:*

"In the uprising Iran staged against the oil company, affirmation and praise arose from Aghanistan, Pakistan, and the Arab League simultaneously. This was the first time that Iranian Shi'ism, which throughout all these centuries had been like a dam blocking cooperation among Islamic nations, joined the Islamic unity. And why? Because the time had passed when the Safavid Shahs and the defenders of Shi'ism were compelled to unite with Europe against the Ottoman Sultan, who was the Sunni Caliph."

I say the Europeans retracted their horns. In any case, is this good news for us Asians of the Middle East? Or a danger signal from the petroleum consortium, in which the French don't have such a big share? In any case, what I have quietly suggested over and over again--this gentleman has stated more clearly. (A)


ARDESHIR. 82

6

BREAKING THE TALISMAN'S SPELL

As a growing nation, we have now stood to face machines and technology, and without much determination. In other words, we've decided to accept whatever comes. What should we do about this? Should we continue to be mere consumers as we have been in the past? Should we close the doors of our lives to machines and technology and withdraw into the distant past, with national *and religious* traditions? Or is there a third alternative? We'll deal with these questions one by one.

Until now, the course we've taken is to be mere consumers of machines and to simply submit ourselves to the fate of the twentieth century. That course has led us to this current situation, a Weststruck situation in which we await Western alternatives in a daze, waiting for them to come and give us credit or aid every few years so we can buy their products and replace worn-out machinery. *This is really an easy way to go, and the cause of laziness, indolence, incompetence, and idleness,* but if this process were getting us anywhere we wouldn't have all this chaos *and be so emperiled by bankruptcy,* and at least there would be no need to write these things.

Even a frivolous cricket doesn't withdraw into a cocoon. If nothing else we're a nation undergoing

change. If our values and our thinking have come into a state of turmoil, it's because we're shaking off our old crust. Perhaps we're awaiting permission to enter the new age. It's the awe of machines that's making us shake so much. Suppose it weren't this way. Suppose we remained prejudiced and bound to tradition, living the primitive life of the dawn of creation, the way most of our villagers do now. Isn't it true that we'd be forced by political and economic necessity *and our common interests with other segments of humanity* to give over half our land to the picks and shovels of foreign companies, so they could come here and dig, excavate, extract, and remove? How long can we sit beside the road and watch the caravan go by? *Or sit beside the creek and watch life go by?* Even Ibn Sa'ud, living with his pre-Islamic prejudices, *who still chops off heads and hands* [and] /still cut off Abu Talib Yazdi's head,/[1] has accepted the changes that come with machines.

A third alternative, however, which cannot be avoided, is to put the genie of machines back in his bottle and make him work for us, like a beast of burden. Machines are a natural springboard for us, one that we must use to make the longest possible leap. We must adopt machines, but we must not remain slaves to them. We must not become entangled with them. Machines are a means, not an end. *The aim is to eliminate poverty and to see to the spiritual and material welfare of all of humanity.*

When horses were our means of transportation, we had fields and pastures, all of them green and flourishing, where we bred the most beautiful horses of the noblest stock. We had branding places, where we placed upon them the mark of human ownership. We had stables for them where they could train, rest, and breed. We had caravanserais where we could get fresh horses. We had races and galloping shooting matches to exercise the muscles of animals and human beings. Is a machine any different than a horse, which is tamed by people in order to serve them? If we, as human beings, had nothing to do with the original genetic formation of horses, the embryo of a machine is fashioned by humans from the cylinders and the *pistons* outward.

We must first have an *economy* appropriate for machines--*an independent economy*--and also training, classes, and procedures. Then we'll need a furnace to melt the steel and shape it according to human in-

tention, then specialists who can modify it and shape it in various ways, then schools that can teach these specialties in a practical way, then factories where the steel can be transformed into machines, *and other manufactures*, and then markets in the cities and villages where the machines *and other manufactures* can be made available to the people....

Don't ask me to go into further detail, for this is not within my competence and it's out of bounds for these pages. It's imperative to make machines in order to control them. That which is made by other hands, even if it be an amulet or talisman to ward off jealous eyes, will certainly contain unknown elements from fearsome worlds beyond the reach of human influence, with some secret embedded in them. The one who possesses that amulet or talisman doesn't own it. *Rather, he is in a sense the property of the talisman, because* he lives in the shadow of its protection, always with the danger and fear that he may insult the talisman, that the sky may see its color,[2] or that he may drop it on the ground.

But if a child who has this very talisman around his neck *should get older* and happen to curiously unwrap it to see what it is, and especially if he's able to look at it and see the triangles, rectangles, stars, and pompous language written on its oily paper, and if he's able to understand the meaning of the words, ideas, and figures--*or their meaninglessness*--would there any longer be any fear of it in his heart? Machines are talismans for us Weststruck folk. We drag ourselves into the shadow of their protection, and in their shelter we think ourselves immune to the evils of the time, oblivious of the fact that this is a talisman others have hung around our necks to intimidate and milk us. Let's be curious--*let's grow up a little*--and ultimately unwrap this talisman *and obtain its secret*.

/Well and good./ *Of course one may ask*, if the solution is so easy, then why hasn't it occurred to our nation's thinkers? Or if it has occurred to them, why hasn't the business of unwrapping this talisman gotten under way physically? In answering these two questions I will name only two of the causes. You can guess the rest of them for yourselves. Definitely, the first reason is that fear and respect are still in our hearts. We know that the words <u>haram</u> [forbidden] and <u>tahrim</u> [forbid] come from the same root as the words <u>ehteram</u> [respect] and <u>hor-</u>

mat [honor]. Fear of machines is the same thing as the fear of talismans. If it's forbidden for us to touch or unwrap a talisman, we're also forbidden to perceive the secrets of machines or to understand them. God knows that this fear has caused Gharbzadegi, or else that Gharbzadegi produced fear in us born of respect. It's like the case of the chicken and the egg.

Forget that. Consider instead the fact that we're still living in the days of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves of Baghdad. We stood behind a wall or looked through a keyhole and saw the thieves come. They pronounced a formulation or repeated an incantation three times and the wall opened up just like a door, and what a treasure was concealed behind that door! We still put our best efforts into imitating the incantations of those thieves. We worked hard and learned the incantation, repeated it like parrots, and the wall opened, but *the libertines* had taken the treasure! As soon as we forget the temptation of that treasure and concentrate instead on what made the wall open, on the secret of its movement and how the incantation affected it, we'll have found a practical procedure and will be capable of unraveling the talisman of machines.

Our current situation is such that we use machines from morning to night. We even cook our meals on them every day. Yet we're just like a child whose mother frightens him by putting a pot over her head pretending to be a demon--machines intimidate us in exactly the same way. They're like that demon who's really only the child's everyday soup pot and his very mother who shelters him in her warm embrace. It is because of this fear--*or because the country has no framework to support 'technicians'' demands*--that most of our college students in Europe study either medicine, psychology, or something else in the humanities. It is due to this very fear that we have so many agricultural engineers who are now land assessors in the Mortgage [Rahni] Bank, so many chemists working as director generals, and so many mineralogists who are contractors.

It's true that we've wearied the minds and thoughts of the people's children for years in our schools with chemical, physical, and mathematical formulas and equations, and that we've almost eliminated literature, philosophy, and ethics from all our high schools and colleges. The mind of every

secondary school graduate is a repository of laws, formulas, and equations, but to what purpose? There's no practical setting for the hypotheses and equations. We haven't put theory into practice for the students in any laboratory. We're still obliged to turn to some European laboratory to measure every rock, earth sample, and batch of tar!

It's strange that we, who are so attentive to detail in our traditional crafts--in carpet weaving, tile making, and inlay work--are so careless when it comes to machines, but it's not surprising. *Don't you think that* this carelessness with machines, technology, and the new sciences is the result of our confidence that our oil fields will produce indefinitely? And in machines that must come *as a requirement* in exchange for petroleum *money* and credit? /You see that we've returned to the fundamental cause, which is that we've been satisfied to be mere consumers of machines./

Most interesting of all, I've heard that some of our national leaders are even 'theorizing' on these matters. "Yes," they say, "now that we're a petroleum-rich nation and the Westerner is giving us everything from chicken milk to human souls in exchange for this petroleum on a silver platter, why should we trouble ourselves? Why bother with building factories and heavy industries and their entanglements, such as training specialists, tolerating the junk the industries produce when they're getting started, coming to grips with the grievances of labor, management, insurance, pensions, and so on...." And in fact this is exactly how we do things. This same new theory has been the operating principle in these provinces for years. And this very thing is one of the reasons for our Gharbzadegi. Or one of the fundamental results of it. We're back to that story of the chicken and the egg again.

And then again, if we're exacting with our *elegant national and* local arts *and not in our work with machines, it's because* those arts have been passed on orally from breast to breast. For years fathers have passed an art on to sons in the workshop, and apprentice and master have worked together. We've had professional, *practical, and theoretical* training *to an extent that training in these elegant arts has acquired traditions, principles, and fine points,* and harkens back to the depths of the years. But machines are newcomers to

the scene. They have no tradition. There is no training or classroom instruction for them. The stages of apprenticeship and journeyman status have yet to be established.

In a situation /like ours,/ it's to be expected that if we build a big dam or if our oil well *(meaning their oil well)* catches fire we have to run to some foreign expert or specialist who has more experience and background than we have. But the pity is that *not only do we refer to foreign experts in exceptional instances such as this, but we do it for a great many other things as well.* In order to assemble a cement factory, a sugar refinery, *a tire retreading factory(!)* or a textile or cord mill, not only do we still import all the machines intact from Europe *and America*, but along with the machines we also bring a crew that's Western from top to bottom, from the unskilled laborers to the *engineer and* chief engineer, with astronomical salaries. Then we host them for three, four, or ten years in some area where they are given free rein everywhere, so the cement furnace will glow, the sugar will be pure, and the wool will be made into strong thread. Of course, if we're precise about it, this isn't surprising either. *We either don't have anyone else besides these people, or if we do have them it's useless because* those who sell us a factory write it into the sales agreement that they will guarantee its proper performance only after their specialists have assembled it and transferred it. Yes, *this is the fate of a backward, Weststruck economy.* If you can do any better, build your own factory. If you want to assemble it, build it yourself. If I build it, I want to send my engineer somewhere *along with the machine*: on a trip to the sunny South, for vacation *and recreation*, for a new experience, greater experimental latitude, and a broader perspective in this world of machine consumers!

As for the second cause, it arises out of what I've said already, or is an accessory to it. It is that as long as we're purchasers of Western industrial products the seller will be unwilling to give up such an acquiescent customer. It is that we are only buyers in this mercantile world--or just consumers--and that the builder, who's also the seller, knows the tricks of his trade and how to arrange things so that this disproportion will remain forever stable and that there won't ever be any conflict in this buyer-seller relationship. Therefore,

it's only fair that the West should have the right to withhold permission (*meaning credit*), or to consistently obstruct our becoming machine manufacturers. This very West, *which has our governments making claims to democracy and having a heterosexual Majlis for its benefit*, /installs and removes our governments, helps us stay on our feet, adjusts the load we carry as if we were pack mules,/sets up conventions of orientalists for us, and *regularly* pats our leaders on the back on its radio programs and in its newspapers *once a week or once a month. After all, they've heard that the nation is deeply under the European spell!* /Anyway, India wants to stand on her own two feet, the Chinese market is closed to the West except for England, and if we became manufacturers of machines they'd have nothing left./

From the point of view of the economic profit of the big Western manufacturers--meaning from the point of view of the international economy(!)--the later we turn our hands to machines and technology the better! *UNESCO says the same thing too, and acts on it, as does ICAFE, the FAO, and the UN itself as well!* All our ruinations and chaos have their origins in this point, *in the fact that in world affairs they've compelled us to look out for the interests of the economy of the machine manufacturers.*

If our politics have been generally a function of variables in the West over the last two-hundred years, it's because during this period our economy has been a function of those same variables. I believe I've given an example of this from the petroleum situation. The exception is the one or two years between 1950 and 1953 (*Dr. Mossadeq's government*) when we even exported beans.[3] *At that time the guiding principle of the country's economic management had nothing to to with petroleum revenue. And how appropriate that was. And this is something that could be resumed again at any time. But as long as the petroleum wheel turns on the strength of credit from its revenues and on the fostering of parasites, the situation will remain just as it is.*[4] /Look at the situation now. A kilo of pistachios that cost thirty tumans [$4.20] two years ago can now be had for eight tumans [$1.15] less. What do we really have besides gum tragacinth, a bit of cotton, carpets, and oil-bearing seed? Other than petroleum./Petroleum that the West itself exploits, itself refines, itself transports, itself accounts for financially, and our annual petroleum royalties

(forty million pounds sterling or so), which the West itself deposits in its national banks as credit towards purchases of its industrial production. We're *inevitably* obliged, in order to use this credit, to buy from this same 'itself'. Who is this 'itself'? Forty percent of it is America and her satellitess, another forty percent England and her supporters, and the remainder France, Holland, or others like them. We must import machines in place of this oil they take out. *And after the machines, specialists, and after the specialists, machines: specialists in dialects, literature, painting, and musicians!* This is why /Richfield/ and Morrison-Knudsen can bring anything they want from America, *from bulldozers to cable, bolts, and nuts, and* A.G.I.P. Mineraria imports without restriction from Italy, John Molem *the road builder* from England, and Entrepose from France.

More interesting is the undercover dealing that goes on in the midst of all this. John Molem caused a scandal and gathered up his gear and left, but he isn't a quitter, and he's still at it just the same. Where? At Time *magazine, and he's propagandizing for the head of the Planning and Budget Organization, who helped him get his foot in the door over here.*[5] *And who was the Tehran chief of this John Molem? Mr. Peter Avery, the English Farsi-speaking orientalist, a very charming and likeable person and a teacher of Eastern(!) languages at Cambridge and [the University of] Michigan! I went to see him at Cambridge, in the winter of 1341 [1963]. He had wanted to see me. The lady that was my hostess had put a visit with him on the schedule. I put a copy of the first edition of this very booklet under my arm and went to find him. Come in, and talk, chatter, and hospitality. In the course of discussing other matters I said to him: "You know, Sir(!) Edward Browne didn't become who he was by becoming chief of John Molem when he was in Tehran!" He started sobbing. "He had money and wealth, and I was poor."*

From this exchange I realized that people are equally diminutive the world over. Then this same man has recently written a book called Modern Iran *in which he dealt with me in this way:*

> *Recently a book appeared about the 'disease' of Westernism. It was, incidentally, banned by the authorities. Men who think like its author are probably a minority among educated*

Table 1.
Ten-Year Table of Exports and Imports, 1331-40
(From Iran Almanac 1963, p. 293, Printed in Tehran).

Years	Imports		Exports	
	Weight (Tons)	Rials (Thousands)	Weight (Tons)	Rials (Thousands)
(1331)1952-53	232,236	5,031,394	354,079	5,831,528
1953-54	424,445	5,424,266	443,764	8,425,622
1954-55	503,226	7,225,015	490,478	10,288,171
1955-56	637,132	9,125,439	507,873	8,033,726
1956-57	744,876	20,981,288	463,529	7,930,690
1957-58	743,784	25,129,342	436,641	8,352,922
1958-59	986,092	33,458,260	445,398	7,940,615
1959-60	1,201,950	41,630,135	397,231	7,701,017
1960-61	1,913,514	52,657,139	446,307	8,359,870
(1340)1961-62	1,619,234	47,170,707	551,384	9,593,450

Subtract the figures from each other for yourselves. I'm ashamed to do it. Instead I'll quote an item from the introduction to the magazine Bank-e Melli-ye Iran [National Bank of Iran], no. 254, by Mr. Kvosh Kish, one of the bank's experts:

> "For a period of almost thirty-two years only twelve banks with several branches have been active in Iran, five of which were specialized banks. But in the years 1335 to 1339 [1956-61] (the period of the open door policy), in only three years fourteen new banks with several branches and representatives and agents were established.... Their function is to pay salaries to workers in foreign factories whose merchandise we have purchased. In the six-year period between 1332 and 1339 [1953-1961] the volume of our imports has necessarily gone from seven billion rials to fifty-two billion six-hundred million rials, or approximately an eight-fold increase." [Translators' note: 70 Rials = $1.00.]

Iranians, but history shows that no intellectual movement in Iran, however small its beginnings, can be totally ignored.',

Yes. These gentlemen are wary of affairs in this way. Or Ford and Rockefeller's companies have their cultural foundations, and they give grants to this one and that one for the expansion of education. Very good. Relying on these very funds, the Iran Foundation goes and builds a hospital and a university in Shiraz; but go see what sanctuaries they've built for the nobility, how the official language of their college of literature is Engrish [sic], right next to Hafez and Sa'di, and see what an observatory they've built to study the movements of American satellites and how they've imported everything from the nuts and bolts to the pots and burners and doors and frames from America!

Or this same Ford and Rockefeller give money to Franklin [Book Programs] in Tehran to furnish the schools with books. Go see it.' What huge companies have built it and what a textbook monopoly they've made. And how they've broken the back of every local publisher!

We had gone to Firuzabad (on Nawruz of 1341 [Mar 21 1963] with Mohandes Seyhun, Farrokh Gaffari, and Mohandes Moqtader) Kazerun, and Shiraz to spend some time in the desert. We heard that in Shapur near Kazerun His Excellency Mr. [Roman] Ghirshman was working on his excavations. We said let's go say hello and look around. But he wasn't there. Or if he was he was asleep and wouldn't receive us. But his tent and shed were right there at Shapur-e Kazerun, and the petroleum consortium's marks and emblems were everywhere, on the tents, the materials, and the machines. What does this mean? It means that the excavations of the archaeologists at Shapur-e Kazerun are the progeny of the petroleum industry! And this is how it is that his excellency Mr. Ghirshman wants to prove by force of bombast that Khark [Island] was a Christian community, among other things....'

/Yes, this is give-and-take, or compulsory barter./ *This is the way* petroleum goes out and machines come in, with all their baggage, *from orientalists and specialists to films, literature, and* books. /Who profits from this give-and-take?/ The first ones are the *manufacturing* companies, *for whom*

the profits of all investments outside their own country are tax-exempt, and then the middlemen. Who are these middlemen? /You know better than I do./[10] *Other than the ones I've mentioned, guess who they are for yourselves...* This is the reason we have ministers, parliamentary representatives, why our governments are shaken up in the aftermath of these transactions, and cabinets come and go.

Our politicians are led just this way by the West, while the West secretly undermines them, or gives them its praise, and it's no wonder our political leaders give more credence to what Reuter and UPI or *Time* have to say than to the Chamber of Commerce of Tehran, the Planning Commission of the Ministry of Education, or the City Council of Birjand. If that city has such a council. When the country's economy is in other people's hands and those other people build machines, it's clear that we must always be needy purchasers. Fortunately [for them], the payments on these bulldozers and tractors out /in these bare deserts/ have not even ended /before the machines themselves swallow that last cup of liquefied dung,/ *rusted and collapsed.* And the companies only guarantee them for five years![11]

What's interesting in this regard is when they have a confrontation of some kind somewhere in the world. This becomes the top story for UPI and Reuters. Then the Red Cross will start crying that two of its nurses, for example, were wounded, and the foreigners living there pack up their travel bags. Then the pope in Rome prays that the calamity in that part of the world be relieved. Then prices plummet on the London and New York stock exchanges. Then the Times *and the* New York Times *start writing two-faced articles showing the ins and outs of the factors at work in the region. Then they sever political relations. Then mercenary soldiers are everywhere and the Seventh Fleet starts maneuvering in the Mediterranean or in the Persian Gulf, or off the coast of China or Africa. We've experienced these things a number of times. With the nationalization of oil, with the Suez Canal, in Cuba, the Congo, and Vietnam.*

In fairness, however, it must be said that our economists and politicians aren't idle in the midst of this. *Weststruck economists will sit and talk, foreign consultants will come and go, and suddenly you see a Jeep or a Fiat assembly plant being built, or a plastics factory or battery plant for the mili-*

tary going up and several military officers in prison for corruption. And all this with such grandeur and ceremony, and scissors, three-colored ribbons, and pomp. But what's the truth of the matter? The truth is it's no longer profitable for the companies to send even calico, silk, batteries, and unbreakable aftabehs[12] *to us. It's to their own advantage to export only heavy machinery. And then if a foreign company can export various components of a machine as parts, the import duties will be less, the expense of packing and transport will be lower, and of course the labor costs of assembling those parts in a country such as Iran are lower than those in Europe and the United States. This is why such a hot market has grown up in the developing countries for assembly plants for Jeeps, Fiats, radios, batteries, and other rootless ancillary industries. Let's not forget, of course, that this is a step forward in any case for a backward country, and if it isn't a proper and well-considered step, at least it can be used for display, and after all, an official report can be issued every year that says, "yes, this year there was so much percent increase in the number of workers, the amount of national capital investment, and in foreign investment."*[13]

And after we discuss these things we hold seminars, devise scenarios for [development] Plans Two and Three,[14] hold commissions, and there's a never-ending stream of advisors coming in and going out. *And in any event, assembling a machine is something like repair work. It's not an industry, and it's not building machines.* If you want the truth, however, these things are all accessories to Western industry.

Let's especially keep it in mind that if there's a need for a Second and Third Plan, *and if the World Bank and public opinion in the Western nations(!) is applying pressure, it means that when the company managers permit a government in Iran to have plans that are superficially more modern, broader, longer term, and more diversified,* it's mainly because Western industry must know how much of its industrial production Iran can absorb during the next five years, and what kind of capacity and tolerance it will have as a buyer. They don't do things spontaneously the way we do. Everything is done according to plan. We know that surplus production brings crisis, activates the monster of unemployment, and intensifies the danger of a change of regime in those nations. After all, His Excellency Mr. [Charles] De

Table 2.

Province	Industrial Units	Workers	Capital Investment Thousands of Rials
West Azarbaijan	152	2,676	902,473
Kermanshah	366	4,062	844,373
Khuzestan	272	3,044	1,465,025
Fars	347	4,642	1,987,831
Kerman	208	1,963	682,093
Khorasan	843	11,069	3,278,087
Esfahan	899	24,006	5,842,838
Sistan va Baluchestan	89	304	62,010
Tehran	2,844	48,556	22,297,274
Gilan	856	7,659	2,802,233
Mazandaran	883	16,504	4,621,189
East Azarbaijan	393	6,229	728,363
Total	8,156	130,714	45,513,789

This means that the number of workers in the country's entire population is 130,000 as opposed to a population of twenty million!

Gaulle has high hopes still,[16] Mr. [Harold] Macmillan has not yet reached retirement age, and President [John F.] Kennedy is still in the prime of his youth. No matter what happens, the West must know how much it can milk this quiet, acquiescent customer during the term of the Third Plan, and what percentage of its petroleum royalties to retain and exchange for refrigerators, radios, and pressure cookers.

We know that the principal overseers of all those committees, seminars, and educational and industrial consultants are Westerners,[16] *with precise intentions and specific goals.* Don't talk to me about *the impartiality and high-mindedness of* those UN and UNESCO advisors. Not even the gold and diamond-mining companies of the Congo paid any attention to their late Secretary General Hammarskjold. We saw how that respected body came to the defense there of these same Belgian and English gold- and diamond-mining companies. The Iranians, of course, also participate in these seminars and planning committees, which means that our top intellectuals are our most Weststruck people. But how do they participate? I'm very sorry if this is insulting, but I don't think the Iranian participants in these planning seminars ever get beyond the status of interpreters! If they did surpass that role and *express an opinion, first, it wouldn't be acceptable, and second*, they'd forfeit the right to sit with the big shots.

If our politics and economy, to the extent that we've seen, are functions of the West's politics and economy, and if we're so Weststruck, it's because most of our intellectuals--those who've gained a foothold in the country's leadership machinery--in the last analysis, and [supposedly] as the most exalted mission of conscience and perception, are interpreters for Western advisors. They're agents and interpreters of their views and intentions. But don't we already know how many thousand dry ganats and how many thousand unemployed, illiterate, and uneducated people we have with no health facilities?[17] This is no reason to go running to foreign consultants and advisors every minute. I wish our dependence on them could untie just one knot for us, /and that it weren't such a failure and didn't always fall flat on its face. Read one of the books by Millspaugh,[18] who had the run of our nation's economy at one time, and you'll see that he committed every possible absurdity and that his dis-

graces were countless./

/I wish all the advisors had been like Millspaugh, who didn't have such a vast entourage of Weststruck intellectuals in his service./ *I wish a day would come when we wouldn't need this troop of consultants and advisors.* Today, it's because we're dependent on these very intellectuals participating in the government that the West's political representatives and advisors treat us the same way the Russian and British ambassadors treated Atabak[19] and Amir Kabir,[20] assuming one would want to put our Weststruck intellectuals in the same league with these two great figures. Furthermore, if only ambassadors imposed their opinions on us in those days, now there are legions of Western advisors, parasites, specialists, and experts. If they only directed their persuasive efforts towards Atabak and Amir Kabir in those days, both of whom were world-wise old men experienced in their own Eastern way of life, traditions, and criteria and bound by the constraints of the beliefs, ceremonies, and formalities of this side of the world, now there's a whole group of Weststruck intellectuals on the side of the West's dialogue and opinion who have neither the capability of Atabak and Amir Kabir, nor even that of Hajji Mirza Aqasi,[21] *and I don't know why he's been erroneously branded as an incompetent.*[22]

This is the way they run a nation, a nation abandoned to the fate of machines, guided by these Weststruck intellectuals, in the hands of these seminars, conferences, Second and Third Plans, and relying on foreign aid 'handouts' *and this ridiculous investment in rootless ancillary industries.*

We've said enough about machine destiny. Now we see what kind of people these national leaders are--these /old men, young men, and/ Weststruck intellectuals. True, these are generalizations, but you can separate out the exceptions for yourselves.

NOTES

[1]Abu Talib Yazdi was an Iranian Muslim who was executed by the Saudi Arabian government by order of King Ibn Sa'ud for the crime of desecration, which he committed while circumambulating the Kaaba inside the Grand Mosque in Mecca. He vomited on the sacred soil after being overcome by heat exhaustion and just before passing out. The incident produced friction between Iran and Saudi Arabia and resulted in a temporary ban on trips to Mecca, ordered by the shah. (tr)

[2]The author refers here to a type of amulet consisting of cryptic writings on a small piece of paper which is folded, placed inside a series of small boxes, and tightly wrapped. The mullah who prepares it typically enjoins the user not to allow the sky to see the color of the writing or to drop it. (tr)

[3]A reference to domestic economic gains made during the so-called "oil-less economy." See Cottam, op. cit., p. 200. (tr)

[4]*See table 1.* (A)

[5]*See the American Time magazine, February 28, 1964, p. 40, last column, concerning Mr. Ebtehaj.* (A)

[6]*Modern Iran. By Peter Avery. Ed. Ernest Benn. London, 1965, p.468*(A)

[7]We have taken this passage directly from Avery's book. Al-e Ahmad's Farsi translation differs in that the Farsi term for unfortunately appears where incidentally should have been, and it does not use quotation marks for the word disease. (tr)

[8]*See "Belbeshu-ye Ketabha-ye Darsi"* [The Confusion in Textbooks] *in Seh Magaleh-ye Digar* [Three more articles], *by this writer.* (A)

[9]*See Jazireh-ye Khark, by this writer, and also the pamphlet this same Ghirshman wrote about the island. And remember that it was one of these very*

orientalists/archaeologists who discovered the presence of oil in Khuzestan. Meaning the Frenchman [Jacques Jean Marie] *de Morgan, who had come to Iran even before D'Arcy to excavate in Susa. The results of his excavations were published in the Journal of Mines* [Annales des Mines] *printed in Paris, and what an uproar, and so on.... See Panjah Sal-e Naft Dar Iran* [Fifty years of petroleum in Iran] (Tehran: 1956 or 7) *by Mustafa Fatih.* (A)

[10]A veiled reference to the royal family et al. (tr)

[11]*The Lebanese philosopher Charles [Habib] Malik, former president of the United Nations General Assembly, accused Western capitalists of having nothing in their bags for the developing nations except material goods. He also said, "Roads, dams, efficiency, and the smile of rulers--that is all that matters: But spirit, freedom, joy, happiness, truth, man--that never enters the mind. A world of perfect technicians is the aim, not a world of human beings, let alone of beings divine." Translated from page 77 of this same American Time magazine, September [27] 1963 from the report on talks at the thirteenth International Management Conference. This conference was held in Manhattan, attended by 4,200 people from eighty-four countries.* (A) [Translators' note: Malik's remarks appeared in Time as we have given them here. Al-e Ahmad's Farsi translation is again quite loose, but not significantly different in meaning. One might note his substitution of "these are the things that are imposed upon the backward nations" for "that is all that matters."]

[12]An aftabeh is any long-spouted pitcher kept in a privy to provide water for washing the body's excreting orifices. Due to its obvious hygienic superiority, its use is much preferred throughout the Middle East to the "toilet paper" to which Westerners are accustomed. (tr)

[13]*The numbers of workers and the industrial capital installations in which they work are shown in Table 2. (from p. 405 of the Iran Almanac of 1963, printed in Tehran).* (A)

[14]Referring to the Second and Third Plans of the Pahlavi regime's five successive five-year economic development plans. (tr)

[18] *Remember that the first edition of this book was published in Mehr of 1341* [Sep 23-Oct 22 1962] (A)

[19] We don't have statistics and official figures, but it is said that there are now *(1341 [1962])* thirty-thousand foreign experts, engineers, and specialists working in this country. (A)

[20] I'll cite some official figures as an example: Currently, in the health field, we need 9,500 physicians while we have only 5,915. Of the 3,800 needed medical assistants and midwives, we have only 1,000 people. We have only 19,327 hospital beds out of the 190,000 we need. In education we had only 4,277 people with teaching degrees at the beginning of the 1340/1961 academic year to fill 9,485 positions. /In 1310/1931 the first group of graduates of the National Teacher's College numbered only fifteen as opposed to 300 high school graduates, and in 1340/1961 the same National Teacher's College graduated 270 people as opposed to fourteen- to sixteen- thousand high school graduates, meaning the certified teachers have multiplied some eighteen times while the high school graduates have multiplied some forty-seven times. Many statistics of this nature may be cited./ For example, of the fifty-thousand villages in this country, only seven-thousand of them have schools. *An interesting piece of news is that with all our cultural poverty, in the year 1342* [Mar 21 1963 - Mar 20 1964] *they closed all the higher and junior-level teachers' colleges in the country on the grounds that boarding schools are a superfluous expense, and so on... This is how 42 teachers' colleges across the country were closed.* (A)

[21] Arthur Millspaugh, financial advisor to Reza Shah, and author of Americans in Persia (Washington, D.C.: The Brookings institute, 1946) and The American Task in Persia (New York, London: Century, 1925). See also Cottam, op. cit., pp. 207-208. (tr)

[22] Atabak, prime minister under Muhammad 'Ali Shah (1907-1909). See Cottam, op. cit., pp. 47-49. (tr)

[23] Mirza Taqi Khan Amir Kabir, prime minister under Nasir od-Din Shah (1848-1851). See Hamid Algar, Religion and State in Iran, 1785-1906 (Berkeley: 1969), chapters 7 and 9. (tr)

[21]Hajji Mirza Aqasi, prime minister and spiritual preceptor to Muhammad Shah (1834-1848), remembered for his political inanity. See ibid., chapter 6. (tr)

[22]*'Abd Allah Mustawfi has defended this old man in* Sharh-e Hal-e Zendegi-ye Man [My autobiography (Tehran: 'Elmi, 1945)] *(pp. 45-50) and has shown that it was* [Mirza Abu-l-Qasim] *Qa'im Maqam's grudge against him that created this reputation.* (A)

ARDESHIR.82

7

A DONKEY IN A LION'S SUIT OR A LION ON A FLAG?

A Weststruck person who's a part of our national leadership apparatus has his feet in the air. He's a particle of dust suspended in space, just like straw floating on water. He's cut his ties with the core of society, culture, and tradition. It's not like having no relationship between the ancient and the modern nor like a transitional line between the old and the new. This is a phenomenon with no relationship to the past and no perception of the future. It's not a point along any line. It's some imaginary point on a page, or perhaps in space, just like that suspended particle of dust.

Inevitably you ask, "How did this man emerge as leader of the country?" I say it happened because of the exigencies of machines, and the fate of a political policy that has no choice but to follow the policies of the big powers. On this side of the world, *and especially in the petroleum-rich nations*, it's customary for whatever is inconsequential to rise to the top of the water. The tide of events *in petroleum repositories of this nature* washes only sticks and straw to the surface. It lacks the strength to reach down to bottom of the sea and toss pearls ashore. We, in our Gharbzadegi and the pains arising from it, are stuck with this insubstantial drifter on the waves of events, the ordinary blame-

less man on the street, who can't be criticized, *to whom no one listens and* who's done nothing wrong. He'll go wherever you send him, meaning that he'll become anything you train him to be.[2]

The plain truth of the matter is that this man on the street has no control over his own destiny, and we neither ask him nor consult with him in order to determine his destiny. We ask the *foreign* consultants and advisors instead. Things are that bad. We're that entangled with Weststruck *leaders*, only some of whom have studied, and sometimes been to Europe and America.

I wish our involvement with the country's Weststruck leadership were limited to those people who have been educated in the West, but it really isn't. Very confidentially, the way I see it is that, due to the demands of *these very things*, these same /machines, policies, and economic principles,/ in the provinces on this side of the world it's the custom for every group and trade to be run by lumpens. /Excuse me for using a foreign expression. I can't be explicit./ *Meaning the failures, those who have no ability, the listless.* The most unreliable tradesmen are the ones who run the bazaars and the chamber of commerce. The most inept educators are the educational executives. The bankowners are the most bankrupt *moneychangers* of all. Those among us who *are the most useless*, or who most resemble dangerous unchained animals, are representatives in the assembly. The most muddle-headed people are the nation's leaders. *As I said*, separate out the exceptions for yourselves.

The usual practice in this country is to confer power on those who are rootless and *without personality*, if not on the ruthless and the corrupt. There's no place in this setup for the one who rightfully belongs there, who speaks the truth, sees accurately, and does the right thing. If we're to do a good job of following the West, someone must lead the nation who's *easily led*, who isn't genuine, *who's unprincipled*, has no roots, and is not of the soil of this land. This is why our Weststruck leader floats with the tide, unanchored anywhere. This is why his position is never clear. He can't commit himself to any issue or problem. He's confused. He shifts position constantly. He has no inner direction. He moves with the tide of events. He can never take issue with anything. He flatters and cajoles his way

around the biggest rock. No crisis or turn of events seems dangerous to him. *If this government goes there's always the next one. If he doesn't get on this committee he'll be on that seminar. If not in this newspaper, then on television. If he's not in this office he'll be in that ministry. If not ambassador, then minister.* The government, therefore, may come and go a thousand times, but you'll always see these same Weststruck leaders planted as solidly as Mount Uhud.[3]

This Weststruck man is also sneaky, because at least he knows what part of the world he's living in. He knows it's stifling here. He knows the wind blows in a different direction every day. He doesn't need a compass to locate the poles of power. Consequently, he's everywhere. In the political parties, in society, in the newspapers, /in the Writer's Association,/ in the government, /in seminars,/ in the Educational Commission, in the /Consultative/ Assembly /and the Senate,/ and in the Contractors' Union. In order to be everywhere he must be with everyone. To be with everyone he must *be tactful and* please everyone, *and not be muleheaded.* He is, therefore, submissive and ready to go. He's complacent, and sometimes he writes articles against rocking the boat.[4] He mustn't be ignorant of philosophy and has to talk about freedom too. Sometimes, of course, *for these reasons or in order to attract attention*, he senses that he must speak out and express himself, but since he drifts with the tide of events, by the time he makes his move it's too late *and he's left behind. Moreover, it teaches him not to make waves again in the future.*

The Weststruck man is religiously indifferent. He doesn't believe in anything, but neither does he disbelieve anything. He's mixed up. He's an opportunist. Everything's all the same to him. He thinks of himself first, and once his donkey gets across the bridge he doesn't care if the bridge is there or not. He has no faith, no principles, no platform, no belief in God or humanity. He's indifferent to social progress and even to *religion and* irreligion. *He's not even irreligious. He's just indifferent.*

He does go to the mosque sometimes, of course, just as he goes to /party meetings,/ *the club*, or the cinema, but he's just a spectator everywhere, like someone watching a football game. He's always on the sidelines. You'll never see him in the ring. He

never gets personally involved, not even so far as to shed a tear when a friend dies, to stop and reflect at a shrine, or to think about anything when he's alone. He's totally unaccustomed to being alone. He avoids it. Since he's afraid of himself, he goes everywhere. He votes, of course, *if there is an election, and especially* if it's fashionable, but for the *person*, /party or power/ that seems most likely to serve his interests. You'll never hear a cry, complaint, or an "if," "and," or "but" out of him. He explains everything away in florid, self-assured language, setting himself up as an optimist.

He's a Weststruck man of leisure. He believes in living for today, but not in any philosophical sense. If his automobile is in good shape, and he's well groomed and dressed, nothing else matters. If Sa'di was prevented from traveling in the old days because of "problems with his family, clothing, and food," this man, engrossed with filling his own stomach, worries about no one else. He doesn't let himself worry. He shrugs everything off easily. Since he's planned his own life and does everything according to plan, and since every action has an equal and opposite reaction, he has nothing to do with other people, *to say nothing of their aches and pains*.

A Weststruck man /usually/ has no specialty. He's a jack-of-all-trades and master of none. Since he has studied, read books, and gone to school, however, he knows how to make an impression on any group with high-sounding talk. He may even have had a specialty at one time, but he learned later that in these provinces it isn't possible to bribe the right people using just one skill, and he was forced to take up other activities.

He's acquired the fussy effeminacy of the old woman ir the family who knows a little bit about everything as a result of her long life and years of experience. The Weststruck man knows a little bit about everything too, and certainly about his own Gharbzadegi, the fashion of the day, useful for television stations, /useful for radio stations, useful for classes and lessons,/ useful for /joint/ educational commissions and planning seminars, useful for high-circulation newspapers, *and even for speeches at the club*.

A Weststruck man has no personality--he isn't

genuine. Neither he himself, nor his home, nor what he has to say gives off any kind of odor. He's all things to all people. Not that he's cosmopolitan or a world-state advocate. Never. He doesn't belong anywhere. Not that he belongs everywhere. He's a combination of a person without personality and a person without character. Because he's insecure he's dissimulative. He doesn't trust the person he's talking to even when he's doing his best to show goodwill and friendliness. Since skepticism is everywhere among us, he never opens his heart. The only characteristic that can be understood and seen in him is fear. If people's personalities are sacrificed to specialization in the West, a Weststruck man has no personality and no specialty. He has only fear. Fear of tomorrow, fear of losing his job, fear of being a nobody, fear of the disclosure that that bladder weighing down his head serving as his brain is empty.[5]

The Weststruck man is prissy.[6] He takes very good care of himself. He's always fussing with his personal wardrobe and grooming. *He even plucks the hair under his eyebrows sometimes.* His shoes, his clothing, /his vehicle,/ and his house, are extremely important to him. He always looks as if he just came out of the box, or out of some European fashion house. He changes the model of his car every year. His house, which once had a basement, an indoor pond, a porch, a canopy, a balcony, *and a vestibule*, now takes on a new imitative shape every day. One day it resembles a villa by the sea, with huge picture windows and fluorescent lights.[7] One day it looks like a cabaret, sparkling, shiny, and full of bar stools. Another day all the walls are the same background color, with every surface covered by bunches of multicolored triangles. Every corner of the house, no matter what, is full of Western industrial products. One corner has a hi-fi, another a television, another a /player/ piano for his pampered daughter, another stereo speakers. The kitchen and every other nook and cranny are also full of gas ranges, automatic washing machines, and other things of this nature. The Weststruck man is the most loyal consumer of Western industrial products. If he ever got up in the morning and found that all the barber shops, tailors, and shoeshine and repair shops had closed, the shock of it would strike him down, feet pointed to Mecca.[8] Of course, he doesn't know which direction that is.

The availability of all these activities and products I've listed is more necessary to him than any school, mosque, hospital, or factory. It's because of him that we have such artificial, alien architecture, and such incongruous city design.[9] It's because of him that the streets and crossroads of the cities are lit up like a penny arcade with lurid fluorescent and neon lights. It's because of him that a way-to-the-stomach gourmet cookbook called The Way to the Heart[10] was printed, full of recipes for dishes requiring cream and meat, foods that absolutely cannot be had in our hot, dry climate, dishes that were devised merely *as an excuse* to utilize European gas ranges.

It's because of him that they destroy the arches in the bazaars.[11] It's because of him that they destroyed the Takiyeh-ye Dowlat.[12] It's because of him that the senate building is such a monstrosity. We also have this man to thank if the soldiers wear so much glitter their uniforms look like variety store displays.

A Weststruck man is in awe of the West. He wants nothing to do with what happens in this little world of our own--a corner in the East. If he happens to be a politician, he knows about the subtlest leanings to the right or the left in the British Labor Party, and he knows the American senators better than he knows the government ministries in his own country. He knows the names and reputations of Time and News Chronicle commentators better than he knows his distant cousin in /Khorasan/ [or] *Bandar Abbas*, and he gives more credence to what they say than to the words of a divine prophet. *And why? Because all these people have more effect on what happens in his country than any politician, analyst, or domestic representative.* If his field is literature and rhetoric, he is only interested in knowing who won the Nobel prize for literature this year, who got the Goncourt prize,[13] who got the Pulitzer prize, /or what some European magazine wrote about Lolita./ *And if he's a researcher, he sits on his hands and ignores all the issues that merit his attention in this country. He concerns himself only with what such-and-such an orientalist wrote and said about the issues that deserve his research.* If, however, he's one of the common people, and a follower of the slick weekly picture magazines, well, we've all seen what a smart fellow he is.

In any event, if there was once a time when a spoken verse from the Qur'an or a prophetic tradition in Arabic would command silence from everyone and make every critic sit still, now a line quoted from some Westerner will close every mouth on any occasion.

The situation has gotten so shameful in this regard that Western forecasters, fortune-tellers, and astrologers have suddenly put the whole world in a state of turmoil and fear. Divine inspiration now comes from Western books instead of holy books, or else the mouths of UPI, Reuters, and AP reporters. These giant news companies, processors of fake news and real news! It's true that knowledge of scientific methods, the technique and methods of machine construction and the West's philosophical principles can only be found in European and Western books, but a Weststruck man, who has nothing to do with the principles of Western philosophy--when he wants to know something about the East--consults Western sources. This is how, in Weststruck countries, the subject of orientalism (which is, in all probability, a parasite that has grown on the rotting roots of colonialism) has come to prevail over the minds and ideas of the people.

A Weststruck man, instead of using Western sources just to find the principles of Western civilization, does so only to find what is not Western. In the philosophy of Islam, for example, the Jhoki customs of the Indians, the study of how superstition spread in Indonesia, the spirit of nationalism among the Arabs, or any other Eastern subject, he considers Western writings the only good sources. The Weststruck man even describes, *understands*, and /explains/ himself in the language of orientalists! /He solemnly lets it be known that he participated in some orientalist congress or that his and his father's name and that of his country's poet were listed by some orientalist on this or that page of an orientalist encyclopedia./ *He has placed himself, an imagined thing, under the orientalist's microscope, and he depends on what the orientalist sees, not on what he is, feels, and experiences.* This is the ugliest manifestation of Gharbzadegi.[14] Consider yourself nothing, abandon all confidence in yourself, and in your own eyes, ears, and vision. Turn over all your intellectual capacity to every incompetent writer who's said or written something as an orientalist. I certainly don't know when this orientalism

became a science. If we say some Westerner is a specialist in Eastern languages, dialects, or music, I agree with that, or if we say he's an anthropologist or a sociologist, again I agree to a certain extent. But what does orientalism mean, in general? *Is it knowledge of all the secrets of the Eastern world? Are we living in the time of Aristotle?* I say it's a parasite growing on the roots of colonialism. *What's funny is that this orientalist who depends on UNESCO has his organizations too, and his congress every two to four years, and memberships, and coming and going, and such a lot of carrying on....* /Think of your own examples. It's better that I not mention any names./

The unfortunate thing here is that our contemporary leaders--especially those who are involved in both politics and literature (and unfortunately this is itself another characteristic of politics and political leadership in Weststruck countries, *where most of the politicians are men of letters, bearded and mustachioed litterateurs, and the process has exactly reversed itself, meaning that any politician in the leadership has to write a book too*)--are under the influence of these Western orientalists. They were the student of some orientalist professor at one time, who came here himself, who had come *secretly or openly* into the service of his country's foreign ministry by learning an Eastern language, being without any specialty in his own Western country, and unskilled at any art, profession, specialization, or technique. He was exported to this part of the world right along with Western machine manufacturing, *or as a reconnaissance scout for it, along with a few technicians, so that while selling Western manufactures he could kill some time learning poetry and cheering the heart of his loyal buyer, who would say "Yes, did you see, did you hear? So-and-so was speaking Farsi so well!" This is how we have orientalists,* with their books, research, excavations, poetry studies and musicology. In the middle of this hot market for machines, the Western orientalist comes and writes a biography of Mulla Sadra[18] for us, or gives an opinion concerning our belief *or unbelief* in the Imam of the Age, *or does research on the merits of Shaykh Pashm od-Din Keshkuli.*[19] Not only do all Weststruck individuals everywhere cite their opinions, but we've heard them cite Carlisle, Gustave Le Bon, de Gobineau, and Edward Browne many times on the pulpits and in the mosques as well (which are supposedly the last line of defense against the West

and Gharbzadegi) as the ultimate supporting documents for the reliability of some person, act, or religious path.

Of course we're very right to say that since the Western man, *with all his university and research facilities and libraries crammed to the gills*, uses the scientific method even in the study of Eastern language, religion, and literature, he *has better opportunities and a broader perspective. It's no wonder then that* his words and opinions are better sources than *those of the Easterners themselves, who have neither the scientific method nor those research facilities. And perhaps Eastern sources must also be mainly sought in the West because the museums, libraries, and universities on that end of the world are full of plundered relics, artifacts, and libraries from this end of the world. A Western researcher inevitably has more resources available on Eastern issues.* Perhaps another reason these sciences are more likely to be found in the West is that the Easterner himself has not yet entered into these worlds, being still caught up in a day-to-day struggle to feed and clothe himself, and not having yet found the time to discuss divinity and mortality. *And a thousand other 'perhapses'.* For me, all these 'perhapses' are certainties. What would he say, however, in a case where the Westerner and the Easterner had each given opinions, and each arrived at a different conclusion by the same method? Don't you think, in such a situation, that in the eyes of our Weststruck man the Western opinion would still have priority over the Eastern one? I've experienced this /misfortune/ personally a number of times.

And as a final point--a Weststruck individual in this province knows absolutely nothing about the petroleum issue. He has nothing to say about it, because his interests here and in the hereafter are not there. And even though he sometimes makes his living solely through this means, he never gets a whiff of the actual oil. No comment, no talk, no reference, and no "buts"! Never. The surrender to oil is unconditional. And if he does get involved with it, he works in the petroleum service industries or as a broker. He even writes magazines for them (see Kavosh magazine) and makes films (see Mowj ow Marjan ow Khara) [Waves, coral, and granite], *but ignoring the facts. A Weststruck person is not a dreamer, not an idealist. He's dealing with reality, and reality in this province requires the transfer of oil without disruption.*

NOTES

[1]The cultural equivalent of a 'paper tiger'. (tr)

[2]*I've been criticized for ignoring the people's political struggles in this booklet, from the Constitutional Revolution until today. I haven't ignored these struggles. I've passed over them in silence, because if the leaders of all these struggles had been right (with all their losses to imprisonment, murder, and exile,) our condition would be better than this. Of course, the people aren't to blame for all these defeats. It's the misguided leadership of these struggles that has brought on such consequences.* (A)

[3]Mount Uhud is located in Saudi Arabia in the vicinity of Mecca. (tr)

[4]*See* Sukhan *magazine, Khordad 1340 [May 22-June 21, 1961].* (A)

[5]*For affirmation of these points see* Iran az Yad Naborim [Let's not forget Iran], *by my dear friend Mohammad 'Ali Islami Nudushan,* Entesharat-e Majalleh-ye Yaghma, *Esfand 1340* [Feb 20-Mar 20, 1962]. (A)

[6]*Concerning this prissyness or dandyism see this same* Taskhir-e Tamadon-e Farangi [The subjugation of European culture] *by Seyed Fakhrod-Din Shadman, (Tehran: 1326) [1947 or 48], to which I referred earlier.* (A)

[7]*Note these few lines I've taken from a large color advertisement in the newspaper* Ettela'at *(Ordebehesht 19, 1342)* [May 9, 1963], *p. 12, about some newly-built suburban development on the outskirts of Tehran, and its virtues: "The special mechanisms and astonishing features of this little city have definitely brought a corner of European or American architectural style into our country. The modern villas of this summer resort town will captivate aficionados of Western civilization (sic) and those who have been educated there so that they will always feel that they are living in Europe or America...."*

Does it get more expressive than this? (A)

[9]Muslim burial position. (tr)

[9]*We had gone to buy a house for a friend. There was a house in Darus that had been copied exactly from the churches* [Charles Edouard Jeanneret Le] *Corbusier had built in a modern style, known by the name Notre-Dame du Hout. The only thing it didn't have was the tower, but it had the same nooks, corners, ceilings, and so on....* (A)

[10]A very flashy, slick, expensive book titled Rah-e Del [The way to the heart], written or translated by Mrs. Yusufi, printed by Ebn-e Sina. (A)

[11]*See "Chand Kalimeh ba Mashateha"* [A few words with some bride-dressers] *by this writer in the magazine Andisheh va Honar* [Thought and art], *Aban 1337* [Oct 23-Nov 21, 1958]. *On the same subject is the article "Karavansera-ye Safavi Esfahanra Cheguneh Kharab Kardand?"*[How did they destroy the Safavid caravanserais in Esfahan?] *by Abol Hoseyn Sepanta in the Farvardin 1342* [Mar 21-Ap 20, 1963] *issue of the magazine Armaghan.*

Aside from these things my dear friend Taqi Fadakar relates from his childhood memories that he witnessed how, early in Reza Shah's reign, they destroyed the municipal minaret, which was at the head of the road to Yazd alongside the Zayandeh River, in order to build a military barracks with its bricks at the ruins at Farrokhabad Garden in Esfahan. The minaret had two stairwells, and such intricate detail and historical and architectural importance. And on whose orders was this done? The orders of the Swedish General [sic] Gleerup, who was military chief of staff or some such thing in Esfahan. He said they propped the minaret up on one side and gutted the base on the same side. Then they wrapped blankets around the support beams, soaked them in oil, and set it afire. When the beams burned the minaret fell over on that side. And that was it! (A) [Translators' note: Gleerup, a Colonel, was commander of the Esfahan Gendarmerie.]

[12]*The result of this very 'whoever came built a new building', the initiative of people like Engineer Forughi. And what's more it was done to build the Bazaar branch of the Bank-e Melli, not on the same spot, but way over to one side.* (A)

[13]An annual French literary prize awarded by the Academie Goncourt, founded by Edmond de Goncourt (1822-1896). (tr)

[14]*For the most recent example of this see the article "Dar Mahzar-e 'Aref-e Irani"* [In the presence of an Iranian Sufi] *by Jan Rypka in the first through the third issues of the magazine* Rahnama-ye Ketab [Book Guide], *Farvardin to Khordad, 1342* [Mar 21-Jun 21, 1963]. *It's an article full of the praises of Shaykh Shams ol-Orafa and his mystical power, and so on... And remember that this gentleman Jan Rypka came to Iran as a translator along with the Czechoslovakian (Skoda) specialists during the twenty-year era and then wrote a history of literature for us!* (A) [Translators' note: The 'twenty-year era' was the period of the reign of Reza Shah, from 1921 to 1941. 'Skoda' is the name of an automobile manufactured in Czechoslovakia.]

[15]Mulla Sadra, Muhammad ibn Ibrahim, d. 1641, Sufi and Islamic theologian. (tr)

[16]The author has invented this name as a joke at the expense of the Sufis and the Westerners who study them. 'Pashm od-Din' means 'the wool of religion', a reference to the beard usually worn by the Sufis. 'Keshkuli' means 'beggar's bowl-bearing'. (tr)

ARDESHIR
82

8

A SOCIETY IN DISORDER

What characteristics does a society led by these leaders--I mean our Weststruck society--have? Economically and socially we saw how our society is entangled with incongruous institutions.

It's a mixture of a pastoral economy and a village economy with the manners of a newly formed urbanity, ruled by big foreign economic interests like a trust or a cartel. *We're a living museum of old and new social institutions.* /We have all of this at once./

At least 1.5 million of the people in this country are still nomads. This is an official statistic, which means it's a doctored statistic. If you ask the Ministry of Defense or the Royal Tribal Administration Office, they say. the tribes number something more than three million people,[1] people who are unattached to the land and who destroy everything civilized in their path. They thrive on sheep herding. Ninety-five percent of them are living embodiments of poverty, adversity, and homelessness. They wander the year around in search of the most fundamental requirement of life--water. They're vagrants, *going from summer to winter quarters and back again*. Yet the initiative for all our domestic and foreign political conflagaration is in the hands

of their leaders, who are nominally border guardians loyal to the shah. Instead of being loyal, however, they practice extortion to excess, and in reality they bring insecurity with them wherever they go, and *destruction* and fear.

Their leaders participate in official ceremonies and send congratulatory telegrams on every occasion, but they're a constant threat to anyone who contemplates building anything within their tribal domain. The Khan of Basht still extracts so many thousand tumans tribute every year from the powerful oil company [The National Iranian Oil Company]. The Khan of Hayat Davudi pressured the government to transfer Khark Island to the oil consortium for his own purposes. The Khan of Qashqa'i[2] set himself up in Switzerland and now awaits an opportune moment to return and seize power. *(And we saw on Nowruz of 1341) [Mar 21 1962] how the government's supporters laid waste to his mansion and livelihood in Firuzabad.*[3] If the Bakhtiaris are quiet now it's because ever since the Constitutional Revolution they've found favor in high places, as well as seats in the Senate, the *directorship* of the *Security* Organization,[4] and so on.

In this country, to get anything done it is first necessary to settle the tribes, but not, of course, the way we've been doing it. Not by force and by trampling on them, but by a precise, logical, and well-considered method; by designating land and water for each person; by preparing new agricultural means for each group; by buying their surplus animals; by persuading the people themselves in each tribe to participate in the building of their future homes; and by establishing centers for health, education, and mechanical repair for every newly established village. /Don't ask me to prescribe a remedy for every pain. It's enough to know' the way to the cure./ In any case, as long as tribal tent posts are not converted to village houses, and tribal men and women remain unfamiliar with agriculture and their children don't sit down to study under the roof of a school, any measure to improve matters in this country is either a lie, demagoguery, or a childish pretense. *And then in a situation like this, our governmental policy concerning the tribes is to leave them to fend for themselves until they waste away with poverty and chronic disease, trembling in the face of continual drought conditions, and until the last breath of life has gone out of them, and*

not even a trace remains!

We've also seen that *sixty or* seventy percent of our zealous population lives in villages, the condition of which I've described earlier in this book, and also in Orazan and Tat Neshinha-ye Boluk-e Zahra.[5] The rest live in cities. While the villages thin out day-by-day, newly erected cities are booming and growing day-by-day, exactly like cancerous tumors! Cities spring up on every side of the desert like mushrooms, with no prior planning for their water, power, streets, telephones, or sewage. Are they comparable to anything, other than cancer? We pluck people out of the villages and add them to the cities, cities that differ in no way from the villages except that there's work to be found in them, albeit of a temporary and seasonal nature. Yet there's no work at all in the villages.

In the last ten years they've made a bad situation worse by dabbling in pseudochange. In reality, this merely adds to the class of the petty landlords. If this petty landlord class had been bolstered two-hundred years ago, *at least* now we'd have a decent constitution, but now the name of the game is cooperatives. It's too late to divide up property into small tracts. Property division of this kind now will pose a formidable obstacle for the new mechanized agriculture. Machines and petty landowners don't go together, because petty landowners can't obtain these new tools, and they aren't designed for their needs anyway. With our individualistic spirit and the tendency in each of us to go his own way, it's unrealistic to believe that the majority of the people in a village would get together on their own and pool their resources to bring a machine into the village. *I'll curtail my remarks concerning this matter and defer to my friend Hoseyn Malek, who has propounded a very detailed plan on the matter of agriculture in various issues of the magazine 'Elm va Zendigi and presented it for public consideration.*[6]

/In a country like ours any social or economic activity must be predetermined. Nothing can be left to fate or the future. As things are now, every village must be preserved just as it is, but it must be managed so as to prevent the government and landlords from taking out salaries and shares for themselves. These shares and salaries must be diverted to the development of roads, schools, health care, water,

power, and machinery in the village. Maybe a common fund for these monies could be established in each village for use in the village, in order to gradually instill the idea of a cooperative and its advantages in the minds of the village people. After they realize it isn't a trick and begin to believe in it, perhaps they will take on the remainder of the task of socializing the land and the agricultural activity on their own. It is through this type of process that this exodus from the land can be stopped. When a person leaves his village, someone must ask why he's leaving, where he's going, and whether there's a place for him to live in the city, and a way must be sought to find work and living accommodations for him in the village itself./

In any event, until they stop this mischievous village conscription, and as long as the temptation of the cities exists and the terror of passing tribes remains, the villages will never flourish. As long as roads don't reach the villages, electricity doesn't light village homes, and there are no repair shops for agricultural equipment, each one serving thirty or forty villages, there will be no mechanized agriculture. As long as petty landlords still predominate, and as long as a mechanic's class isn't established near every school, machines will be alien to the villages, and if they do come to a village, they will be no more than a source of destruction, excitement, and confusion.

As for the cities--these cancerous organs--they grow and expand day by day into grotesqueness and superficiality. Every day they demand more Western industrial products. Day by day they become more totally decadent, rootless, and *ugly*. Every one of them is just a crossroads with a statue [of the shah] ordered up by the government. At the center of the square, the bazaar's arches have collapsed, and the neighborhoods are far removed from one another, without water, power, telephones, social services, meeting places, or libraries. The mosques are ruined. The hosseiniyyehs are crumbling and collapsing, and the takiyehs have now lost their meaning.' There are no parties, no clubs, no public parks or recreation facilities. They have nothing better to offer than one or two cinemas, none of them any more than a means of arousing the people sexually, places to kill time or indulge in pointless amusement. Our cinemas neither teach us nor help change our thinking. It may be stated with assurance that, in this

part of the world, every theater is simply a piggy bank where every city resident drops two *or three* tumans a week in order to make millionaires of the principal Metro Goldwyn Mayer stockholders.'

The molders of our urban public opinion are either these movies, government radio, or popular photo magazines. All of these media strive to encourage conformity, to make everyone everywhere part of the same piece of cloth. The houses are all alike, clothing is all the same, as are luggage, *plastic* tableware, grooming styles, and *worst of all*, modes of thought. This is the most prominent threat to our newly formed urbanity.

If conformity of thinking and behavior is dangerous enough in an advanced society to put man at the service of machines, for us, who are only consumers of machines, it's doubly dangerous. It enslaves us to machines with twice the force. A Westerner in the service of machines at least knows of democracy, because political parties are a sequel to machines. We don't have political parties, however, /because we don't manufacture machines/--with our schools that reduce the number of religious societies every day, and our involvement with a form of government that's been around since time immemorial--and if we're going to become slaves to machines on top of all that, woe be unto us from then on! We'll lose everything, principal and interest, both outwardly and inwardly.

In such a society, the large opinion-molding institutions must not be controlled by one or two companies (such as television--this isn't America!) *nor under government control (such as the radio--this isn't a country behind the iron curtain!).* /Such organizations, in an underdeveloped country, must be led by the government only, a government that cares about the people in this age of change, that helps them, guides them, and seeks to find solutions and procedures./' *In a developing country such as ours such facilities must be controlled by society for society's benefit, and be administered by an elected council of writers and intellectuals with no personal material or propagandizing objectives.*

It's been fashionable for some time to talk of large landowners, of the threat of large, immovable estates, ignoring the fact that these days the large landed estates are no longer profitable. We can see

that the shah and others are now talking about dividing up land holdings. They *mistakenly*[10] hold this up as the solution to all problems.

The dangerous things these days are the big moveable estates, money, stocks, bank credit, capital deposited in foreign banks, powerful individuals who have their fingers in industry, the power of big stockholders and domestic *and foreign cartels* and trusts, and especially those who, if I may say so, manage the educational industries, /and publish newspapers and books/. *It is necessary to be thinking about these things and make plans to nationalize or 'socialize' them.*

Politically, we live with a self-interested and careless government, notwithstanding its feeble attempts to exude the manifestations of freedom, which are just window dressing for the assembly. It's self-interested because there's no refuge from it, no hope, no freedom, and no rights. It's careless because despite all this there's still room to breathe and let off steam quietly by screaming into a well.[11] One may see this, because the ordinary man in the street--though he be dressed in the armed uniform of a government *servant* or censor--is still, deep in his heart, the same heedless 'this too will pass' unprejudiced fellow, who has not yet become a dry, rigid mechanical nut or bolt in the hands of institutions because of machines. And rue the day when we also lose this only and final vestige of backwardness and primitivity.

The army, in any event, prevails in the end over everything, is the final arbiter of every situation and first in line for privileges in this country! Officially and publicly thirty percent and unofficially around fifty-four percent of this country's whole budget is spent on maintaining the combined forces of the military, in addition to all the foreign handouts that promote only the military's welfare, over and above the public welfare.[12] Never mind that legislation in this country was as ineffective in the past as it is now, that the judicial and executive powers aggressively interfere with one another, and that administrative organizations still move as slowly as they did in the days when couriers rode mules. All these things are symptoms. The basic problem is that this weak body cannot support such a huge, pretentious, sickly head!

When asked to explain why we have all these armies, they say they're for the purpose of defending our borders and our unified nation, but beneath the surface....? We've seen how borders are so easily crossed by companies, and we've seen how our unified nation gets dissipated from within. *Which invasion is it that we have to confront for defense?*

Neither on the twentieth of Shahrivar nor on the twenty-eighth of Mordad were all these soldiers and weapons of any use to us![13] The whole point of all the military institutions that fill this country from top to bottom is to keep 150 thousand *(of course this is an official figure)* of the nation's finest youths armed to the teeth--irrespective of the fact that things are never as they should be here in this hot market for change with its frenzied, relentless construction--and to nurture and train them to preserve the strength and continuity of a private government that relies on their power. It is inadvisable that all these workers' hands be put to tasks every year in the name of military service that contribute absolutely nothing to national capital formation.

In times like these we must not, in the name of conscription, empty the villages of their vital manpower and bring these people to /live as parasites feeding on others in/ military barracks, /depriving the people of bread and/ learning to wage war against some unspecified future enemy. We cannot sit idly by while every year at least three-hundred thousand strong men are made to bear arms and train at activities which have done nothing for us on any occasion since the seige of Herat.[14] Moreover, this is happening at a time when mutual defense is a priority program even for advanced industrial governments, /at a time when local resistance failed in Azarbaijan, Korea, Vietnam, and Algeria,/ in a period when the fate of governments and world political boundaries are decided /only by the politicians of governments that build machines, and/ not on the battlefield but at the conference table. *In this day and age, it's a joke anymore to talk of obtaining new donated artillery. To go parading with tanks and artillery and to train paratroopers and commandos only serve to suppress the young peoples' demonstrations at the university or to quell the rioting of theology students at Fayziyeh Madraseh,*[15] *and there's no need for so many weapons and men to quell such minor uprisings.*

Let's take an impartial look at Japan and Germany, who were only able to summon the strength to rebuild their totally destroyed economies after World War II because of compulsory disarmament, and who have done this so well that now, after fewer than twenty years, their competitive threat to the conquering nations is causing alarm in marketplaces the world over. Do you think that if these two governments had decided to waste most of their economic power and human resources on armaments, as they did before the war, they would have been as successful as they are today in the matters of political and economic reconstruction? In this day and age, when the ultimate cure for Algeria after eight years of war and bloodshed was to abandon Saharan oil and declare independence, what is the use of soldiers and weapons? *Other than to allow brothers to kill each other?* France, with all its greatness, its weapons, paratroopers, *and commandos*, couldn't defeat ten million Algerians. Who are we going to face with our 150 thousand soldiers? It is in our interest to forget the army and be satisfied with the police and the gendarmerie *as security forces*. If we cannot boldly pursue this plan, definitely and assuredly we must convert all army barracks to centers of learning for technologies and professions that will rebuild the villages, and make them places for acquainting *today's* soldiers--the villagers of the future--with the skills, techniques, *and general and specialized knowledge* necessary to every village community.[16]

Another striking point in the domain of politics is our /childish/ affectation of Western democracy. *That is, we pretend to be a democracy.* It has nothing to do with actual Western democracy /and it cannot have, but our governments affect it/. *Its conditions and requirements--freedom of speech, freedom to express ideas, freedom to utilize the communications media (which are a government monopoly), freedom to publish ideas in opposition to the authorities in power--none of these things exist*--but our government puts on a democratic facade, in order to silence this or that political opponent /at home/ or abroad, *from whom it would like to obtain financial credit.* We've seen that the foundation of Western democracy is political parties, that political parties are functions of advanced economic development, and that when they precede it they turn into political factions, of which we have many. These party-like groupings of ours, if they aren't special interest groups organized to acquire wealth and prestige or the result

of a royal decree ordering their formation--*and short-lived*--will certainly be no more than factions--factions that, /lacking a free hand in political activities and struggles/ *(there are no clubs, the press isn't free, and party and street gatherings aren't allowed)* have contented themselves with operating secretly and being self-styled martyrs. These factions, whether religious or political in color, are no more than seeds of resistance that may someday be useful. Because they're isolated from the people and don't have their hands in the fire, the lines of communication between them and the people are blocked and their cries are not heartfelt. Thus the most these factions can do is be the basis of a likely movement for some foreign policy in need of a local, national base of operations.

Most of the coups d'etat and sudden rotations of government in this corner of the East take place in the name of these very factions, if not at the hands of those groupings. But they're really acting on behalf of foreign political interests. In any case, what is indisputable is that we cannot claim to be a Western democracy in a situation like this. It is neither possible nor in our interests for us to do this. Putting on a Western democratic facade is itself another symptom of Gharbzadegi.[17]

If there was a time when landowners trucked voters by force from the village to the ballot box, on the sixth of Bahman [Jan 26, 1963] *and at the elections, we've seen since that they put the municipal ballot boxes right in the doorways of the ministries and administration buildings and distributed circulars saying that salaries for the following month would be paid upon presentation of an election receipt! It was a perfect example of the story about bringing the load to the donkey. And with all this, such pretensions about free elections and the huge voter turnout!*

We'll only be able to discuss democracy in this country--that is, the opinion and will of the people can only be manifested when:

A - The powerful local leaders, the big landowners, and the remnants of the feudal system--who are an obstacle to free balloting for the people--have been deprived of their power and influence,

B - The publishing and broadcast media are not monopolized by the current governments, but are also their opponents,

C - Political parties, not in the guise of despicable political groupings, have truly gained the power to operate and an extensive realm in which to do so,

D - Interference by security forces and (the Security Organization [SAVAK]) has been unequivocally stopped.

There was a time when everyone was screaming and protesting the absence of freedom, because the one who would end up getting the people's vote--aside from the kedkhoda [village chief], *the gendarmerie, the governing power, the landowners, and the district chiefs--was whoever compensated the voters for time away from work so they could spend half a day taking them to the ballot box and back. Now, however, when the Security Organization [SAVAK] stuffs the ballot box and makes up the ballot as well, what can be said? Now there's not even any use in screaming about it. Whenever the country's intellectuals have been defeated the Security Organization has been the winner. The end of every thread [the intellectuals] have spun has ended up in the hands of this upstart institution, which so controls things with terror, threats, corruption, imprisonment, and exile that nothing ever happens and the two assemblies will convene right on time without a hitch. And why have things turned out this way, anyway? Because the people have no idea of the concept of democracy--and if they have had such ideas they must have been unimpressed by these liberationist claims to have now so silently and peacefully surrendered their fate to intellectual surrogates.*

In any case, until the concept of democracy has penetrated society deeply with extended education and training and until the people have become acquainted--in a true and accurate sense--with the political party system, talk of democracy in this country is fit only for those politicians in the Majlis whose donkeys have already gotten over the bridge and who need the nation's vote to justify their positions.

NOTES

[1] *"According to the (November) 1962 census, Iran's tribes make up fifteen percent of the population. Of the remainder, twenty-five percent live in cities and sixty percent live in villages. Because of some historical factors, feudalism and the tribal system evolved together in Iran. The only power capable of holding its own in the feudal system was the tribal system. It's no accident that all the ruling dynasties which came to power in Iran arose from the tribes. Even in the time of the Constitutional Revolution and its disturbances, the tribal khans (Bakhtiari) and the big landowners (Sipahsalar Tonkaboni and others) participated officially." From page 419 of the Echo of Iran Almanac for the year 1963, published in Tehran in English. See Iran Almanac-1963, Pub. by Echo of Iran.* (A)

[2] The three aforementioned 'khans' (chieftains) are all tribal leaders. (tr)

[3] The 1962 date given here in the Farsi text is probably a misprint. The author is most likely referring to a series of government reprisals directed at the Qashqa'i tribes in March 1963 intended to suppress their attempts to obstruct the government's land-reform program that had just gotten under way. (tr)

[4] A reference to General Timur Bakhtiyar, former chief of the Sazman-i Ettela'at va Amniyyat-e Keshvar (The National Intelligence and Security Organization, better known as SAVAK). See Cottam, op. cit., pp. 63, 302. (tr)

[5] /Both these booklets are published by Entesharat-e Danesh, Sa'di, Tehran./ (A)

[6] *Concerning this see 'Elm va Zendigi's issues for 1338* [Mar 21, 1959-Mar 20, 1960], *volumes 4, 5, and 6 (which are devoted exclusively to land reform) and finally in volume 10, Aban 1339* [Oct 23-Nov. 21 1960], *of the same magazine. All of these things were written and said before the current redivision of property began.* (A)

[7]Hosseiniyyehs are places where the martyrdom of Imam Hossein is mourned, or in which passion plays, reenactments of the imam's martyrdom, are sometimes performed. A takiyeh is a religious theater where passion plays are presented. (tr)

[8]"Every month the people of Tehran spend 23 million tumans at the movies. The theater owners make an 800 percent profit on every film." This was the heading of an article reprinted by the magazine Khwandaniha (no. 6, 30 Mordad, 1341 [August 21, 1962] from another publication, Rowshanfekr. (A)

[9]/I predicted in "Belbeshu-ye Ketabha-ye Darsi" [The confusion in textbooks] that the first monopolies in our country after oil would be the press, and this is becoming a reality. Franklin [publishers] can no longer tolerate a rival press organization. Sokhan cannot tolerate another magazine, and the government no longer accepts new publications./ (A)

[10]The earlier edition uses the term bedorugh (deceitfully) here. (tr)

[11]There is an Iranian folk tale about a barber who noticed that the infant Alexander the Great had a horn on his head while he was giving him a haircut. The barber was sworn to secrecy on this, but the burden of such a secret was unbearable for him. He would vent his frustration from time to time by going to the mouth of a water well and screaming "Alexander has a horn" down into it. Years later a musician who happened to pass by the well cut a branch of bamboo that was growing out its side and fashioned a flute from it. He then proceeded to Alexander's court to play. As soon as he blew into the instrument the sound came out, "Alexander has a horn." The story suggests that ways may be found to give effective expression to frustration without inviting unpleasant repercussions. (tr)

[12]Even the major newspapers discuss the power of the military these days (1340). See the two articles "Arzyabi-ye Naqsh-e Artesh" [Evaluating the army's role] by Daryush Homayun in no. 10820 (19 Khordad, 1341/June 9, 1962) and no. 10841 (16 Tir, 1341/July 7, 1962) of the semiofficial newspaper Ettela'at, and this Daryush Homayun is one of Ettela'at's best writers. Several lines from the first article: "The army of Iran is so vast in relation to the resources

and possibilities of the country that economic and social growth must stand aside for it. Defense considerations must be provided for, but the overall role of the army is domestic... (and at the end of the same article) ...in a country like Iran the manpower and facilities in the armed forces are not to be overlooked in the matter of building the nation." Here are several lines from the second article: "The army of Iran, with close to 150,000 armed men, a huge share of the budget and national income and tens of thousands of men who enter and leave its ranks every year, is not a separate social organization that may be left responsible only for protecting independence and security. Have they not yet understood in our country that without reliance on international defense systems our military establishment has no capacity to engage anything?" (A) [Translators' note: The image of Daryush Homayun among Iranians is not that of critic of the imperial establishment, despite the critical tone in these quotes. He is credited with authorship of an infamous article planted by the shah's government under a pseudonym in the newspapers Ettela'at and Ayandegan on January 7, 1978, entitled "Iran va Este'margaran-e Sorkh ow Siyah" [Iran and the Red and Black Imperialists]. Its purpose was to mobilize public opinion against Ayatollah Khomeini, then exiled in Paris. The article, which called Khomeini a "troubadour", among other things, triggered riots the day after it was published in the city of Qom, which were soon followed by further uprisings in Tabriz and elsewhere. This was the beginning of the sequence of events that culminated just over a year afterwards in the monarchy's downfall.]

[13]On September 16, 1941 (20 Shahrivar, 1320), Reza Shah left Bandar Abbas for Johannesburg, forced into exile by the British. Leonard Binder writes, "In Shahrivar 1320...the myth of the national army was destroyed by the extremely poor showing made by the Iranian forces against British and Soviet allies." Iran: Political Development in a Changing Society (Berkeley: The University of California Press, 1964), p. 144. On August 19, 1953 (28 Mordad) the famous CIA-backed coup took place, ousting the nationalist Mossadeq government and reinstalling the shah. See Cottam, op. cit., pp. 225-29. (tr)

[14]In 1837-1838, Muhammad Shah, encouraged and assisted by the Russian army, unsuccessfully beseiged Herat. The victorious Afghani defenders, led by Yar

Muhammad Khan, were aided and supported by the British. (tr)

[18]Fayziyeh Madraseh is one of the Islamic seminaries in the city of Qom. Al-e Ahmad is alluding to the government's use of commandos to occupy the school and quell student uprisings there in early June of 1963, on the fifteenth of Khordad [June 5] and the days following. (tr)

[19]*In the interval between the first and second editions of this booklet the Ministry of Education, with much propaganda and fanfare, created the Sepah-e Danesh [Literacy Corps], for which it selects high school graduates by lottery to be sent to the villages in military uniform to teach instead of simple military service after four months' service in the ranks, with a salary of 150 tumans [$21.43] per month. So far they've run through two or three cycles, and in each of our cycles two- to three-thousand 'literacy corpsmen' have been sent to the village, with elaborate exhibitions in the cities and villages. On the surface this is a useful thing to do, which will prevent a small number of this swarm of high school graduates (which number twenty thousand annually) from wasting their time, but the most significant thing it really accomplishes is to militarize education in the country. Whether it's something to be proud of or treason, it was initiated by Dr. Parviz Natel Khanlari, formerly a poet, later a senator, and currently Minister of Education! These Ministry of Education measures would have been useful if they'd been carried out under the supervision of the teachers' colleges rather than under the shadow of the army, and had they accepted a larger number of volunteers and exempted them from serving in the army. In any case, in the view of this writer, and for the reasons given below these measures were very detrimental in practice:*

A - With such a plan they've placed the burden of that thirty percent they cut out of the Ministry of War's budget under pressure from American policy onto the back of the Ministry of Education.

B - The teaching profession, which had just begun to gain greater respect after the salary increases of 1341 [Mar 21 1962-Mar 20 1963] (during the time of [Mohammad] Derakhsesh's ministry, based on a minimum salary of 500 tumans [$71.43]), was again made disreputable when it became associated with

underutilized manpower in the army.

C - The Ministry of Education, which was the government institution farthest removed from military activity, has in this way been placed under the army's spurs. (A)

''This chapter went very differently from this point on in the Muslim Student's Association edition: /We'll be able to discuss Western democracy in this country only when the preliminary obstacles have been overcome./

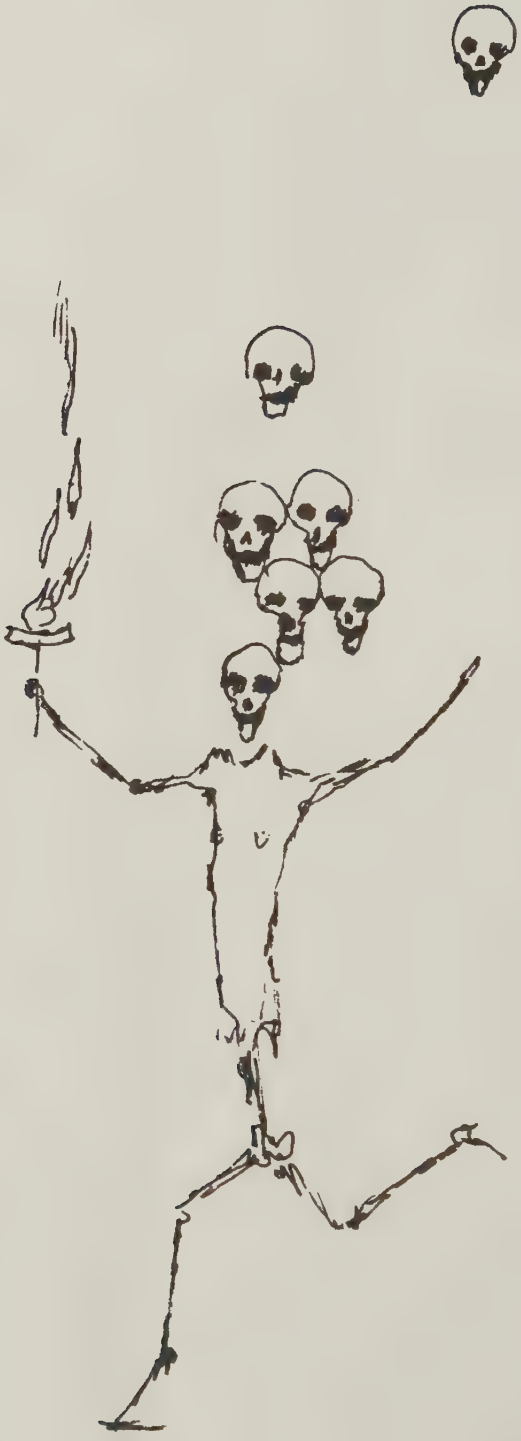
/Among these are powerful local leaders and big landowners. The remnants of the feudal system and tribal governments have always obstructed freedom and self determination for the people. If we were to grant all the people the right to vote tomorrow, in the end the ones to receive their votes would be the people who gave them per diem allowances to go to the polls or provided free transportation there, to say nothing of the mayors, gendarmes, governors, and district governors, all of them uncrowned shahs in their respective provinces or villages./

/A nation that has grown a certain way for thousands of years, that has been governed by self-serving leaders and fostered individualism throughout this long period, that has grown accustomed to hypocrisy and immersed itself in anachronisms and superstition, that fears everything and has always had its aspirations blocked by feudal lords and boss rule, and had its self-confidence destroyed by dictators--assuming that it was allowed to express its inner feelings in political matters--would never go to the polls. We haven't even taught the people the difference between Hassan and Hossein, or what it means to express an opinion at the ballot box. Could such an election be anything more than an election by a rabble, in the most direct sense of the word?/

/Our freedom has been limited throughout the short interval since the twentieth of Shahrivar, and we've tasted no more of it than I've indicated. These unpleasant consequences have themselves provided reasons for the current government to look to serving its own interests. As long as machines and industry have not regimented the people, as I will discuss later, and accustomed them to political parties, and as long as the concept of democracy has not penetrated to the core of our society through a

continuous training program, and as long as we can only affect Western democracy, talk of Western freedoms in this country is only fit for the company of privileged individuals who sit around on regal occasions with full stomachs and empty heads talking pompously. As long as things stand as I see them now, none of the seventy-five percent of our people who are rural will even comprehend the meaning of the anniversary celebration of the Constitutional Revolution on the fourteenth of Mordad./

[Translators' note: On August 18, 1906 (14 Mordad), a month-long protest by the 'ulama ended with a triumphant mass march into Tehran, and the granting of a constitution. See Algar, op. cit., chapter 14, for an analysis of those events.]


ARDESHIR 82

9

WHAT ARE OUR SCHOOLS AND UNIVERSITIES DOING?

Let's look at our society now from the point of view of education, a point of view that has always been my frame of reference. From the standpoint of education we're undisciplined, like wild grass. There is earth, a seed brought there by the wind or on a bird's beak, and rain helping the grass to grow. Just this way, *a plant's existence, and left to accident and wildness as well.* In like fashion, we build a school any way we can, to raise the property values in a neighborhood, to enhance the prestige of some powerful landowner, to redress the grievances arising from some bully's plundering in some political situation, through the honest efforts of the inhabitants of a village, with the endowment[1] of a third of someone's estate, by any means whatever, in any manner.

In any case, once the school is built, our educational network invariably takes hold of it with one of its brittle, inelastic branches, *and with such bustling around and so many headaches.* There's no previous plan whatever, no consideration of where schools are needed and where schools are superfluous. The concern for quantity still prevails over the wise minds in the Ministry of Education.

And the ultimate aim in the Ministry of Educa-

tion? *As I said*, the aim is to nurture Gharbzadegi, or to place *worthless* certificates of employability in the hands of people who are only fit to serve as future stuffing for bureaucracies, and who need a *diploma* for promotion to any position. There's no coordination in the schools, of which we have every variety: religious schools, Islamic schools, /secular schools,/ *Italian schools, German schools*, and schools that turn out pseudoclergymen and theological students. We have technical and trade schools, and a legion of other kinds, but the utility of all this diversity, the reason for the existence of each one of these schools, what they're cultivating, or what work their graduates take on /ten years later/ is nowhere established or recorded. *Diversity in itself--if it be in the sense of division of labor and response to the people's diversity, skills, taste, capability, and perception--is quite useful and is itself the ultimate mark of freedom. But the diversity in our schools is a kind of wildness, like a seed that's planted just anywhere and left to come up any way it can. There's a world of difference between state schools and private schools, and between those in the provinces and the ones in Tehran, even with the same program and the same teacher, for example. But in the one, there are eighty people per class while the other has twenty-five. And so on.*

There is no evidence of reliance on tradition in any school, no sign of the culture of the past, none of the elements of morality or philosophy, not a sign there of literature, no continuity between yesterday and tomorrow, /between the home and tradition,/ between the home and the school, *between East and West*, or between the individual and society! How can a tradition that we've watched collapse lifelessly have any effect on school programs? How can a home whose foundations are in the process of disentegrating *serve as a foundation for our schools*, /schools that don't know what they want?/ But every year, no matter what, we turn out twenty-thousand new high school graduates, bait for a future of every possible complex, pressure, crisis, and rebellion. They're irresponsible people with no ambition or drive, unresisting tools of governments, all willing to play along with anything, *timid and idle*.

This may be the reason the Islamic schools have suddenly acquired such luster in the last ten years. At least in this type of school there's no perceived danger to the faith and religion of the children, *who*

come from strict religious families and haven't yet been hardened to the poisonous essence of Gharbzadegi. But to what avail, since the rigidity of the religious environment will harden them in another way? This makes little difference, however, when *this problem of* religion or the lack of it and education or the lack of it are only problems in /our/ cities. These concerns are the pastimes of urbanites, while out of fifty-thousand villages in our nation, forty-thousand are without schools of any kind.[2] I wish the ones that do have them did not, because if the problem were universal at least there would be a common calamity [illiteracy] everywhere. As it stands now, there are a thousand problems, everywhere different.

There are problems with textbooks; the shortage of teachers; crowded classes; age differences among the students; differences in intelligence, language, and religion; teachers that may or may not be schooled in the methods of teaching and training; the tomb-like nature of the school buildings; the lack of determination in their exercise and music programs, and thousands of other problems. The most important problem of all is the Ministry of Education's aimlessness, and the program confusion. It still isn't clear what the elementary schools must be set aside for, for what aim, and to prepare for what skills. And what about the high schools? And the universities? God save us from these universities! They ought to be the liveliest and most prominent centers of scientific, technical, and literary research. Permit me to address myself briefly to these universities.

We have the University of Tehran, we have the National University, the University of Shiraz, and the ones in Khorasan and Jendi Shapur, and so on. The National University is a storefront for that group of Weststruck intellectuals who've returned from Europe and America and heard so many moans and groans about the University of Tehran's practices and traditions that have already rigidified that they went and opened a shop of their own relying on support from people in higher positions. I even find it difficult to apply the name 'university' to this institution.

As for the colleges and universities in the provinces, there was a time when a [Jafar] Pishevari built the University of Tabriz in Azarbaijan as a

symbol of that province's independence or autonomy in matters of law pertaining to state and provincial organizations (of which there no longer remains a sign or a trace). Later on, when the disturbances in Azarbaijan died down, they realized that this one legacy of that facility couldn't be closed down with curses and abuse like other elements of our heritage, and that it couldn't be preserved either, because whatever else it was it was a remnant left by the Azarbaijan Democratic Party scenario.[3] So what could we do? How about building universities in the other provinces too.... So this is how we came to have all these universities we have now. And how nice, of course. At least work has been found for all these candidates for professorships returning from the West. But what are they going to do? No one knows this yet. And in what field does each one specialize? And of which specialized fields are the provinces most in need? And which ones excel better than the others? And what do they produce? Only God knows when all these questions will be answered. As for the University of Tehran, with all its record of achievement and importance, and all its vanished traditions and shattered independence--whatever else it may be, you would think it ought to be, as was said, a center for the liveliest, most prominent, and highest research. But is it?

Those university departments concerned with technology, techniques, and machines (the colleges of science and technology) merely produce good repairmen for Western industrial products at the highest academic levels--*no new research, no discoveries, no inventions, no problem solving, nothing. Just people who keep Western industrial machines and products running, put them to use and start them up, or people who calculate the resistance of materials and this kind of rubbish. And if there is just a little bit of scientific research and investigation going on it's at the Razi Institute and the Institute Pasteur, which I don't know whether to consider a branch of the University and College of Agriculture or the Ministry of Health or of the central Institute Pasteur in Paris.*

Perhaps it may be said that the medical colleges can hold their own among other medical colleges at the international level. But we must be quick to add that they owe their excellence to the very high rates of death and disease in these provinces. I have a physician friend who studied in France. When it was

time for them to study the effects of the regional Aleppo boil affliction the professor and his assistants looked everywhere and couldn't find anyone with an Aleppo boil scar, until finally that friend himself showed them one on his own face, and they settled for seeing that for their familiarization with this native disease. Here, however, God knows whose unclaimed corpses have fallen into the hands of every medical student! Therefore I'm certain that a medical student in Tehran or Shiraz or any other city in Iran comes out of school with a lot more experience and a lot more surgery and dissection under his belt than the medical students in Europe or America, for example. This is a strong point for Iranian medical students that depends on the weak point of unusually high rates of death and disease.

As for those university departments that have nothing to do with science and technology, or that deal with art and literature, such as the colleges of fine arts and the colleges of literature (in Tehran and the provinces), or with Islamic architecture and Iranian culture, and research and investigation concerning them, I'll take them up one by one:

The colleges of fine arts, with only the two fields of painting and architecture, are the only university institutions that generally train artists. If they can train artists. But the output of these artists may be seen with a casual survey of the doors and walls of the art galleries that are becoming fashionable these days and also with a quick trip down any alley or street. Minus a few exceptions, the result of most of their efforts is the consumption of paints, stone, glass, and iron. Again, this means consuming Western manufactures. Rarely is anyone found among the Iranian artists and architects who doesn't imitate Westerners and whose works have that feature which is genuine and new and which adds something to the world's collective art endeavors. Things have even gotten to the point that we import a judge and a critic from the West to judge painters.[4]

As for the colleges of literature, as it turns out not only is nothing said about literature in the true and universal sense, but even contemporary Persian literature remains unseen and unknown there. The style of thinking of the late 'Abbas Eqbal still prevails in these colleges. Eqbal, may God rest his soul, showed how to see, recognize, and judge literature up to one-hundred years ago, but from then on?

Never.[8] *The result of this sort of approach to literature is that we merely train grave openers, and because of this our colleges of literature ought to be grouped with the colleges that deal with Islamic law and science and Iranian culture and do their investigation and research in these matters, meaning the colleges of law, philosophy, and the religious sciences.*

They're just like the Islamic schools, *mentioned previously,/ which have /thoughtlessly* imagined to themselves that they'll arrest the dangers of irreligion, which is only one of the symptoms of Gharbzadegi, merely by /protecting,/ teaching, and propagating religion *and religious principles. Our colleges of literature, law, and the religious sciences have also imagined that* they will forestall the same danger by taking refuge in Arabic language and literature, *and oral and religious traditions.* This is why the colleges of literature, with all *the merits of* their scholars, dissipate all their care and energy opening graves, searching deeply into the past, and researching the narrated traditions of such-and-such and so-and-so!

In colleges of this type, on the one hand a direct reaction to Gharbzadegi can /clearly/ be seen in this retreat into old texts, old historical figures and the dead glories of literature and /mysticism,/*and abandoning the living present of today*, and on the other hand the greatest manifestation of the ugliness of Gharbzadegi may be seen in their professors' use of the work of orientalists, of whose virtues I've spoken earlier, in their documentation.

When an educated, responsible man of tradition who's a college professor intellectually involved with law and literature *and Islamic and Iranian studies* sees how the West's assault and its industrial products and technology are sweeping everything up and carrying it away, he imagines--*as a means of self-defense and self-expression*--that the more Kalileh and Demneh[9] experts he produces, the better! This is why the graduates of this kind of college have been so ineffectual in society during the last twenty to thirty years, and why they've forfeited their positions to people returning from the West *and been left behind.* And may God grant long lives to *their excellencies* the orientalists, who've written an encyclopedia about every Ilahi Nameh[7] and

a dictionary on every book about some Sufi's beard just to keep *these Kalileh and Demneh experts* busy talking about form and essence, occurring and preexistence, the principle of innocence, and so on...

With a few minor exceptions, the graduates of the past twenty or thirty years from these colleges have been esteemed scholars and philologists. They all know a little bit about important political figures, and all are idiosyncratic commentators on other people's books and unravelers of abstruse etymological or historical problems. They are all certifiers of the true ownership of unmarked graves, exposers of falsely attributed literary works and of the theft or borrowing of such-and-such from so-and-so *one-thousand years ago*, or treatise writers about poets of the tenth century A.H., of whom there are no more than the number of fingers on both hands. Worst of all are those who teach literature in the high schools or are educational or school administrators, or *judges. And again, God bless those in this last group, who have sworn themselves to independence of judgment in the Ministry of Justice, and, if fortune is with them, can distinguish between the true and the false. But those others?* What good have they done us, after all? Other than going deeper into Gharbzadegi?

Every one of these professors *and their proteges* has so retired into his cave of old texts, scribes, and quotations, deaf as the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus, that nothing, not even an automobile horn, will arouse him. They even plug up their ear canals with these very manuscripts to avoid hearing the ugly sound of those horns. /They're all just another manifestation of Gharbzadegi, or a big indication of it. Here, cause and effect are inseparable. It's the chicken and egg again. I will leave it./

Day by day, the mastery of foreign tongues is taking the place of the mother tongue in importance and need for us. Day by day the fields of science and technology are taking people away from these fields and reducing the number of people interested in them. Iranian and Islamic ethics, mores, and sciences, as we've observed throughout the booklet, are becoming more remote and worthless every day. And then in a situation like this the country's centers of literature, law, and learning, the colleges of literature, law, and the Islamic sciences,

just as the clergy, which has taken refuge in the cocoon of prejudice and rigidity in the face of the West's assault, have taken refuge in the cocoon of old texts and contented themselves with training people who search for dots and strokes. These days, just as the clergy has become mired in discussions about what to do when in doubt about which prostration comes next in the prayer ritual, and expounding on what is and is not ritually clean, the centers of literature, law, and Iranian, Eastern, and Islamic studies of this kind are also mired in discussion about the decorative [Arabic] letter 'b' and whether it ought to be connected [to the next letter] or not, and about the silent [Persian] 'v' and whether it ought to be deleted [in writing] or not. This is the very truth. When you throw a man out of the world at large he'll start grasping at details. Yes. When a flood carries the house away or it collapses in an earthquake, you go searching through the debris for a loose door so you can carry the decomposed corpse of a dear one to the graveyard on it.

With regard to educational and university issues, another big problem is the problem of this flood of returnees from Europe and America, all of whom have returned at the very least as candidates for a ministry job, but ended up as governmental deadweight. They're undoubtedly a windfall for us, *like an odd shoe in the desert*, but be realistic and look at what garbage every one of these windfalls turns out to be after coming back and finding a place in an organization and becoming established. They have no area of expertise, no work to do, and no ability to get anything done. They are neither generous nor wholehearted, and most of them are irresponsible. *Especially since even those in this group also consider themselves and their opinions to be worthless alongside those of the Western consultants and advisors who dominate the situation.* /They're perfect examples of culturally transplanted Gharbzadegi, a people with their feet in the air, transmitters of the opinions of foreign advisers and experts./ Contrary to its reputation, *and in my view*, the larger this group of returnees from abroad becomes, the less it accomplishes, and the greater is the helplessness and discord within the organization under its influence!

On the one hand there was never any plan about where to send these young people, *and for what specializations, professions, and technologies.*

Every young person of this kind has gone to some part of the world of his or her own choosing and desire, each has studied something and experienced something completely different from the other. Now that they've returned, each one a candidate for employment in one of the country's governmental agencies or organizations, it will become clear how inept they are and how powerless to do anything! *The one who was trained in France differs from the one trained in England, Germany or America. Each one winds up the instrument differently and plays it a different way. But let me add this point here also, that if I see reasons to be hopeful for the future of intellectualism in Iran, one of the reasons is this very diversity of training and in the academic roots and backgrounds of our people who've been to Europe. The wellspring of the wealth of Iran's intellectual environment is right here. Look at at India's intellectual environment and how they affect Britishness, with the majority of them Oxford graduates! In any case, there are a great many points concerning these people who've returned from Europe and America. It's best to enumerate them one by one.*

The first point is that in the country's current circumstances, most of of these young people are exactly like the beautiful tulips, narcissus, and hyacinths whose bulbs we import from Holland and nurture in Tehran greenhouses until they bloom. Then we buy a flower pot for them *at an enormous price* and bear it as a gift for this friend *or that acquaintance*, and even though the friend keeps them in a warm sunlit room, they don't even last another week! These choice blossoms of our society will likewise wilt in the climate of this country. We've seen them and had experience with them, and if they don't wilt /in most cases, make no mistake about it,/ they'll /have to/ go along with the tide.

Contrary to all this propaganda about bringing back the students who've gone to the West, I don't think there's any hope of their being of service to the country when they come back until there's a receptive environment in these provinces for their activities of the future.

And so the question arises, who will be the one to prepare this environment? You can see that there are many issues. I think that in this bitter cold place the ones who will be able to prepare the way will have simmered in the ovens here and learned the

ropes in these cold climes. /As long as the condition of our Western-educated students remains as we've seen, with all this disharmony we have, and study in the West is left up to individual desire, accident, and circumstance, I don't think there's much hope for us, despite [what they say], that the more Western-educated people we have, the more hope there is for success in renovating the structure of our country./'

A second point is that most of these young people, when they live in Europe or America and imitate free societies and environments to varying degrees, have a certain understanding of freedom and create a stir of activity in their student unions. Most of them are hot and full of vim and vigor. And talk, activities, demonstrations, and publications. As soon as they return, however, and they get hold of the cow's tail here, all those factors are forgotten. Yes, it may be that the passing of youth, which is accompanied by fire and passion, is one of the reasons for this forgetting. But don't you think that such a regression occurs here because the governments don't encourage that kind of talk and such freedoms aren't permitted? In any event, whatever the reason, I know a whole string of young people like this, each one of whom has retired into a corner after coming back and contented himself with having whatever might come his way from this feast. You wouldn't think they'd been rebellious and liberationist at one time. A wife, the responsibilities of life, and children are also ready excuses. Especially if the wife is a Westerner.

The third point is in fact this very issue, the very fact that a significant number of young men like this come back with European and American wives, and there's also a very small number of girls who come back with European or American husbands. And don't you think that this is itself another problem added to all the other problems? When the basis of the Iranian family with a close and familiar wife and husband of the same blood is falling apart, of course it's obvious what must be happening in this sort of mismatched family. These young people and their families are like homing pigeons with two roosts. They are the ultimate human results of Gharbzadegi. To solve the domestic difficulties in a family like this is itself enough of a problem. This group of young people has neither the ability nor the ambition to solve the external, or social problems. There are

no more than two or three categories of young people of this type:

A - Those who came from poor families and got themselves to the West with difficulty and studied. For this group, having a European or American wife or husband is a way to break with lineage and blood ties, which no longer constitute a suitable milieu for a dignitary returned from the West, and a ladder to pull oneself up from its level to a higher social level. The dangerous consequences of a marriage like this are plainer than day.

B - Those who settled for marrying a Western woman or man because of the rigid and onerous marriage restrictions and regulations in Iran. And now that they have returned with knowledge, diplomas, and the ability to speak European languages, they find that all those restrictions are broken and it seems as if they've brought back a European woman or man souvenir for nothing. The consequences of such a situation with the comparisons that will face them later are also clear.

C - Those who (whether girls or boys) lose their virginity in Europe or America and begin womanizing or carousing with men among the Europeans and later upon returning with a foreign mate either no longer recognize any God and find no one acceptable, or realize how wrong they were, and so on like this....

In each of these instances or others, when a young Iranian graduate comes back with a European or American mate, the explanation given for it will fall back on these two or three points:

He has either married a foreigner when that foreigner's environment or that environment of foreigners accepted him (for example because of the shortage of men in Germany after the war--this is the very reason why the percentage of German women who have married Iranians is more than any other nationality of women). And isn't this being accepted in a foreign environment and by a foreign woman in reality the same as being uprooted from one's own native environment? And won't this in itself lead to a sort of chronic manpower shortage for us? And of trained and educated manpower at that? In any case, where the girls that marry foreign husbands are concerned we lose them all with very few exceptions.

Or for this reason, that the young Iranian graduate in Europe or America wanted to compensate for the pain of the contempt that dogged his or her steps while he or she compared all aspects of Iran with Europe and America and in his or her environment and manners, etc.... I'll say that in confidence and pass on.[10]

With this information don't you think that taking a Western husband or wife is itself one of the most acute instances of the emergence of Gharbzadegi*? If this is the case I think* the time has come for us to send students to India and Japan for higher education and nowhere else *in Europe or America*, with a /clear and/ orderly plan *appropriate to the country's technical and scientific needs*, for a period of say twenty years or so. I say only these two countries because we all know how they've come to terms with machines, how they've taken hold of technology *(especially Japan)* and how they've dealt with the problems we now face. In my estimation, only when such a plan *or plans of this nature* have been put into effect will it be possible to be hopeful for the future of our education, through the establishment of an equilibrium between the Eaststruckness(!) of the Asia returnees and the Gharbzadegi of present-day returnees from the West.[11]

NOTES

[1]The Persian word is vaqf, meaning mortmain, an inalienable endowment, legacy, or bequest of a pious or religious nature, established for religious or charitable purposes. (tr)

[2]*The Literacy Corps claims that it now has temporary schools operating in ten-thousand villages despite all its public relations hustling, and this apart from all the liabilities I've already discussed. This is good news in any event.* (A)

[3]Jafar Pishevari was leader of the Democratic Party of Azarbaijan, which was the organizing force for the Azarbaijan seperatist movement in the early 1940s. Pishevari was also prime minister of Azarbaijan during its brief period of autonomy between September 1945 and December 1946. (tr)

[4]*Concerning the output of these painters, see Keyhan's Ketab-e Mah in the two issues (the first one and the final one) for Khordad [May 22-June 21] and Shahrivar [Sep 23-Oct 22] of 1341 [1962] and the various articles by Simin Danishvar and Jalal Moqadam, and the article on the painters' conference.*

[5]*See the issues of the magazine Yadgar from the period when that late gentleman ran it.* (A)

[6]Known also as Bidpai, or A Mirror for Princes, Kalileh and Demneh is a collection of Indian fables dating to the early fourth century A.D. Kalileh and Demneh are corruptions of the Sanskrit names of the two principal characters, two jackals, Karataka and Damanaka, counselors to the lion king. The work is a frame story containing numerous fables designed to teach political wisdom or cunning. (tr)

[7]See Farid al-Din Attar, 13th cent., The Ilahi-nama, or Book of God, translated by John Andrew Boyle (Manchester, England: Manchester University Press, 1976). (tr)

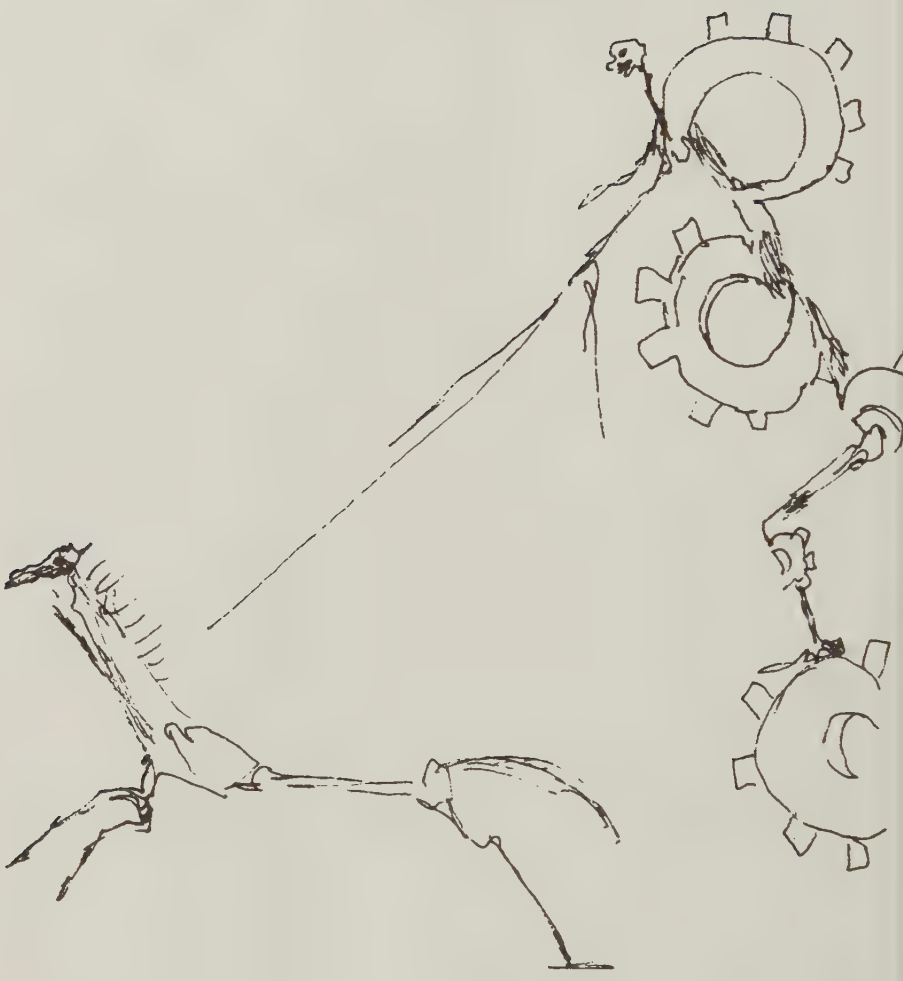
[8]To see how this chapter ended in the Muslim Students' Association edition, read the following transitional paragraph (deleted in the Ravaq edition) and go to the last paragraph in the chapter. (tr)

/This line of reasoning is what leads me to believe that it's time we totally refrained from sending students to Europe and America. We've seen what results all this study in Europe and America does and does not produce./

[9]*A popular belief concerning this unpopular phenomenon is that whenever a man attains a position, if he has a European or American wife everyone will know it was only because of having a Western wife that he got the position, even though the man himself has the highest qualifications.* (A)

[10]*I came across this point when the book* Les Quarantaines *by Fereydoun Hoveyda came out (in French, in 1341) [1962], explaining it. A very nice young Easterner (Fereydoun cast himself as a Lebanese/Egyptian in that book, and it makes no difference) in the confrontation between East and West--and in a spiritual confrontation between these two worlds within himself--triumphs over his psychological problems and his embarrassment and feelings of contemptibility when he wins a European woman who had captured his heart several years earlier. A more interesting point in this book is that, even with the feeling of love after the object of desire was obtained, and before as well, the hero of the book didn't have the courage to articulate this love, even secretly to himself.* (A)

[11]A study of the structure and history of Iranian education was published the same year the first edition of Gharbzadegi appeared in Persian. See Reza Arasteh, Education and Social Awakening in Iran (Leiden: 1962). (tr)



ARDESNIR - 92

10

A BIT ABOUT MACHINESTRUCKNESS

The prominent factors distinguishing this era of confusion, with its characteristic crises, are scientific advances on one side; changes in technology, the arts, and machinery on another; and on another side the possibility of discussing Western democracies.[1] We only have these three factors *(scientific advances, changes in technology, the possibility of discussing freedom)* in superficial form. *We have samples we can use to show off.* If the rapid evolution of machines *and technology* to increase production brings on social crisis,[2] for us, who are only beginning now and must cross a two-hundred-year time lag, this process will ultimately bring on more devastation than we can imagine, and our own fever and delirium will be even more hopeless and interminable than that of other similar nations.

Nevertheless, let's assume that tomorrow we become like Switzerland, Sweden, France or the United States--an impossible assumption is not impossible--what would we be like then? Wouldn't we be caught up in the same problems the West has had *for some time*? What would we do about these new problems? Before I discuss one or two of these kinds of problems, let me say that my purpose is to clarify the massive problems we have already, so we can see what a long way we have to go and what a vast void we must fill.

One basic problem with Western civilization in the Western nations themselves is the obligatory vigilance against the seeds of facism which is built into nineteenth-century liberalism. In France, we have *His Excellency Mr.* De Gaulle,[3] with the Algerian problem at his feet, and right-wing militant and nonmilitant extremists working hand in hand with the hoods of the Foreign Legion, who stain the streets of Paris and Algeria every day with the blood of those who are trying to solve Algeria's problems. In Italy and Germany we have the remnants of the Brownshirts, and in America we have a new /secret/ organization called the [John] Birch Society, which thinks even *His Excellency Mr.* Eisenhower is a communist. In England there's the Scotch /Republic/ Independence movement, and everywhere else the tree has a worm of the same proportions!

This Foreign Legion itself poses a problem of this nature for Europe. We know that every European criminal and exile, *and at least every adventurer*, when no longer able to remain in his own community because he has reached a dead end, is forced to volunteer for the legion, unless of course he goes to work for a *diamond or* gold-mining or ivory-trading company in the African jungles (see Journey to the End of Night, by Louis Ferdinand Celine, the late *contemporary* French writer).[4] Thus the Bandar Abbas of Belgium is the Congo, and the Qeshm Island[5] of France is Algeria, Djibouti, or Madagascar. For Italy it's Somalia or Libya, *for the Portuguese it's Angola or Mozambique*, and for the Dutch (the Boers who control South Africa are of Dutch extraction) it's South Africa *or Indonesia*.

What do you think this legion is, after all? It's something just like the old-time mercenary armies. What is its mission? To destroy freedom wherever necessary, to serve the oil and gold-mining companies wherever the local people make trouble, and to be a gang of mechanized (!) cutthroats for whichever bully pays the most money. Ever since Spain in 1936 and continuing until Algeria and the Congo *and Angola* just recently, *wherever the stage was set for depradation, gentlemen like these were there and everyone* got bloodied and pulverized under the bootheels of these European gangsters. And anyway the issue is not simply a matter of Europe exporting hoods along with its machines.[6] What's really significant is that Europe preserves the well-being and security of its cities, museums, and

theaters by depriving colonized and backward countries of their freedom. Now that the colonized nations are attaining their freedom one after another, and we see that Europe cannot protect its assets, let's see how Europe will cope with the 'unwanted merchandise' it has been left with. One may assuredly expect to see a lot of chaos in Europe. *As it appears on the surface, it seems that Angola, Mozambique, and South Africa are still the principal bases for these Foreign Legionnaires, and don't you think that later on these gentlemen will change clothes and come sit at the side of the Shaykh of Kuwait as consultants, advisors, and experts, or become ministers to the Shaykh of Qatar, or even in our own state? Let me move on.*

Why is this so? Why, in the heart of Western civilization, do such difficulties become obstacles in the pathway of every change? The reason, in my mind, is that *adventurism, rebellion against the people and the laws, intellectual and virtual brutality,* /and fascism/ are themselves the secondary results of regimenting people alongside machines. *The initial results are Western industrial products, the secondary results are these things,* and this regimentation is itself a machine requirement. *Cause and effect are together.* Mechanized uniformity, lining up in ranks at the factories, coming and going on time, and doing one kind of *sickening* work throughout life will become second nature to all people who have anything to do with machines. Attending the meetings of political parties and unions, where uniformity of dress, manners, greetings, and thought are expected is a third habitual pattern that will follow in the wake of machines.

Uniformity of dress in the factories, then, will lead to uniformity in the political parties and unions. This, in turn, will lead to uniformity in the barracks--meaning alongside war machines! What difference does it make? A machine is a machine. One makes milk bottles for children, another makes hand grenades for young and old, adults and children. It is this uniformity of shape, *dress,* and thought in the service of machines *(which Charlie Chaplin sharply condemned, and if we acknowledge his worth the reason is that he perceived the danger of going to the slaughterhouse of machines like sheep),* and in the unions, *clubs,* and political parties and barracks that leads to the uniformity of shape, *dress,* and thought of the Black shirts and Brown shirts. And

every twenty years or so it draws these same Western *sheep for slaughter*, as we have seen, into bloodshed, when they call the world to war and relegate all these problems to the realm of memory. To put it more clearly, /fascism and/ war-mongering--*apart from the fact that they appear as the sequel to vigorous industrial expansion and the search for new markets to export goods--basically* derive their manners and customs from machines, machines that are themselves the harvest of 'pragmatism', 'scientism', 'positivism', and other similar 'isms', /both in the sense I have discussed and in the simple sense put forward in socialism/. *These days even children can see that* whenever machines have *reached the surplus production stage* and attained the capability of exporting *their manufactures, the owners of the machines (the companies)* have then entered into vicious hostilities with competitors *in order to monopolize the export markets.*'

In addition to these concerns, let's notice that the political parties in a Western democratic society are /actually/ pulpits for *giving satisfaction to the* deranged *emotions* of unstable, and--from the psychological standpoint--sick people, who have been deprived of any sort of opportunity to express themselves because of the daily lineup *at the machine*, getting up exactly on schedule every day, *getting to work*, and not missing the street car, and also if we notice, the Fascist parties and other extremist parties, in their origins and their prejudiced derivatives, take the greatest pains to satisfy the sick desires of this very /type of/ human being, from the intensely red coloration they adopt for their flags to the insignias, signs, and symbols they employ using eagles, lions, and tigers, which are really the savage totems of the twentieth century, and their customs and ceremonies for entering and leaving their gatherings. *So we can see the first cause of these diseases and the way to either cure them or retain them chronically.* These are all problems of the West and the advanced machinestruck societies, solutions to which are the concern of the experts of those nations!

As for ourselves, we don't know about democracy, and we lack an understanding of machines that would enable us to comprehend the regimentation that goes with them. It's amusing that we have parties and societies, established by decree! Instead of being drawn into line by machines, and then being driven

from there to political parties and (democratic) society, and then re-forming those same ranks in the barracks, we have begun at the opposite end. First we establish the ranks and the uniformity in the military barracks (which are never used for *war--except war in the streets*) so that when we do acquire machines we won't be functioning improperly, or in other words so that the machines won't be functioning improperly. This is the best thing I can say about our situation today. In the West they arrived at regimentation, military barracks, and war by way of machines and technology, while we were just the opposite. *From military barracks and training for street fighting--we go to joining a party system and becoming slaves to machines. That is, we're trying to get there.* /This is unraveling the skein from the center./ Enough said. /This is one point./

Another *of the problems Western societies have* is that the West, in the days when it had its colonizing encounters with the East, *Asia*, Africa, *and South America*, was in totally different circumstances than it is today. The Western man of the nineteenth century who came to this part of the world along with the first industrial products did whatever he wished to do. He was assistant to lords, princes, and governors. He was advisor and consultant. He sheltered advocates of the Constitutional Revolution in his embassy *in Tehran*, and in Shiraz, during the fighting between the Qashqa'is and the followers of Qavam [al-Molk],' any house flying his flag above its roof was safe, an inviolable refuge. Now, however, when even the primitive people of the Congo, because of the nationalization of oil, of the Suez Canal and of the Cuban sugar companies, have studied and learned *to recognize foreigners in any guise and* not to take them in with such endearing hospitality, the Westerner has changed his skin. He's put on a new face so as not to be recognized.

If the Westerner *who came to Asia and the East* was "Master" or "Sahib" and his wife "Mum Sahib" in those early days, today he's a consultant or advisor under the auspices of UNESCO. Though he's come here to do the same *or similar* things, he dresses more acceptably. He no longer wears a safari hat (colonial hat) and he watches his appearance. We Easterners *and Asians* ourselves, however, haven't yet grasped this point, now understood by Western man, that it isn't possible to go back two-hundred years in the second half of the twentieth century. We've not yet

understood that those scarecrows of the nineteenth century were those same 'pots over the head' we saw earlier.

Apart from all this, the colonizing Westerners sometimes brought along artists in their caravans, like Gauguin the painter, Joseph Conrad the writer, Gerard de Nerval, Pierre Lewis, /Somerset Maugham,/ and more recently, Andre Gide and Albert Camus... Each of these people became emotionally attached to some aspect of the virgin beauty of the East, and created works that shook the foundations of Western standards in life, art, and politics. Gauguin brought the essence of the sun and color to the West on his canvases, and so disrupted *the dark and gloomy painting of Flamand* that today the works of Picasso and Dali seem old-fashioned. In 1934, Gide, in his journals of the Congo, brutally shamed the world's marketplaces with his accounts of the ivory-trading and gold-mining companies. Andre Malraux provided information on Southeast Asian *Khmer* civilizations, which are older than the four pillars of the Forum of Rome or the Acropolis of Athens. There were others, all of whom, by seeking out the paths and customs of other lives in the East and *Asia or South America*, discovered worlds of which nothing was known *within the walled-in confines of* Europe and the West.

The story of jazz music is another kind of horn in itself. In the case of jazz, it is the black Africans who now wail beneath the skies of New York. This is the same black man who was once a slave growing cotton for aristocrats and Western companies *in New Jersey and Mississippi*, and who now shakes the ceilings of /Buckingham Palace, Windsor Castle, and/ Carnegie Hall with his trumpets and drums, and *in no time at all* he will be finding his way into Gothic churches, which have never opened their doors to any music except Bach and Mendelssohn.

I want to say that the West, in colonization's beginnings, merely sucked the East's blood--which included ivory, oil, silk, spices, and other material goods--like a leech. Now, however, it has gradually realized that the East, *apart from the material goods and what the museums and factories have brought from there*, also possesses an abundance of spiritual wealth, *that which the universities and laboratories are working with. And as we saw, this was how the basis for anthropology, mythology, dialectology, and a thousand other 'ologies' based on gleanings from*

this very end of the world was planted in that end of the world. And now, in addition to all this, /gradually/ the spiritual wealth of the East, of Africa, and of South America has become a mental preoccupation for Western intellectuals and educated people. It has now come to the point where the literate, cultivated man of the West enjoys 'primitive' African sculpture and jazz music. In literature he reads the Upanishads, Tagore, Taoism, Buddism, *and Zen. Who is someone like Thomas Mann, anyway? Or Herman Hesse? And what does existentialism say?* Every young stripling in the West knows the art of Japanese gardening, *how to drink tea Chinese style*, and how to serve an Indian meal.

The Westerner's turning to Eastern *and African* criteria in art and literature *and in life and ethics (which shows on the one hand the Westerner's disgust and at least weariness of his environment, customs, and art, and on the other hand it shows how arts, customs, and culture from anywhere can spread over the entire world, and this is of course a very beautiful sign)* is gradually extending into the domain of politics. *And don't you think that, as a follow-up to the West's attention to Eastern art, the time has now come for the West to turn its attention to Eastern politics?* Yes, the escape from machinestruckness requires this. The fear of atomic war dictates this.

At the same time, we Weststruck people in such times don't know our own music and hear it as useless noise. We talk about symphonies and rhapsodies. We've turned our backs on Iranian portraiture and miniatures. /Imitating the Venice Art Festival, we paint heaps of color side-by-side,/ *and in imitation of the Biennale of Venice we even consider fauvism and cubism out-of-date.* We've laid Iranian architecture aside, with its symmetry, its ponds and fountains; its gardens, basements, bathhouses; and sash and latticed windows. We have closed our traditional gymnasiums[9] and forgotten how to play polo. We take four wrestlers to the Olympic games, which were founded on the basis of the marathon,[10] itself a symbol of the defeat of a military despot of ancient times who launched a campaign from this side of the world to that side.

Why, after all, shouldn't Eastern nations be aware of their own wealth? And why, just because machines are Western, and we have to adopt them, have

we supplanted all our /Eastern/ criteria for *life, manners, and art* with Western ones? *Why should the UNESCO emblem be designed after the Greek columns of the Acropolis? And not, for example, after the Assyrian winged bull, or the columns of the Egyptian temples at Karnak and Abu Simbel?* Why shouldn't Eastern countries, for example, take their own national games to the Olympics? /Polo, for example, or horse racing,/ archery, dancing, physical exercises (I mean yoga) or /Iranian calisthenics/.

Enough. This is another point.

/A further point is that if machine service requires pliable, submissive, and normal people whose problems, discomforts, and pacification are all handled by the political parties on the rostrum, who have passed some intelligence test, whose pulses beat so many times per minute, who are of a certain height and who turn their wrenches so many times a minute lest their machines be ruined or damaged and the company's capital be wasted--and Western education and training seeks and selects such men for that purpose--and the Ford Motor Company, for example, tells the University of Chicago that it wants two-thousand of a certain type of person graduated in electrical engineering during the next ten years towards the same end--I don't know why we, who have no machines and no compelling need to produce submissive, pliable, identical people, are seeking these same stable people in our education who are adjusted a certain way and have a certain type of tolerance,/ *I'll move on.*

Another problem for Western societies is that in addition to the submissive and compliant people they create--for the purpose of serving machines--they also create people of a new variety who may be characterized as 'made-to-order heroes', just like prefabricated houses, in the larger-than-life images of cinema stars, or in those who ride in the noses of rockets. This, of course, is also logical. When you've made all the people into a single piece of canvas from one end to the other with not a one of them sticking his head up above the others, there is no alternative but to break up this uniformity of common humanity and present an example so the hopelessness won't be absolute. This is how it happens that while, for example, the Ford Company orders so many electrical and mechanical specialists from such-and-such a university every year with such-and-such

characteristics, such-and-such a film company is also doing its work, that is, it's creating heroes, according to a plan. Although there was a time when a certain specified kind of courage (which, as Plato said, was one of the four virtues) would emerge from someone spontaneously and that person became a hero and the poets sang his praises, now such-and-such a film company calls for someone to act out such-and-such a historical or legendary act of courage in order to make some film, and come look at how the newspapers, radio, and television carry on about it. And the companies promote it in every possible way, spend a fortune on publicity, and dramatize the lives of their stars, their marriages and divorces, their children being kidnapped, their participation in some black-and-white struggle, their dancing on such-and-such a night with some divorced queen, and so on.... And for a year or two before the film is finished it continually comes out and comes out in the newspapers, radio, and television to the point that news of it by way of Reuter and the Associated Press even reaches the ears of the media in Tehran, Singapore, and Khartoum. Then the time is ripe and the film has an awesome, almighty opening night in one of the fifteen capitals of the world, attended by dignitaries of state and so on. And the result? Another hero is added to the list of screen heroes, which is to say that in reality another historical and legendary hero has had his prestige and credibility damaged.

Another example of this kind of hero making--that is, the ordinary man becoming a hero on the screen--is those men who ride in the noses of space rockets, whose wives didn't even take them seriously until yesterday, or who weren't even married, but today they're famous from horizon to horizon. And in what situation? In a situation where the scientists who built the rockets themselves and the principal discoverers of the new fuels for space travel live in complete anonymity. Both in the Soviet Union and the United States. And why? Because the names and backgrounds of the rocket builders, even their human existence, are military secrets not to be divulged. But the one who rides in the rocket? Of course it's no secret. It's a way to make fools of the people, a tear someplace in this featureless, mundane expanse which is the fate of the vast masses, in order to raise some hope in their hearts that says "yes, you too could have been a rocket man," and so on. And then so many photographs and details, so many com-

memorative stamps, so many press releases, and so much garbage! And with such propaganda and maneuvering! Heedless of the fact that he's a human being like all the others, with a bit more courage and perhaps a bit more luck, since we know nothing of the fate of those who have been annihilated in space. It's a military secret, after all! And in any case, don't you think that such an astronaut, while being a human being with all the rights of one, has also become something like a laboratory rabbit in this space-travel experiment? This is a degradation of humanity! The gentlemen themselves don't hide it, saying "yes, such-and-such an astronaut is so brave," and so on, and "he's ready to sacrifice his life for humanity"! And I say it's for technical progress! After all, there was a time when His Holiness Abraham brought his son for sacrifice in the name of God, but today they sacrifice people for technology and machines. And they're proud of it too! And they've done such trumpeting and bugling in both directions for astronauts that you see legions of people in every Siberian or Alaskan village who are signing up or have signed up for this sacrifice. And isn't this in itself a sort of flight from monotony that machines impose on people? In any case, this is the machine's ultimate violence in the domain of humanity!

At first they wrote things making fun of space rockets that we would read, saying "yes, they pinned Christ down in the fourth heaven with a needle and now the rockets are navigating the seventh heaven," and things of this nature. This humor was used to conceal the reality that even the heavens are no longer the domain of the angels. And it's all human nature. A human nature that will rise above the firmament if it goes into the service of machines, and other such propaganda, ignoring the fact that monkeys and dogs preceded this degraded humanity in this celestial wandering. In any case, you can see that in the industrial countries it's no longer a question of machines wanting submissive and compliant people with such-and-such qualifications. Rather the point is that, in making such human sacrifices, machines are creating a new kind of human being. They diminish the dignity of mankind by taking sacrifices from it with the same status as four-legged animals. In the news item "such-and-such a rocket lady marries a handsome young rocket man," and the sequel, "the lady is pregnant now," followed by "astronaut couple has baby," I see humanity itself being toyed with,

and pragmatism and scientism being carried to the point that they put the two human sexual beings through difficult experiments like two mice, then they fertilize and breed them... For what? To prove that a human being can breed in outer space too. And then what? This is the question! Let me move on. In any case, these things are problems for the advanced societies. What we already know about this is enough. But we, who neither have machines nor an advanced society; ought not to get wrapped up in these consequences I've listed; have no compelling need to create submissive, compliant people; and have no need of made-to-order heroes--come look and see what we won't do! We make these same myth-making claims about people who win prizes, or during the election of parliamentary representatives, or in the election of such-and-such a villager who's to read at such-and-such a poetry event, and so on like this.... And worst of all is that we see the training of these same stable individuals and other uselessness on the front page of every educational assembly program.... *Of course it can be protested that this, too, is another sign of* Gharbzadegi*, but is it enough just to give the pain a name? I'll comment in somewhat greater detail concerning the most dangerous effect of machinestruckness that has emerged in the Ministry of Education.*

If one were to designate a proper role for our educational system, it ought to be to discover outstanding people who are ultimately able to lead this caravan somewhere in the midst of this social chaos caused by the crisis of Gharbzadegi. *Such as it is, the Ministry of Education's aim must not be and cannot be* to make human beings identical and all of a piece, so they all tolerate the present situation and learn to live with it. Especially for us who are living in this time of change and crisis. In an age *of social hell such as the one we're now passing through* it will only be possible to endure all this change and crisis and to restore order to all this social disorder *we have seen in this book* with the help of people who are /dedicated,/ *principled*, and self-sacrificing (these people are called "stubborn" and "willful" *and unstable* in popular psychological jargon).

If it was true at one time that this country's aristocratic educational system was only used to train the country's leaders, *as in the Safavid or Qajar periods or before, when teaching and training*

were precisely coextensive with the ruling apparatus, and not widespread, and they kept a limit on it,[11] today when the leadership, contrary to what might be expected in these times, is still at the disposal of a limited group of feudal and aristocratic families and proteges of the *court and the* two-hundred elite families, in the style of the ancients, and our leadership is itself a superfluous appendage to the big political and economic powers abroad, and on the other hand, education has expanded tremendously, and has taken root at deeper levels of society and in a wider range of social classes, it will surely produce more results, *and since it only produces pencil pushers, this inevitably means* a vastly increased number of candidates for leadership. In such a situation, whatever other probable characteristics our educational system may have, more people will be added every day to the swarm of dissatisfied individuals *who have studied and studied with the aim of gaining staff and administrative leadership positions* until they have arrived at the threshold of leadership but cannot find their way into leadership positions because they lack political and financial connections, and are neither members of one of the two-hundred families nor major *holders of moveable assets.*

In this situation, *as in our education,* on the one hand the queue of those who have been trained in the schools, universities, and in the West, with all the faults they may have, becomes longer every day--*meaning that the possibility of creating an extensive intellectual environment becomes greater*--while on the other hand the /power of the/leadership *apparatus* becomes more closed, exclusive, and monopolistic every day *while the Security Organization's sifting gets harsher and more intolerant.* What can we do about this conflict? We can see here that we live in a time of escalating social conflict. Under such conditions, training submissive and conformist people and squelching violent and mutinous *human forces* is the most dangerous and suffocating step that can be taken to arrest change. *And the Ministry of Education is taking this step with the help of the Security Organization and the army, with today's Teacher's Corps and the Health Corps of the future!*

The task of education and policy in this country at this time ought to be to help identify differences and conflicts--conflicts between generations, between classes, and among different schools of thought, *in*

order at least to know what problems lie ahead. Once the problems are clear the solutions will of course also be found. It is the special responsibility of the Ministry of Education to help tear down all the walls of obstruction within which the country's centers of command and leadership have enclosed the country *and monopolized it. I'm talking about making the country's leadership 'democratic', or making a monopoly of it for this or that person or family. I cannot be any more explicit than this. It is the responsibility of the Ministry of Education* to break down every wall that's been erected in the path of progress and evolution, and to give aid to that side of the *intellectual, real, and human* equation that belongs to the future, not to the side that's fading away and has no place in our times. Our educational and political leadership must use these active and provocative young people as levers to dislodge these old institutions, with all their heaviness, in the twinkling of an eye and put them to use as materials for building a different world. In these times of change we need radical, principled people with personality and skills, not Weststruck people of the type I've described. We don't need people who are repositories of facts, jacks-of-all-trades and masters of none, *or just nice fellows and good people*, or who are submissive and compliant. We don't need placid conformists or people who live docilely in a blissful world of their own. *It is these people who have written our history as it has been so far. We've had enough of them.*

The West is fortunate in that, having surpassed the need for wizards, Aristotles, Farabis,[12] and walking encyclopedias of human knowledge, thanks to the work of its encyclopedists, *it no longer has a need for this type of insect I've been describing.* It was at that point that /scientific/ division of labor began and specialists appeared. But the expertise *that the Westerner produces* is machinestruck, and it has no personality. We must begin here. /Although our encyclopedists have yet to be born, we need people who are specialists and have personality as well./ *We must begin here to train specialists with personality.* Can our educational system train such people? *And if it can't, why not? What is the problem? This is what must be sought out and eliminated.* /It's true that we train specialists in America (and perhaps Germany), but these people are barbarians, blown in by the wind, who will be blown away by it as well. In Europe too (I mean in France

and England) they train this same type of specialist, but they train boasting, self-important know-it-alls./

If they have substituted specialization for personality in the West because of the exigencies of capitalism and technology, *that is, because of machinestruckness*, we have merely substituted fickle affectation for specialization and personality because of the exigencies of Gharbzadegi. I repeat that our schools, our educational system, and our universities, either intentionally or out of ignorance of the times, are training these same kinds of people and sending them into leadership positions. They're Weststruck people with their feet in the air, with no faith in any sense of the word, no party, no human hopes, no tradition, and no mythology. They're perverted, committed to a kind of poor man's epicureanism. They cling to physical pleasures, totally occupied with sensuality and superficiality. They all think only of today, never of tomorrow--and all this with encouragement from the radio, the press, books, closed laboratories, the Gharbzadegi of the leadership, the distorted thinking of West-returnees, and the affected knowledge of scholars of ancient literature and tomb excavators!

Our government, which with all its power cannot even give the illusion of tranquility in this situation, tries a new trick every day to keep the people inattentive and sleeping. There are no more than three kinds of these tricks no matter what they are, which is to say that all of them fall within the three categories of mania listed below.

First is the mania for exuding greatness, *since every little man will see his own greatness in the grand things they falsely attribute to him, you see. In the grandeur* at demonstrations, at extravagant celebrations, at flimsy arches of triumph /built in two days,/ with the crown jewels at the National Bank, with styles of clothing, with the saddles and harnesses of horsemen, with the tassels and tufts of military commanders, on huge buildings *and huger dams with endless promotion and discussion about lavishing our national capital on their construction*, and with anything in general that catches the eye. *Fill the little man's eyes so he'll think he's great!*

Second is the mania for honoring the ancient past, *although this is also an extension of the mania*

for exuding greatness, but since it is associated mostly with the ears I set it apart by itself. It is a kind of mania that you mostly hear. This is a mania for showing off in front of strangers, for competing in boasting vainglorioously and stupidly of Cyrus and Darius, basking proudly in Rostam's[13] reflected glory, *and whatever fills all the country's radio programming and the press. This mania is something to fill the ears. Have you ever seen a tired young worker going home down a deserted street in the dark of the night? You've undoubtedly heard most of them singing? And do you know why? Because they fear solitude. He fills his own ears with his own voice, and thereby drives away the fear. I don't know if you've noticed or not, but the radio has the same function. The radio is on everywhere just to be making a noise, to fill the ears.* /I illustrated this last mania in my criticism of the fifth grade elementary history book.[14] This mania, also, in all its aspects, fills our minds!/[15]

Third is the paranoia of being pursued constantly. Every day you create a new and imaginary enemy *for the innocent people* and fill the press and radio broadcasts with it to frighten the people, to make them withdraw into themselves more than before, and to persuade them to be thankful for what they have. *This continual pursuit takes different forms.* One day it was the discovery of the Tudeh[16] party network. Another day it was the antiopium campaign, then the antiheroin campaign, then the Bahrain situation, or a dispute with Iraq[17] *over the Shatt al-Arab [Waterway], then there are stories of kidnappers, and then this very terror that the shah's Security Organization instills in our hearts,* /and all of what fills the ears in general/!

NOTES

[1]Hadaf-e Farhang-e Iran [The goal of Iranian Education], published by Markaz-e Motale'eh va Pakhsh-e Asnad-e Farhangi, *the Ministry of Education* (Tehran: Bahman, 1320 [January 21-February 19, 1962]), *the same collection that was to have been included in this booklet but could not be.* (A)

[2]Ibid. (A)

[3]*Remember that the first version of Gharbzadegi was written in the winter of 1340* [1961]. (A)

[4]*Voyage au bout de la nuit, by L. F. Celine. (Paris: Gallimard, [1932]).* (A) [Translators' note: Celine was the pseudonym used by Louis Ferdinand Destouches, 1894-1961.]

[5]Bandar Abbas and Qeshm Island, like the other places listed here, are scorching hot, remote locations where laborers are needed to extract natural resources, in this case oil. (tr)

[6]*An interesting point is that this exporting of gangsters is reciprocal, from the West to the East and vice versa. We've seen the European version of this so now we'll look at an example of our own, though much less frequent by comparison--the same as the ratio between our exports and our imports. The gangsters from here, too, as soon as things get hot and they're drummed out of town, following in the footsteps of those same European gangsters living here, but in more acceptable guises (orientalist, expert, dealer in artifacts, journalist, and other kinds of neocolonialist agents) pack up their bags and go to the best spots in Europe and the United States and set up camp until things blow over here and they can come back. I know this bankrupt banker from Tehran who fled to London after his bank failed and now runs a chelow kebab shop there. You know that bankrupt politician yourselves who was Iran's representative in UNESCO for two years, and that other one who was a roving student ambassador(!), and so on. Note also that if the export of European gangsters to the East is the sequel to exporting*

machines or a way of clearing the air in Europe of adventurers and malcontents and of bringing about security for the people in that sphere, here it's a sort of perquisite and a pat on the back that the ruling clique gives to its proteges--and what difference is there between the two? I think if it were possible to strike out all the nonsense in this booklet, this point alone, which occurs as a comment in the margins, is enough to verify this booklet's claims. (A)

[7]*And this rival will be everyone. Western free(!) trade makes no distinction between friend and enemy. In addition to the story of the wrecked tanks the Belgians bought from the Al Alamayn battlefield and resold to the Israelis and Egyptians after repairing them so they could be used in another war, note this item, which I will translate for you from* Time *magazine from the United States: "The Hong Kong Hilton was nearing its opening date when authorities discovered that the $100,000 worth of Chinese furniture and decorations in the hotel had been imported from Red China in violation of U.S. law that American citizens cannot deal with the Red Chinese...." From* Time *magazine, July 19, 1963, p. 60.* (A)

[8]These tribal struggles took place in 1911. See Cottam, op. cit., chapter 4. (tr)

[9]The word for the traditional gymnasium is zurkhaneh [literally, 'house of strength']. Michael M.J. Fischer says of it, "Exercises in the zurkhana are done to the beat of a drum and chanting of the Shahnameh or other poetry. The exercises are prefaced and concluded with prayers and punctuated with salawat (praises to the family of Muhammad) and la'nat (curses upon the enemies of Islam). In the past ill people were brought to the zurkhana for particularly efficacious prayers and collections were taken up there for the unfortunate of the community." From Michael M.J. Fischer, Iran: From Religious Dispute to Revolution (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard, 1980), p. 141. (tr)

[10]Marathon was originally the name of a Greek village, in which the Greeks conquered the Persians in 490 B.C. The first person to carry the news of this victory from that village to Athens was hailed as a hero. It is both in his memory and in memory of that event that the marathon has been made the most important Olympic event. *And then which of us knows*

who Ariobarzanes was and what heroism and valor he displayed against Alexander and his soldiers at the Takab Pass [Persian Gates] *in Fars (or I don't know where else it could have been).* (A)

[11]*See the booklet* Hadaf-e Farhang-e Iran, *mentioned previously.* (A)

[12]al-Farabi (c. 870-950), prolific writer and one of the greatest of the early Arab philosophers, influenced by a blend of Aristotelian, neoplatonic, and Sufi thought, also known for his work on music theory, mathematics, occult science, and medicine. (tr)

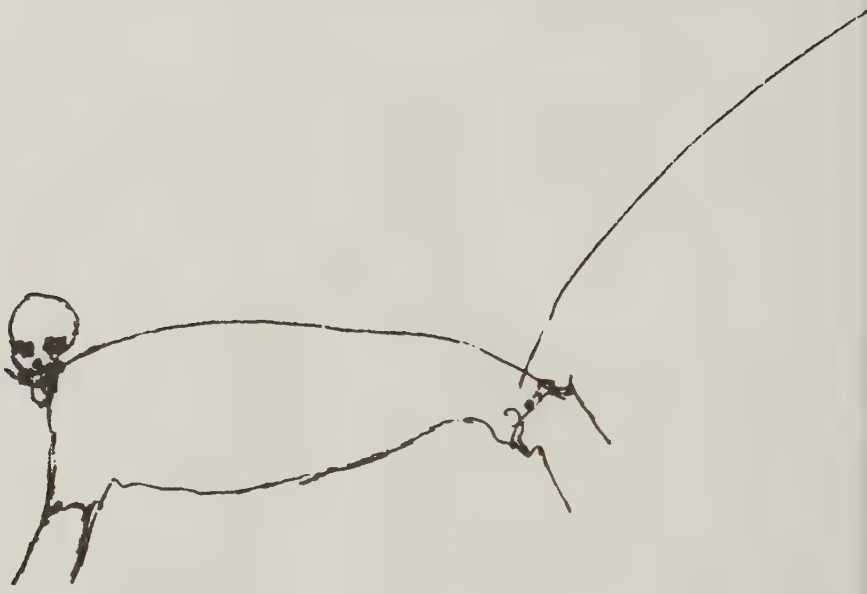
[13]Rostam was a heroic mythological figure in Firdawsi's Shahnameh. (tr)

[14]/See "Belbeshu-ye Ketabha-ye Darsi" [The confusion in textbooks], by this writer./ (A)

[15]The second and third 'manias' occur in reverse order in the Muslim Students' Association edition. (tr)

[16]The pro-Moscow Iranian Communist party, founded in 1941, with which the author was affiliated in his youth. (tr)

[17]It is both sad and funny that when we were restoring the name of the Dijlih [Tigris River] to the Arvand on the radio and in the press *with the help of our scholars in the college of literature*, and *taking after Nasser, who called the Persian Gulf the Arab Gulf*, for two months the Iraqis turned back every oil tanker entering the mouth of the Shatt al-Arab bound for Abadan. This resulted in the closure of the Abadan *refinery* for two full months in 1340 [1961]. (A) [Translators' note: The Muslim Students' Association edition has "the Port of Abadan" instead of "the Abadan refinery".]



ARDESHIR.82

11

THE HOUR OF JUDGMENT APPROACHES

The time has come to lay down the pen. Let me conclude, therefore, with a few words about some famous writers and with what seems to be a prediction but is actually the inevitable destination at the end of the road along which they are leading us and humanity.

The late French writer, Albert Camus, has written a book called The Plague. It may be his masterpiece. It's the story of a North African city. It is unclear why or from where the plague came to it. Maybe it was something like fate, come down from the very sky itself. At the outset, diseased and terrified mice swarm out of their holes, into the sunlit alleyways, sidewalks, and streets. In a day's time every garbage can is full of their little corpses, each one with red stains around the mouth. Then the people come down with it everywhere and die and die and die until a day comes when the sounds of hearse bells never cease, and corpses have to be taken from the living at gunpoint to be covered with lime and carried to the graveyard.

The city is quarantined, of course, and within this plague-ridden ghetto every resident of the city is looking for something. One is trying to find a cure for the plague. Another looks for a place of

refuge. Another seeks narcotics, and another tries to take advantage of the situation.

In such a city, apart from the triumph of death and the hopeless human struggle to escape it--and a sadness that hovers in the air like clouds of dust--what is most striking is that the presence of the plague--this demon of death--only serves to quicken each individual's pace as he or she continues to follow the same path as always. Right or wrong, moral or immoral, the presence of the plague not only prevents no one from taking the same path as before--it even casts people onto that very road at a run. Exactly like ourselves, stricken by the plague of Gharbzadegi, who have only quickened our corrupt footsteps.

When The Plague appeared, some of its critics (the ones on the right) said that Camus's plaguestruck city was a metaphor for Russian society. Others (on the left) said that the book planted the seeds of the Algerian revolution--and others said many other things *I neither recall nor consider pertinent here.* When I translated the book, however, I didn't take on the job because of these criticisms, but in order to discover the writer's basic intentions. A third of the translation was finished when I understood, which is to say that I saw what the author was saying, and when the matter became clear I abandoned the translation. I saw that the plague, in Camus's view, was "machinism." This killer of beauty, poetry, humanity, the future, and the sky!

I had put this experience well behind me by the time the Frenchman Eugene Ionesco's play, Rhinoceros, came out. Again there is a city and its people. They all carry on with their daily lives unsuspectingly, but suddenly an epidemic spreads over the city. Note that like The Plague (and like Gharbzadegi/cholera) again the theme is a contagious disease. And what is this disease? Becoming a rhinoceros! First fever strikes, then the voice degenerates and gets thick and hoarse, then a horn grows out the forehead, then the faculty of speech turns into the ability to roar like an animal, then the skin thickens, and so on... Everyone comes down with it: the housewife, the grocer, the bank president, so-and-so's lover, and on and on. They all take to the streets and run roughshod over the city, civilization, and beauty. This time, of course, there was no need to translate the book to understand what this writer was saying.[1]

But I've always had it in my mind to translate this play into Persian one day and to show point by point in the commentary how the good people living with us in our city are turning into rhinoceroses too, day by day. The ultimate solution to this is to stand up to the machine.

Well and good. This was also well behind me when just recently *(in the year 1340)[1961]* I saw the film The Seventh Seal in Tehran, by the Swedish film director Ingmar Bergman, a filmmaker from the northern extremities of the Western world, a man from the regions of the polar nights. The setting of the film is another plaguestruck land in the Middle Ages. A tired, broken, and dejected knight has returned to his homeland from the Crusades. Now get this. He has returned from the Crusades where he's never discovered the truth, because he's seen the same things in the Holy Lands that his Western descendants see today in the colonized world of Africa and the East.

This cavalier, unlike the Europeans of today, had not sought *petroleum*, spices, and silk on his journey to the East. He went there to find truth, and the absolute truth at that! He had wanted to *see* and touch God in the Holy Lands *of Palestine*. Exactly like the apostles of Christ who, having imagined they had seen God, trumpeted the Christian gospel to the four corners of the world.

This Swedish cavalier, who has come from the land of the long polar nights to the astonishing bright land of the Eastern sun, is also searching for God. Instead of God, however, he found Satan in his path at every step, sometimes as a chess opponent, sometimes as a cleric, and always with the face of the angel of death, who had scattered the seeds of the plague in that land and was now reaping the souls of men.

During those days when our cavalier had wearily returned from his search for the truth, the church was invoking distressing scriptures promising the Day of Resurrection and the Hour of Judgment, soon to come. These things indicate that when the age of faith ends it will usher in a time of punishment. When the age of belief ends there will be an era of experimentation. Experimentation will lead in turn to the atomic bomb. These are Bergman's clues, *or my interpretation of them.*

Now I, the least of the least, not as an Easterner, but as a Muslim in the original tradition, who believed in the divine revelation and assumed that before dying I would stand watching the resurrected people of the world on the Plain of Judgment, can see that Albert Camus, *Eugene Ionesco*, Ingmar Bergman, and many other artists, all from the Western world, are bringing us word of this very Resurrection. They've all given up on the outcome of human activity. Sartre's Erostrate closed his eyes and fired into the crowd on the street. Nabokov's hero drove his car right at the people, and Morseau of The Stranger killed a man just because of the intensity of the sun's heat. These fictitious endings all reflect the true fate of humanity. *If humanity wishes to avoid being crushed by machines, it must surely don rhinoceros skins. I see that these story endings* all foretell that final hour at the end of the road for humanity when the hydrogen bomb will be dropped by the machine demon *(if we don't capture it first and put its spirit back in the bottle)*...

With that, I will purify my pen with this verse:

"The Hour of Judgment is nigh and the moon is cleft asunder."[2]

NOTES

[1] *Although I finally did end up doing this.* (A)

[2] The Holy Qur'an, Surah 54, v. 1 (Yusuf Ali translation). (tr)

ABOUT THE TRANSLATORS

Ahmad Alizadeh and John Green became friends as classmates at Portland State University in 1978. Their mutual interest in exploring the mysterious cultural gap between Iran and the United States has been the inspiration for several joint translation projects, both from Farsi to English and English to Farsi. They are currently working on an English rendition of Al-e Ahmad's *Khasi dar Mayqat* (Lost in the Crowd). Mr. Alizadeh has a bachelor's degree in Persian literature from Jondishapur University of Ahvaz, Iran. He is now pursuing a master's degree in sociology at Portland State University. Mr. Green did undergraduate work at Portland State University and is currently working on a Ph.D. in Persian linguistics at the University of Michigan.

7th Printing

GHARBZADEGI

[Weststruckness]

Jalal Al-e Ahmad

Translated from the Persian by

John Green and Ahmad Alizadeh

Illustrated by Ardeshir Mohassess

Gharbzadegi [Weststruckness] is a *tour de force* on social conditions in Iran. It was written in 1962 when the Pahlavi regime seemed to have control over Iran's destiny. For the author, Jalal Al-e Ahmad (1923-69), the result was total national submission to the West and its technology. The Iranian monarchy is portrayed in this work as no more than a native brokerage for Western influence, with no aims and identity of its own. Al-e Ahmad sought to rediscover an Iranian identity based on historical and religious criteria, defined in large part by a tradition of conflict with the West. This essay is a document of immense significance for students of Iranian social and intellectual history.

Observers of contemporary problems in the developing world in general and in the Middle East in particular will find much in it that pertains to the concerns about modernization, Westernization and development. This volume includes twelve previously unpublished illustrations exclusively drawn for Mazda Publishers by the renowned Iranian artist, Ardeshir Mohassess.

Order from your bookstore, or from
MAZDA PUBLISHERS
P.O. Box 2603
Costa Mesa, CA 92626 U.S.A.
http://www.mazdapub.com

ISBN 0-939-21407-5
59000
9 780939 214075